

# VOGUE

60c

SEPTEMBER 15

Paris Copies in  
quick shopping reach

Looks that are  
better than beauty

6 o'clock  
clothes

Hypnosis:  
a first-  
person  
account

"The  
Campaign  
Speech Writers"





# Marberni

by Lawrence



*You're a more exciting woman in a Marberni woolknit.* From the new couture collection by Lawrence comes a new fashion of great elegance in natural wool knitted in America. It's rich, lush, pure natural wool that gives this elegant paisley knit its great luxury, wonderful color glow, and indefatigable shape. Available in either classic camel or chalk blue. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$60. Lawrence Knitwear Company, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, New York. Jointly sponsored with the American Wool Council.

Shillito's, Cincinnati • Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago • Neusteter's, Denver • Lipman & Wolfe, Portland • Jelleff's, Washington, D. C. • Prices slightly higher in the west.

WW-17

NATURAL  
**WOOL**  
KNITTED IN AMERICA





Leslie Morris  
designed  
this fluid  
city costume  
in black  
wool-and-silk  
polished with satin.

Exclusive in our  
Made-to-Order Collection  
on the Second Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK  
**BERGDORF  
GOODMAN**  
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET





## Powdered Arpège

For after the bath. What goes on  
after that is up to you.



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# VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

**I. S. V. - PATCÉVITCH** Publisher

## SEPTEMBER 15, 1960

### COVER:

Greatcoat with more greatness thrust upon it by these fashion-makings—a marvellous sloped shape, three-quarter length, flaming pink colour. Also great here: a stopper of a hat, igloo-shaped, of snow leopard. Coat by Originala, about \$215; of fleecy wool chinchilla cloth by Stroock—one of the new wool textures starred in the American collections (for more new wool textures, see the knitted tweed, page 192). Jewellery by Bergère; gloves by Superb. All at Altman's. Coat, also at Julius Garfinckel; Blum's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hat: Sally Victor. Make-up by Germaine Monteil. Details on page 232.



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The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.

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*owned and operated by the Hutzler family for over a century*

Deep-woven tweed, black  
with a purple bloom . . .  
magnificent wrap by

*Monte Sano  
& Pruzan*



hat by Adolpho of Emme

*when Baltimore thinks of fashion it thinks of Hutzler's*





The Big Oval... Ben Zuckerman designs for Bonwit's alone this magnificent great-curve of a coat. Putty beige woolen with the staccato of natural nutria collar and cuffs, or black with black-dyed beaver. Designer Coats

*Bonwit Teller*

New York

Manhasset

White Plains

Chicago

Cleveland

Boston



# HUDSON'S WOODWARD SHOPS



*Maurice Rentner crops the lordly Chesterfield, lavishly collars it in Canadian fisher, the big revival fur, overblouses it in creamy white. The suit in imported Lesur diagonal black wool; the overblouse in silk satin. Sizes 8 to 16, \$565.00. The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit.*





Meet me absolutely anywhere—

**I'll be wearing**

**Donald Brooks' worsted flannel.**

89.95—Sports Floor, Fifth

Lord & Taylor

Hood-



*We applaud* THE SHADOWPLAY SHEATH IN AN IMPORTED PLAID OF OMBRED BROWN TISSUE WOOL, 125<sup>00</sup>

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FIFTH FLOOR IN NEW YORK—HAT BY TATIANA

*Very* **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

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*We spotlight* A WHIRL OF GLEAMING GODETS, POINTING UP THE WAIST OF OUR SILK SATIN, 145<sup>00</sup>

DRESS COLLECTIONS.

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California elegance  
interpreted in a French  
brushed wool of chiffon  
weight with scissor pleats.  
Soft shades of silver green,  
iris, taupe, sea foam.  
8 to 16. About \$100.00

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St. Paul • Indianapolis • Washington • Atlanta • Cincinnati • Kansas City • Hartford • Buffalo • Providence



PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR BLAIRGOWRIE, SCOTLAND, BY EMMA GENE HALL

Take a  
highland  
fling...

*in our costume ensemble of fine British Woollens*

Our petal-motif suit with its demi-fitted jacket gives imported Scottish tweed a new femininity...topped by its very own petal-touched coat in matching shadow-plaid. Silver Grey and White, North Sea Blue and Royal, Glen Green and North Sea Blue. 10 to 18, complete coat and suit ensemble, **139<sup>00</sup>**





Herbert Sondheim

---





I. MAGNIN & CO.

we like the subtle interplay of brown and black, the brilliantly manipulated stripes and the well-mannered fullness . . . in the new autumn mood of lavishness designed by bud kilpatrick exclusively for i. magnin

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SEPTEMBER 15, 1960

13













*Hattie Carnegie*

Hattie Carnegie Originals from hat to hem:

Opening Night Costume of pink and  
white Renaissance damask,

only at Hattie Carnegie Ready to Wear Salon.

Snow princess turban of white fox;  
frost-glitter necklace and ear clips;

with the aura of Carnegie Pink Cologne

42 East 49th Street, New York •





## your winter in amethyst

AMETHYST! Not only a jewel, not only a color. Rather, a glowing spectrum of colors from rich purple amethysts to amethystine pastels. Precious colors in exciting fabrics brought to life by the color magic of Stevens.

J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc. and Saks Fifth Avenue have created your winter of amethysts in fashions that live from dawn to dusk. Each fabric proudly bears its own Stevens symbol as assurance of quality and taste to match your own: Fuller®, Forstmann®, Hockanum® Worumbo®, Tastemaker®, Rosemary® and Wonder.

Now, for your winter of amethysts—the Stevens fabric story told on the next seven pages through the unmistakable, quiet genius of fashions chosen by Saks Fifth Avenue.

The fabrics by **J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC.**

The fashions at **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

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White Plains  
Springfield, N. J.  
Chicago  
Old Orchard, Skokie  
Detroit  
Pittsburgh  
Philadelphia  
St. Louis  
Beverly Hills  
San Francisco



J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC.  
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.



your winter in amethyst




**FULLER** dips the richest cottons in town in a dazzle of amethysts, printed and plain, for an at-home costume of ruffled put-over and pants. All cotton. Put-over, \$13.95; pants, \$17.95.



at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE





**FORSTMANN** makes the woolens that make great fashion. Here, in a born-to-the-purple amethyst, Forstmann's great all-wool Charmeen gabardine softens the lines of this travel suit and rates you royal treatment anywhere. \$135.



at **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**



**HOCKANUM** strikes a rich vein of amethyst in a tissue-weight wool-with-fur-fiber. Young and sophisticated, in a jewel of a dress that's pure elegance under winter furs. \$89.95.



at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE





your winter in amethyst

**WORUMBO** Woolens are marked with distinction. This all-wool fleece in pure amethyst, for a graceful coat, remarkably attuned to winter's most important events. \$145.



at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE





your winter in amethyst



**TASTEMAKER** is cotton pure and simple, and never prettier than in this unparalleled Maggiore Faille. Fashioned with exquisite simplicity in pale amethystine lilac to set off a shining party face. All cotton. 3 to 6x, \$14.95; 7 to 12, \$16.95.



at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



**ROSEMARY** Woolens add the extra fashion fillip to youthful separates. This all-wool flannel in dusky amethyst makes one of the great jumpers of the season. With Tastemaker all-cotton amethyst blouse. The jumper, \$35; the blouse, \$11.95.



at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE





your winter in amethyst



**WONDER** is the name for lingerie fabrics by Stevens. This fairy-princess gown and peignoir of all-nylon tricot, delicious as a bon-bon, easy as a song to care for. Gown, \$19.95; peignoir, \$19.95.



at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



# THE FASHION TEMPO U.S.A.



...motivates a subtle shoe  
in finger-soft suede  
buckled with quiet elegance.

The toast of the town, in a  
rich bouquet of autumn colors:  
olive green, Portugal wine,  
cafe brown or black. By  
PANDORA

WOODWARD & LOTHRUP  
IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON





## ABE SCHRADER: AUTHORITY ON ART AND WOMEN

Shows his famous study in black and white. The costume of beautiful proportions in Blin and Blin imported black wool broadcloth framed in a shawl of white mink. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$160. Designed by Belle Saunders.

\*\* Abe Schrader, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York. Bonwit Teller, all stores; Henry Harris, Inc., Cincinnati; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Gus Mayer, all stores; Meier & Frank Company, Portland; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Julius Garfinckel & Company, Washington, D. C.

EMME HAT/FRAMES BY APF MFG. CO.





molten

bronze

a shimmering flow of

precious lamé

glides deftly

over the hip,

swirls gracefully

about the hem.

a significant look,

released this fall

in the

edward abbott collections

of the joseph magnin

designers' rooms.

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stockton and o'farrell,

san francisco

northern california

and

nevada



Helga



Important new shaping  
in black-black silk brocade

the Wm H. Block co. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.





HANNAH TROY!



LIGHT OF YOUR FASHION LIFE



Estévez  
at

Haggarty's

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



champagne poured . . . pale-dyed south american broadtail tailleur, a halter of swizzled silk chiffon

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BEVERLY HILLS

PASADENA

SANTA ANA

BAKERSFIELD

SAN DIEGO

LA JOLLA

PALM SPRINGS



for the most exciting  
women in America...



the most exciting  
name in fashion...

Galerie pridefully presents the pick of Paris in exciting first-for-Fall fashions / Here in the following pages is a sampling of our notably newsworthy *prêt-à-porter* collection . . . exclusively designed for Galerie; hand-made in Paris in the true European tradition for the American woman's figure / May we suggest that you see all the brilliant creations of the Couturier's art in the current Galerie collection—now showing *only* in the most fashionable stores in the U.S.A. / All accessories from Galerie boutique.



Continental casualness in  
this so-very lightweight  
wool costume. Featuring  
the full-length reversible  
coat that mixes and matches.  
designed for Galerie by

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Hand-made in Paris . . .  
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From the extensive  
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all fifteen fashionable  
stores listed.

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EVERGREEN PLAZA  
PARK FOREST PALM BEACH

SCRUGGS *Vanderwoort* BARNEY

ST. LOUIS, MO. CLAYTON CRESTWOOD PLAZA





Checks go chi-chi with a skillful silhouette. Carefully carefree costume of featherweight wool . . . casual success in suburbia or abroad. Full-length this-way-or-that reversible coat. designed for Galerie by

Claude RIVIÈRE

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**VANDEVERS**

TULSA, OKLA.

**porter's**

MADISON AT 62nd ST.

NEW YORK CITY





Bon apertif! Subtle sorcery at shoulder and waist in a pure silk satin print . . . so clearly correct and clever for cocktails. designed for Galerie by

Eliane MONTIGNY

Hand-made in Paris  
\$195

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boutique collection at  
all fifteen fashionable  
stores listed.

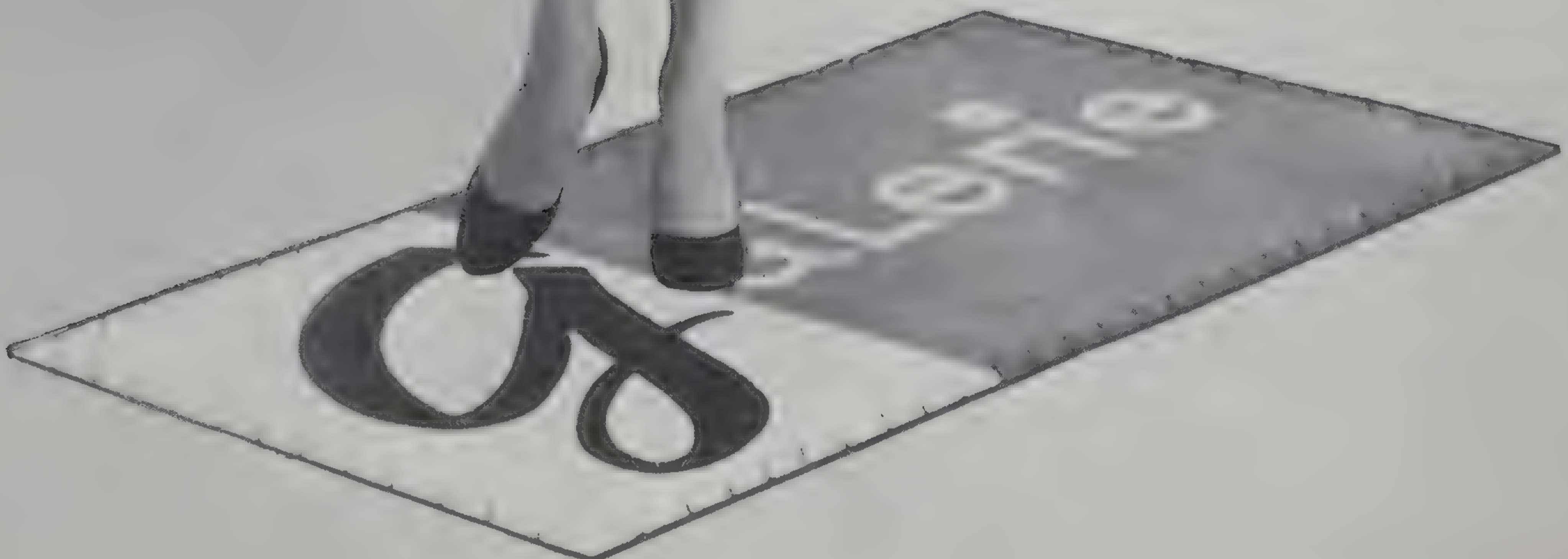
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FT. WORTH, TEXAS

**MILGRIM**

*in the Fisher Building*

DETROIT, MICH.







Expressive elegance for  
afternoon and after-fiveish.  
Wonderfully weightless wool  
. . . intricate intrigue with  
gold-embroidered neckline,  
designed for Galerie by

Lanvin CASTILLO

Hand-made in Paris  
\$150

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boutique collection at  
all fifteen fashionable  
stores listed.

Harold

MINNEAPOLIS AND KNOLLWOOD

City  Paris

SAN FRANCISCO





A mad-about gad-about with  
Madeleine's famous-four  
pockets. Casual comfort in  
camel color fleece with petite  
shrug collar, unpressed  
drape back.  
designed for Galerie by

Madeleine de RAUCH

Hand-made in Paris  
\$175

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boutique collection at  
all fifteen fashionable  
stores listed.

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CHERRY & WEBB CO.

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FALL RIVER, NEW BEDFORD, LOWELL,  
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

*Lichtenstein's*  
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS





The smash success of the Paris season! Sensationally suited for you in lightweight wool. Fringe flirts with the flattery of notably new and narrow lines. designed for Galerie by

Guy LAROCHE

Hand-made in Paris  
\$175

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*Bon Marché* INC

ASHEVILLE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Joseph P. Doody* INC

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.





A cool confection for  
cocktailing. Pure silk printed  
satin with the French flair for a  
flare. Merci, Monsieur Jacques,  
for the inspired panel back.  
designed for Galerie by

Jacques HEIM

Hand-made in Paris  
\$225

From the extensive  
boutique collection at  
all fifteen fashionable  
stores listed.

**HUBBARD'S**  
—inc.  
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

*The Globe*  
SCRANTON, PA.

*Isaac Long*  
WILKES-BARRE, PA.





Wizardry that works wonders  
after five in pure silk print.  
Subtle sophistication at  
neckline and a superb sweep  
from waist to hem.  
designed for Galerie by

**Eliane MONTIGNY**

Hand-made in Paris  
\$195

From the extensive  
boutique collection at  
all fifteen fashionable  
stores listed.

all Galerie selections shown on  
all pages are available at all  
stores listed.

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Chicago Oak Park Evanston  
Evergreen Plaza  
Park Forest Palm Beach

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St. Louis, Mo. Clayton Crestwood Plaza

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Virginia Thoren

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HOLT, RENFREW & CO., LTD., CANADA

*Maximilian*

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WITH  
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Play fashion's new game . . . play RED ON RED! Max Factor has created a clear, rich red saturated with a brilliant, reckless red to achieve . . . in a single lipstick . . . RED ON RED, the clearest, brightest, most brilliant red ever! A new color dimension for your lips to play with the texture on texture of fall fashion.

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RED ON RED lipstick in creamy-moist Hi-Society or brilliant, long-lasting Hi-Fi textures, \$1.00. Each fits Max Factor's dainty Hi-Society mirror-case.

LIP GLOSS, the shimmering gleam of glamour to wear over any lipstick \$1.00.







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Naturalizer  
the point  
is fashion  
...the fit is  
toe-free

*Quality at your feet*



VIVANTE (high and mid-heel)

FLAIR (high and mid-heel)

NEW SOFT ILLUSION PUMPS that make the pointed toe just as comfortable as a rounded toe. How so? Because they have the spacious toe room of the famous Naturalizer combination last. Softly detailed for fall in black or town brown calf.

Shoes illustrated, 14<sup>99</sup>  
Other styles, 8.99 to 14.99  
Higher Denver West and Canada

*Naturalizer*®  
THE SHOE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FIT



The  
look-again  
 look!



Hat—Mr. John Jr.

## Ban-Lon® Warp Knit fabric

**GUY D.** brings smart sophistication to the look-again look of new "Ban-Lon" Warp Knit fabric. It is nothing short of a miracle the way it enhances your beauty in a flattering aura of elegance. Touch it and you'll want it; wear it and you'll never let it go. The unique crimp in the "Textralized" yarn endows "Ban-Lon" Warp Knit fabric with a new dimension in comfort and easy care. And rigid testing for quality is required before it earns the right to carry the "Ban-Lon" name. Day dress with interest in the kimono sleeves, oversized buttons, and sash tie. Sizes 3 to 15, all **nylon** exclusive of ornamentation, magnolia and black, about \$45. Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; Bullocks-Downtown, Los Angeles.



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JEWELRY FROM CARTIER INC.



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For creativity in texture and coloring, the world of fashion looks to Lesur for the most fascinating fabrics in France. To be seen making the grand entrance in the loveliest of American ready-to-wear designs: "Damkar" all wool; "Karilda" wool, rabbit hair and Nylon; "Dazka" wool, rabbit hair and silk; "Zarlano" wool, Orlon\* acrylic fiber and mohair; "Balatwi" Orlon and wool. \*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK



America's top designers have chosen superb Natural Wools loomed in America for their most beautiful new autumn looks. The exciting collection in the following fashion portfolio is presented by these designers of The New York Couture Group and the American Wool Council.

Many of the fashions shown on the next 20 pages will be found at these stores:

Bonwit Teller  
 L. S. Ayres  
 Dayton's  
 Nan Duskin  
 Famous-Barr  
 Flah's  
 B. Forman  
 Julius Garfinckel  
 Joseph Horne  
 Hudson's  
 Hutzler's  
 Jenny's  
 F. & R. Lazarus  
 I. Magnin  
 Makoff's  
 The Marston Co.  
 Gus Mayer  
 Meier & Frank  
 Miller & Rhoads  
 Neusteter's  
 Rich's  
 Al Rosenthal  
 Vandever's





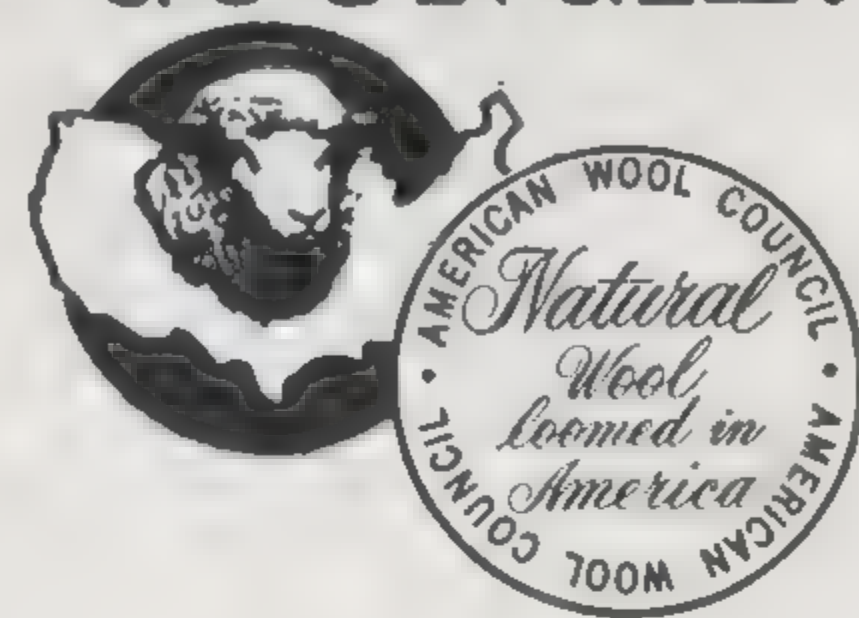
NATURAL

W





American Designers surround you with the honest luxury of Wool. What a perfectly natural complement—American fashions and honest-to-goodness wool! In every way, wool is worthy of our designers' greatest creativity. Its natural draping qualities shape to every beautiful contour . . . its natural resilience maintains the original line of fashion. Wool makes colors "glow" from within, because dyes are absorbed into the very core of the fiber. In a thousand weaves and weights and ways of life, wool has distinctive values—distinctively American. **AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL\*.**



**LOOMED IN AMERICA**

*See fall's most brilliant fashions in wool by eighteen leading American designers* ▶

\* DIVISION OF AMERICAN SHEEP PRODUCERS COUNCIL •



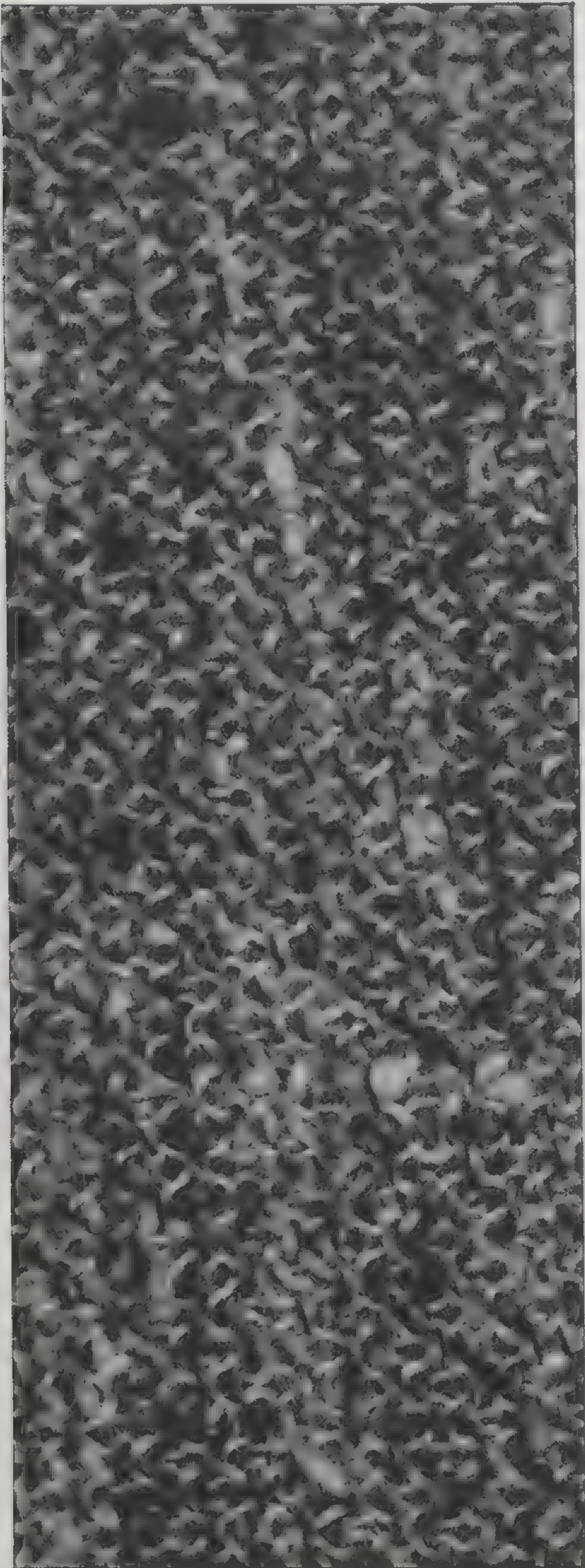
# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

Grand gesture of natural wool tweed. Very simple cut to move with the fashion from city to country. By FRECHTEL of Anglo wool tweed with a double Nutria collar. . . . At Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel, Hudson's, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin.



with the American Wool Council

*Frechtel*





LARRY  
*ALDRICH*

with the American Wool Council



The wool dress and jacket costume means everything in an American wardrobe. This one, by LARRY ALDRICH, extends its wearing possibilities from autumn into winter with the use of dramatic leopard-dyed lamb for a jacket lining. Designed by Marie McCarthy. \$310. At Bonwit Teller, Hudson's, Dayton's, Harzfeld's, Vandever.

NATURAL

WOOL  
LOOMED IN AMERICA

for the great american fashions



# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

For the pure enjoyment of fashion, a very aware little wool suit by BEN REIG. Handsome tweed-weave woolen in a dark moss green with silvery fleck . . . by Bellaine. At Bonwit Teller, Hutzler's, Julius Garfinckel, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin.



with the American Wool Council

*Ben Reig*  
FABRIC BY *Bellaine*





Monte, Sano & Pruzan

with the American Wool Council



The stopper coat in wool—wonderful in its cut, its closing, its placement of pink-fuchsia suède. By MONTE-SANO & PRUZAN of black Anglo wool. At Bonwit Teller, Hutzler's, L. S. Ayres, Dayton's, I. Magnin.

NATURAL

WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

for the great american fashions



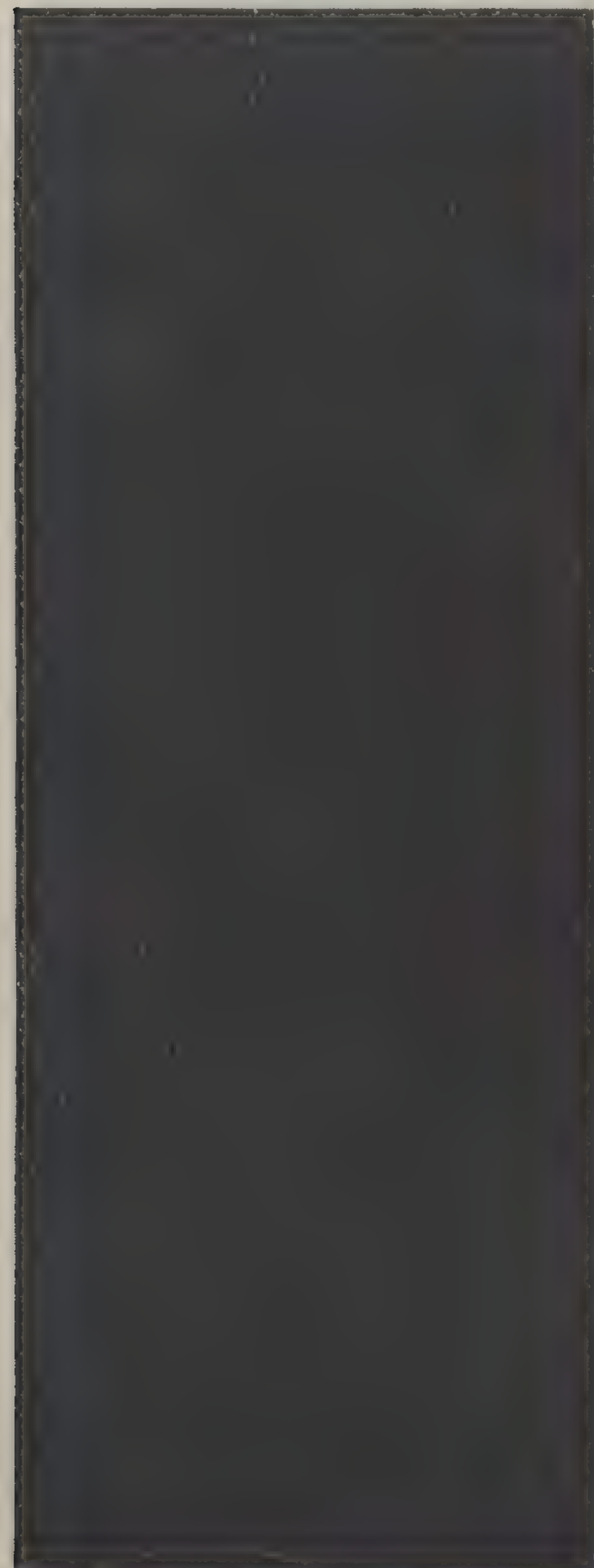
# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

Fashion in wool at the drop of a waistline. RUDOLF's sheer black Or de Laine wool flares with an easy elegance; the waistline and sleeves banded with satin. At Bonwit Teller, Nan Duskin, Gus Mayer, Famous-Barr, Harzfeld's.



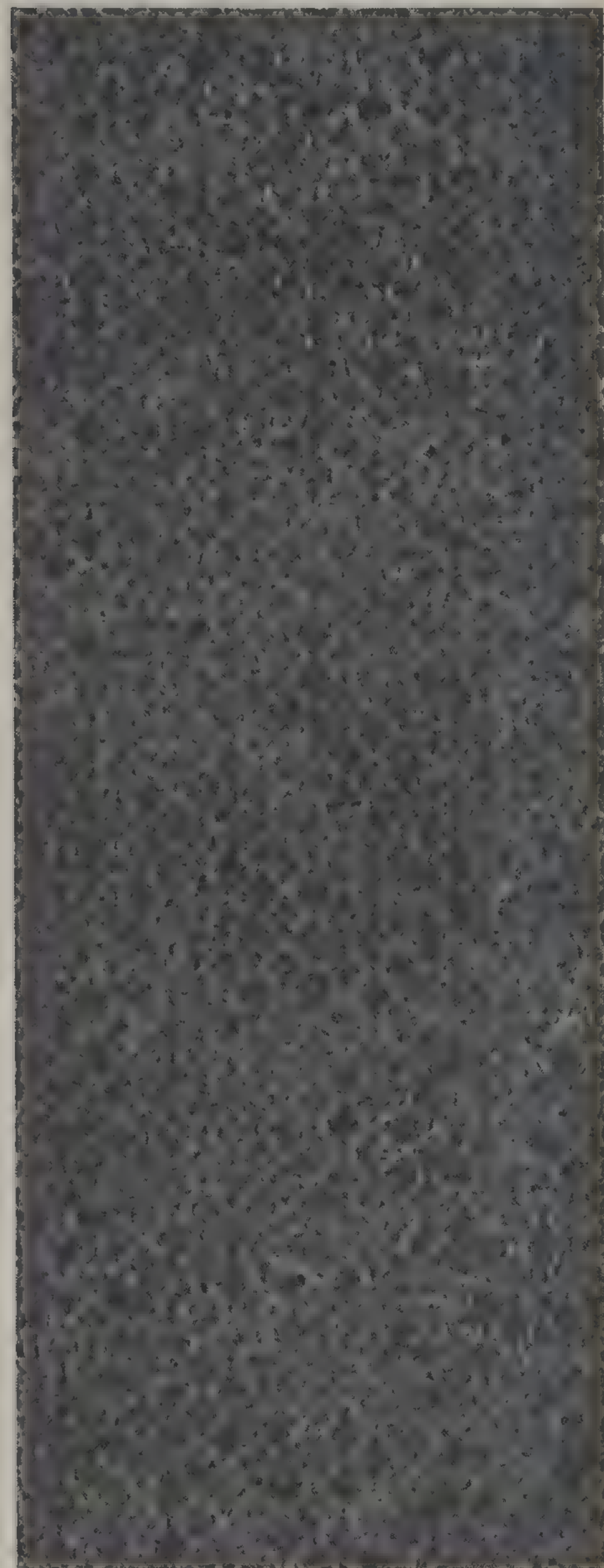
with the American Wool Council

*Rudolf*



*Maurice Rentner*

with the American Wool Council



Easy wool suit that may well become the backbone of a smart wardrobe. This concept is by Bill Blass for MAURICE RENTNER. A wonderful American look in beautiful spongy Bellaine wool. At Bonwit Teller, Hutzler's, Rich's, Gus Mayer, L. S. Ayres.

NATURAL

WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

for the great american fashions



# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

One of the new autumn excitements . . .  
wool that is handled with dash . . . by  
HERBERT SONDHEIM. Dress of Forstmann  
lightest wool with skirt that flares like an  
alluring fan. At Bonwit Teller, Rich's,  
L. S. Ayres, Dayton's, I. Magnin.



with the American Wool Council

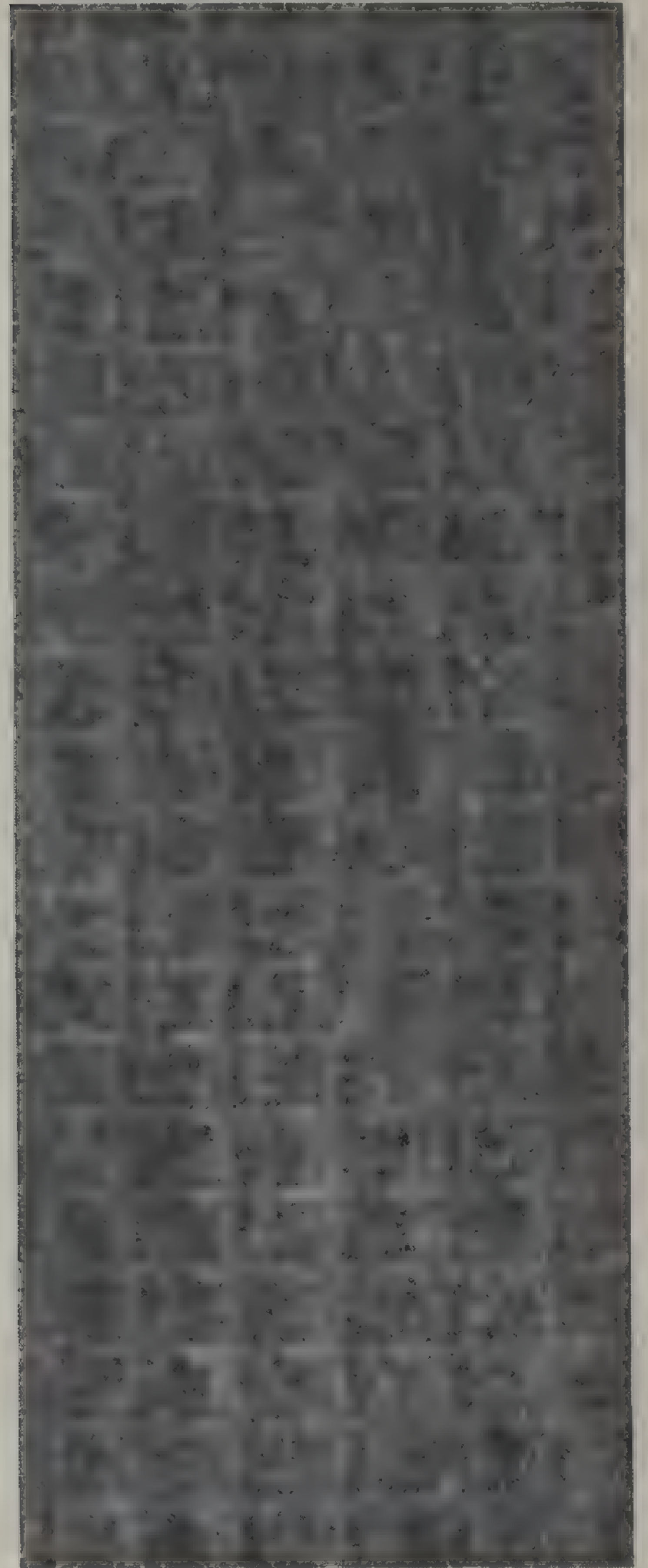
**HERBERT SONDHEIM**





**jablou**  
 ORIGINAL  
 By David Kidd

with the American Wool Council



It's the wool and the cut that makes this coat a fashion event . . . a wonderful wide and round cut meant to cover every dress in a wardrobe. By JABLOW of superb wool by Anglo. . . At Bonwit Teller, Gus Mayer, Hudson's, Al Rosenthal.

NATURAL

**WOOL**  
 LOOMED IN AMERICA

for the great american fashions



# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

A fresh fling for the middy look in wool: pleats and the simplest possible little top by JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES. This two-piece dress is made of Olan sheer wool. Price about \$70. At Bonwit Teller, Hutzler's, Jenny's, Vandever's, I. Magnin.



with the American Wool Council

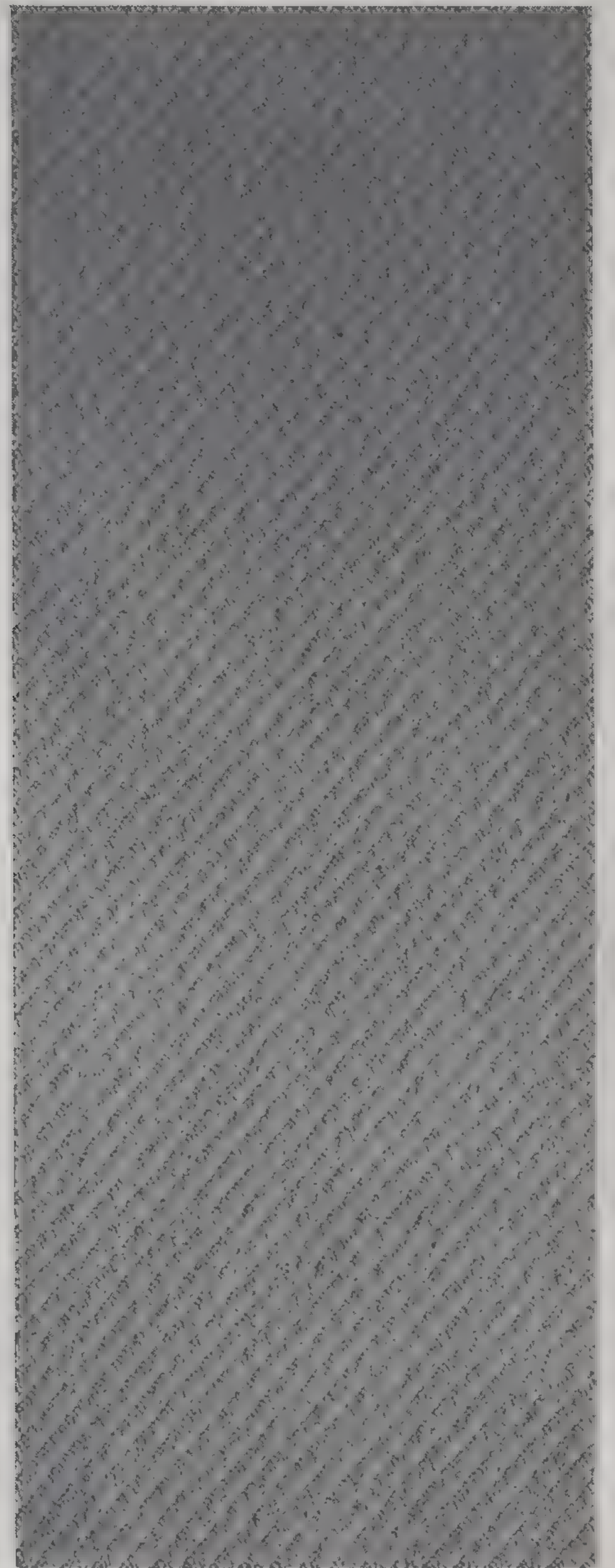
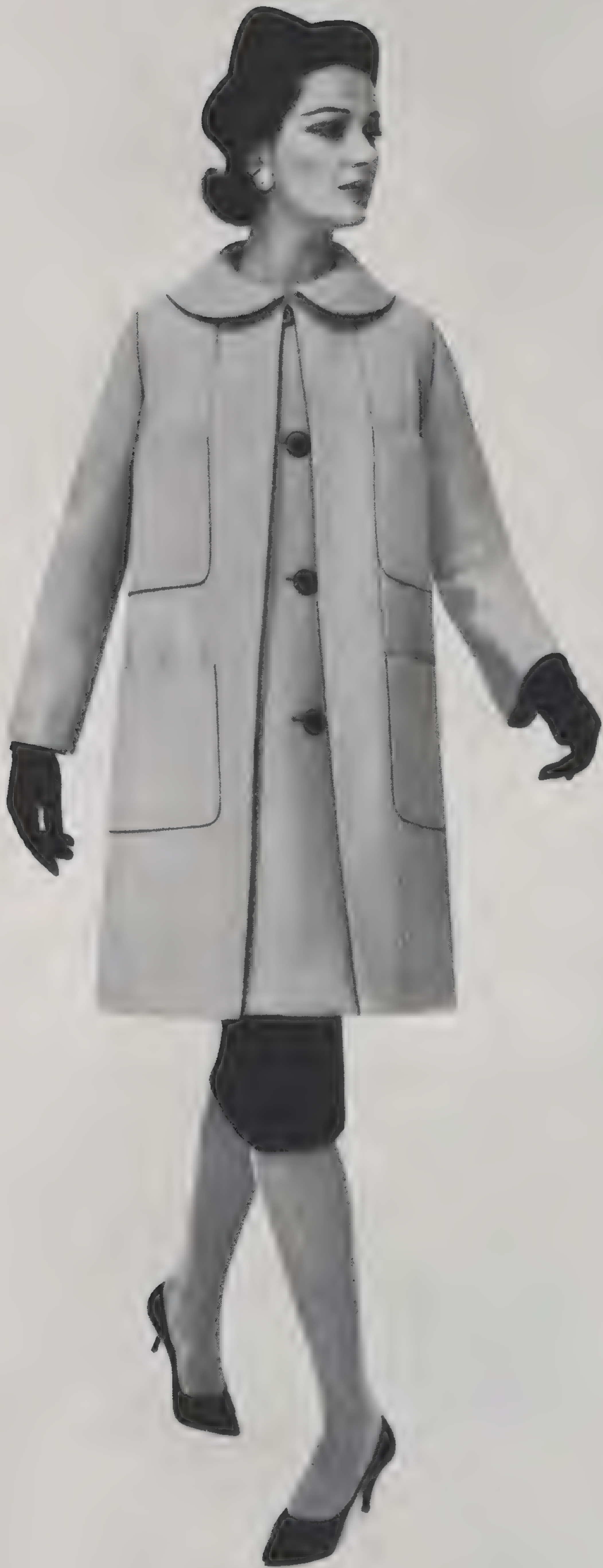
a junior

sophisticates  
*original*



# TOWNLEY

with the American Wool Council



Double coat news in wool by TOWNLEY . . . really a coat and a cape, both stopping short of the hemline. Of beige Anglo wool. The slim black skirt makes it a costume. At Bonwit Teller, Hutzler's, Montaldo's, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin.

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

## for the great american fashions



# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

A fresh new way to wear a beautiful blue . . . coating everything in a closet, every hour of the day. By ORIGINALA in Stroock luscious fleecy chinchilla wool . . . At Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel, Dayton's, Harzfeld's, I. Magnin.



with the American Wool Council

IT'S AN

*Originala*

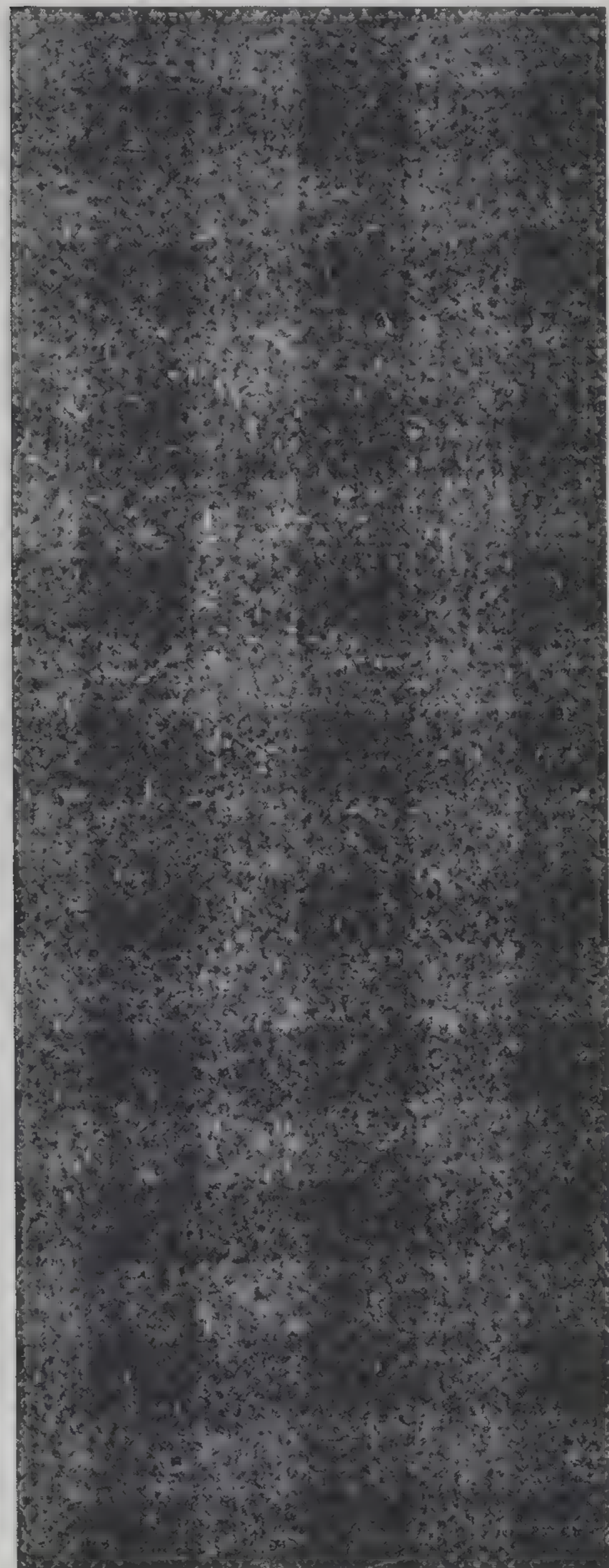






Paul Parnes

with the American Wool Council



PAUL PARNES high-energy dress of taupe and grey checked Forstmann wool with a fresh idea about what a stole ought to look like. The stole, here, detaches. At Bonwit Teller, Gus Mayer, Harzfeld's, Neiman-Marcus, Neusteter's.

NATURAL  
WOOL  
LOOMED IN AMERICA

for the great american fashions



# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

Important little black wool suit with so many roles to play in an American fashion life. This one of Anglo wool, by Roxane for SAMUEL WINSTON, wears a dash of braid, an off-centre closing.... At Bonwit Teller, Nan Duskin, Gus Mayer, Harzfeld's, Neusteter's.



with the American Wool Council

*Samuel Winston*



# HARVEY BERIN

with the American Wool Council



A wool dress to put through autumn's paces  
... HARVEY BERIN's caramel-coloured Anglo  
wool with white woolknit for a neckline.  
At Bonwit Teller, Gus Mayer, Dayton's,  
Neiman-Marcus, Neusteter's.

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

## for the great american fashions



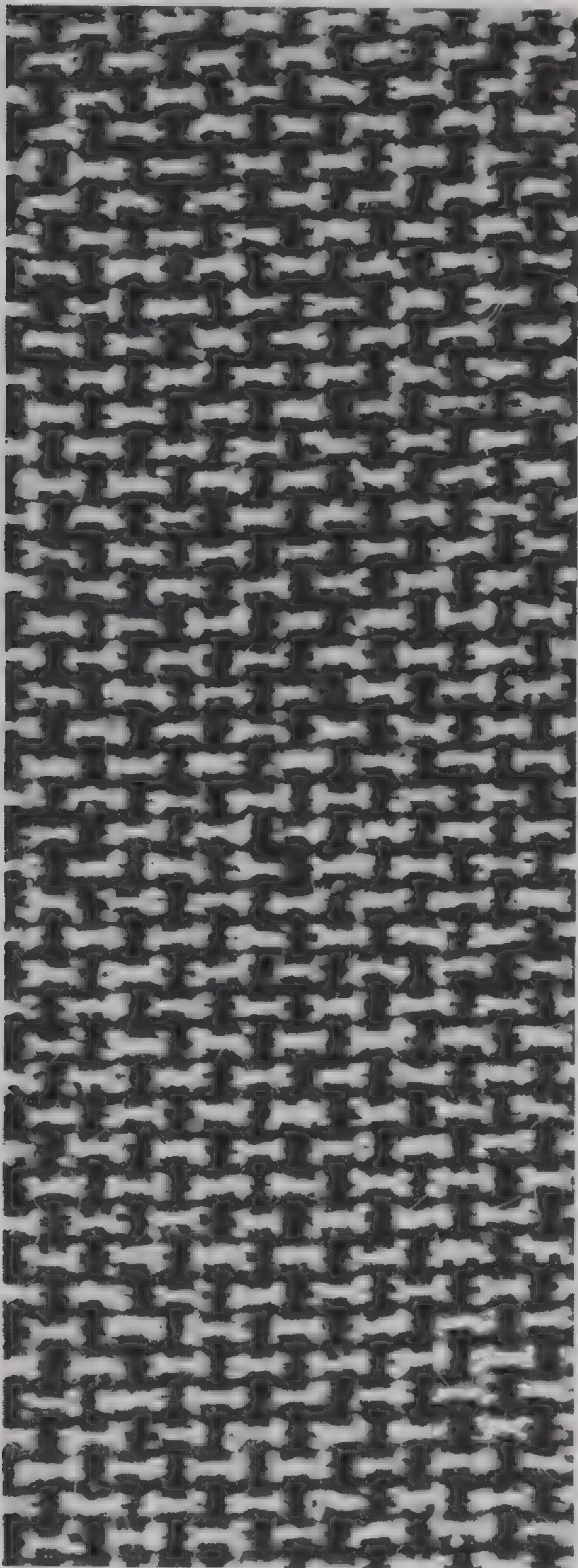
# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

Exactly the calibre of a wool suit that's a force in fashion this autumn . . . BRANELL's black and white tweeded Anglo wool with an easy jacket, an easy life to live. At Bonwit Teller, Nan Duskin, Gus Mayer, Harzfeld's, Al Rosenthal.



with the American Wool Council



*Branelle*



*Hannah Troy*

with the American Wool Council



New motion of wool plaid—a skirt that begins with pleats and ends with a beautiful mobility. By HANNAH TROY of Jasco brown and beige plaid sheer wool. At Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel, Dayton's, Makoff's, I. Magnin.

NATURAL

WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

for the great american fashions



# for the new american fashions

NATURAL

# WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

The important black late-day coat dashed with fur . . . everything for a fashion life lived after five. By MARQUISE. Black superfine wool faille tied with white mink. At Bonwit Teller, Jenny's, Montaldo's, Gus Mayer, Battelstein's.



with the American Wool Council

*Marquise*





*Edward Abbott*

with the American Wool Council



A clearly stated understatement voiced by EDWARD ABBOTT, designed by Wilson Folmar. White Forstmann wool, beautifully cut into one of autumn's most devastating dresses. At Bonwit Teller, Jenny's, Gus Mayer, I. Magnin.

NATURAL

WOOL

LOOMED IN AMERICA

for the great american fashions





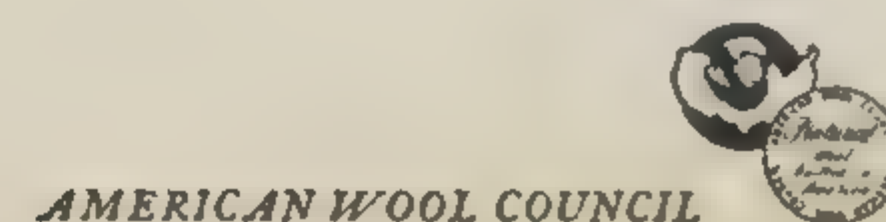
Introducing . . .

# Miss Wool of America

Meet Miss Patti Jo Shaw, beautiful "Ambassadress of Good Wool" for the American Wool Industry, who will carry the story of the elegance and versatility of "natural wool-loomed in America" to the American consumer.

Miss Wool of America is scheduled to visit leading retail stores throughout the country during the coming year—modeling her all-season "natural wool-loomed in America" wardrobe.

Here Miss Wool of America is shown photographed in her coronation gown of magnificent fluid, air-spun wool by Forstmann.





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interprets classic elegance for **BRITTANY**



BRITTANY...Sophisticated interplay of textures and tones. An elegant column of our **STROOCK** tweed crowned by a cloud of lynx-dyed fox. At fine stores including: Lord & Taylor, New York • B. Siegel Co., Detroit • Harzfeld's, Kansas City

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**Le Manteau Royal** a regal great coat of Fromm pedigreed natural Golden Amber\* brand fox. Extrêmement chic, extrêmement rare. \$2,250.00 plus tax.

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*silhouettes adorables!*

*enchancing KNIT masterpieces*

*dreamed in Paris*

by *Tricosa*



*left: one-piece, luscious merino wool...delightfully  
gamin...softly luxurious  
... red, beige, charcoal, cadet blue, avocado  
... about \$56*



*right: charming...Parisian...new version of our ever-loved  
three-piece...smart contrasting accents...  
brown/beige, plum/light grey, charcoal/ice blue,  
deep forest/stone green...about \$90*

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# CABANA MARRONE\*

*Lustrous greatcoat of natural CABANA MARRONE\* NUTRIA...  
soft...lightweight...elegant—in rich, dark brown...*

*Exclusively*

*Bernhardt*

*122 South Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, California*



\*CABANA NUTRIA BREEDERS ASSOCIATION





*Persian motif printed sheer wool dress in muted shades of blue and beige on brown with a brown silk faille sash by Travilla. About \$165.*

*The new long, tiered stole in a curved silhouette... designed by BERNHARDT... of natural CABANA MARRONE\* NUTRIA*


Travilla



\*CABANA NUTRIA BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

TRAVILLA, 853 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles





*Hopscotch  
black and white  
the finest of wools  
by Warren of Stafford.  
Coat by Berliner*

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Hat: Christian Dior N.Y.



(HAVE YOU SEEN CRESCENDOE 'LEATHER GLOVES BY SUPERB'? FABULOUS!)

\*  
5

# Crescendo's \*Caresse

SUDDENLY BEAUTIFUL THINGS HAPPEN TO YOUR HANDS

Miraculous...  
the flattery of  
leather-tailored  
gloves in Caresse,  
Crescendo's marvelous  
new *matte-nylon*!  
Won't shrink, "pill"  
or lose its shape  
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At your favorite  
fine store.

POCO 3.00  
YOUNG BUTTON-SHORTIE

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LONG AND ELEGANT

\*REG. U. S. PAT.





\*This is the official Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed

**Arnel turns to fall** and gives your classic dress its wonderful ease-of-care...its light weight comfort.

**NELLY DON DRESS** in a Bloomsburg crease resistant worsted-type of Arnel triacetate, rayon and cotton. Gray, loden, taupe. Sizes 10 to 20; petite 8 to 18, about \$20. At Stern's, New York; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Meier & Frank, Portland; Rich's, Atlanta; Shillito's, Cincinnati. Celanese Fibers Company, a division of Celanese Corporation of America, N. Y. 16.

Celanese® Arnel®

Arnel... a *Celanese* contemporary fiber



ALL OF A SUDDEN...

*You're in love!*

...madly in love with make-up that turns on the allure. Happily you thrust aside those dulling, dimming cosmetics that mask the soft inner-glow of you. Now you thrill to an angelic blonde-pink foundation that brings out all the magical lights hiding in your complexion...that caresses your cheeks with a starry translucence. You thrill to the kiss of a lipstick the color of a full-blown rose. Now...now is the moment you succumb to

*"Lovelight"*

the new  
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Viva Fluid Make-Up, 5.00 • Lipstick, 2.00  
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DRESS: BRUCE-AMEY • EARRINGS: BLACK, STARR & GORHAM



*a  
shining  
new  
light  
in  
lingerie*



TRICOT



# SATINETTE

*of Du Pont Nylon...all the light of, the luster of, the luxury of satin!*

With its arrival, a whole new decade of beauty unfolds in lingerie. New shapings, new drapings! New vitality in colors—lively, lovely tints and tones. A completely new image of luxury with all of nylon's easy care. Washes like a dream.

Dries satin-smooth and shimmery. Tricot Satinette of Du Pont Nylon is the shining light now—in exquisite lingerie—at America's finest stores.

*... see it, caress it, add it to your collection of tricot lingerie!*

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics shown here.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING  
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



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*because  
you love  
nice things*

*Exquisite • Elegant • Sophisticated*

PETTICOAT #6307 IN SHIMMERING SATIN SUAVETTE—OUR OWN WIDELY ACCLAIMED ALL-NYLON TRICOT—  
FROM THE VAN RAALTE PLUME LACE COLLECTION. IN FEATHER FOAM WITH SURF SAND ALL-NYLON PLUME LACE.  
ALSO AVAILABLE IN FEATHER WHITE, PINK, RED, GREEN, SILVER, GOLD, BLUE OR BLACK. \$5.95.





## the night has many colors

*Fleur de lis*\* adds a new silken glow to the spectrum of night. The rich, warm lustre of satin, captured here in lush matching pyjamas and booties distinctively styled by Eve Stillman of easy-care 100% nylon tricot.

\*TRADEMARK BURLINGTON TRICOT FABRICS CO.

**Burlington Tricot**  
"Woven into the Life of America"  
**FABRICS CO.**

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by  
*Rogers*

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MAN WANTS  
HIS WOMAN  
ON A PEDESTAL**

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#15005 The Set, sizes 32 to 38, \$32.95. Gown alone, \$12.95. White/ecru, petal pink/ecru or champagne.

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Behold the beauty of tomorrow—and of tricot satinette! New horizons in lingerie luxury created for you by Artemis...length proportioned slip endowed with treasured Ban-Lon® lace, superb in nylon tricot satinette. Wear yours fashionably in white, black, mocha duet, peach blush or ivory duet, sizes 32-40 Average. Sizes 32-36 Short and 34-40 Tall in white only. \$8.95. Available at fine stores everywhere. Artemis Inc., New York, St. Louis, San Francisco.



The timeless beauty of

# ARTEMIS



Seamprufe



amour, opulent ivory satin tricot steeped in the loveliness of embroidery and ecru lace; also in white or black with matching laces; slip: 32-40, \$5.98; petticoat: S-M-L, \$3.98. 'amour' sleepwear in ivory, Bahama pink, pastel green all with ecru lace: waltz gown, baby doll, Capri pajama, \$8.98 each; long gown, \$10.98; waltz gown and peignoir ensemble, white only, \$25.

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She'll bag a beau  
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on a **B.O.A.C** ➤ holiday  
to get giant returns in fun!

Clothes cue:  
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double knit jersey suit.

Keeps its shape  
thru a week-end  
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or flying to Rome,  
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**Round-the-Clock nylons** **INDIVIDUAL FIT**  
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SHOE SIZE AND WIDTH	APPROXIMATE HEIGHT	APPROXIMATE WEIGHT	LEG TYPE SLIMMER <input type="checkbox"/> MEDIUM <input type="checkbox"/> FULL <input type="checkbox"/>	CHARGE <input type="checkbox"/>	CASH <input type="checkbox"/>
SPECIAL FIT BLEND	LOOSE AT ANKLE <input type="checkbox"/>	TOO LONG <input type="checkbox"/>	SEAMS TWIST <input type="checkbox"/>		
	LOOSE AT KNEE <input type="checkbox"/>	TOO SHORT <input type="checkbox"/>	TIGHT TOP <input type="checkbox"/>		
SIZE AND PATTERN RECOMMENDED			SIZE	PATTERN	

A very bright salesgirl (trained in the stocking Sorbonne) fills in this card for you at the Round-the-Clock counter. Then from Round-the-Clock's infinite variations, she plucks the one size that fits you from ankle to thigh as well as toe to heel. In width as well as in length. The one stocking that fits so well it almost stays up without garters.





## TEAL TRAINA

manipulates with  
talented precision a bias  
topped wool jersey sheath  
belted in calf leather. 70.00.

D'ANTONIO'S  
sharp nosed slim pump  
in gleaming black  
calf. 24.95.



Naturally

**Himmelhoch's**

Detroit

COFFIN HAT BY AMROSE



# "SQUARCH DAY"

If history had taken a different course,  
months and days would have other names—  
perhaps Nonentity for November  
and Jupidity for Friday

By STEPHEN BARR

Historians remind us that causes are obscurer than we think. For example, I read with surprise the other day that Gutenberg's invention might well have come to nothing if it hadn't been for the invention of paper. Not that they didn't have paper before Gutenberg, but it had only recently been discovered how to make it cheaply.

It occurred to me recently that the names of a lot of things we take for granted would be quite different if history had taken a different course. I was looking at the calendar and thinking how unfelicitous it was for the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months to be named respectively, September, October, November, and December. If—I thought to myself—the Chaldeans of Babylonia had managed to stay on top, and we had a civilization based on, or descended from, theirs, the months would be named in a more orderly or at least astronomical way.

First of all, I think that when they had absorbed Greece they would have latched on to geometry with enthusiasm, and named the months numerically, keeping the geometrical forms in mind. The September, October part seems all right, except that it would refer to the actual seventh, eighth, et cetera, months and since it would presumably have a geometrical foundation, September would of course be Heptember.

My guess is that the list might go something like this:

Monotony,  
Duary,  
Trianuary,  
Squarch,  
Pentril,  
Hexy,  
Heptember,  
October,  
Nonentity,  
Decembuary,  
Undie, and

Duodacity.

(Undie originally having been Unduodacity, but shortened because it took too long to say.)

As I thought about this I realized that the days of the week, had the Chaldeans had anything to do with it, would never have turned out so Wagnerian. The Chaldeans—provided they began with Sunday—would stick to the heavenly bodies and name the days after the succeeding planets, counting outwards: Sunday, Mercuriday, Veensday, Us'nsday, Marsday, Jupidity, and, surprisingly, Saturday.

The fourth one is derived from Ur's Day, and subsequently modified by false analogy.

Mercuriday—the *cur* is accented—sounds rather French, and it dawned on me that I hadn't given a thought to the French Republican, or Revolutionary calendar. I believe it would have the same feel as the one they actually instituted, only different. Being in the state of mind they were, I imagine they would have thrown mathematics to the wind.

The name Mercuriday that started me off suggested another, far more Jacobin one: *Mercurochrome*. It has the authentic sound of a Directoire month, so with the probable help of Lavoisier they might very well have come up with the following list—more freewheeling or non-objective than the Chaldean one:

Mercurochrome,  
Metronome,  
Hypodrome,  
Fluorine,  
Decalcomaniere,  
Lobstaire,  
Ferm'ledor,  
M. Valdemere,  
Beaubrumaire,  
Extraordinaire,

Nose, and

Plusd'memechose.

I can't really justify all of these—they just happen to strike me as extremely probable.

One minor point comes to mind: we would not be using the Decimal System, but the Duodecimal, which I am sure the Chaldeans would have stuck to. Thus Christmas would not be on the 25th of December, but the 21st—and of Duodacity. Good Friday (or Good Jupidity) would vary with the year: in 1959 it fell on Trianuary 23rd. April Fools' Day would be Squarch Day. Another thing is that the Duodecimal System would require new names for eleven and twelve. Strictly speaking, eleven is all right, but twelve bears the mark of the Decimal System, so eleven might as well have a new look, too.

What would the Chaldeans have done? I do not mean what *their* names for these numbers were. I am assuming they took over Greek mathematical terminology. The Greeks—like us—started over again when they got to ten (*deka*) for they added one (*hen*) and got eleven (*hendeka*). Now we have to use our imagination.

We notice that after one, the initials go in pairs: Two-Three, Four-Five, Six-Seven. Obviously Eight-Nine ought to be Eight-Ein, but the Germans would object, so I favour Nate-Nine. This seems to involve an unnecessary change, but the Chaldeans believed in system, so let's have Nate—or, in English, Neight.

Then we would have Ten-Teven—to rhyme with heaven, and finally we might as well pair the last with the first: Welve. I like Welve.

The subsequent numbers, which in the Decimal System we designate the Teens, would be the Elves, and that to my ear is as felicitous as the dickens.

The worldly  
new look of  
**HART  
SCHAFFNER  
& MARX**

...brings out the best in a man. Its trim silhouette seems to accentuate height, subtract weight, add a commanding air of self-confidence. Its new fabrics are the choice domestic and imported weaves from the finest mills in the world—rich, luxurious, distinctive. Choose from a broad assortment of the new fall colors—intriguingly intermingled light and dark tones in glen plaid, houndstooth and striped patterns. The fine tailoring, attention to detail and old-world pride of craftsmanship make the HS&M suit stitch-perfect. All in all, the worldly new look of HS&M makes a man look his best, feel his best. No wonder the Hart Schaffner & Marx label is sewn inside more suits than any other fine label in the world.







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& MARX**



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**LYCRA®**  
SPANDEX FIBER

Du Pont's new fiber with elastic properties whose presence makes girdles and bras sheerer, finer, lighter—so light it's almost like wearing nothing. Yet "Lycra"\* has so much stamina and flex it makes foundations outlive, outperform, overpower any foundations of equal weight you've ever known. "Lycra" can be machine-washed and tumble-dried safely at low temperature settings. And imagine! All those old girdle saboteurs—heat, detergents, body oils, perspiration—are no problem to "Lycra". But to fully appreciate a girdle of "Lycra", you have to hold one in your hands, wear it, and you'll never wear anything else. Ask to see foundations of new "Lycra" at your favorite store today.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

\*"Lycra" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its spandex fiber.

Enjoy THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JUNE ALLYSON,  
every Thursday, on CBS-TV.





\*This is the official Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed

## The fabric of the year is Arnel jersey

for its graceful, all-season softness. Here today, South tomorrow, easy-care all the way

**NELSON-CAINE DRESS** in Joyce's 100% Arnel triacetate jersey. Wrinkle-resistant, wonderfully packable, washable, needs little or no ironing. Blue-violet or blue-green. Sizes 10 to 20, about \$25. At B. Altman & Co., New York; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Hutzler's, Baltimore; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston. Celanese Fibers Company, a division of Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Celanese® Arnel®

Arnel... a *Celanese* contemporary fiber





the lass  
with the  
**Pendleton**<sup>®</sup>  
air



Marvelous air, marvelous coat!  
It's our Knockabout country coat—  
any country—cavalier-cut in an  
adventurous plaid (we do it in discrete  
checks and stunning solids too). You'll love  
the cloudlight hang—you wouldn't know  
you'd put it on, except that you're  
instantly fair and warmer. All this, plus the  
alive look that only beautiful wool  
can give you. *Pendleton* wool. 45.00

*Knockabout coat:* water-repellent, MILIUM<sup>®</sup>  
lined, 2 good pockets

*Companion skirt:* half-lined, center back  
pleat 16.95

*Country clothes by Pendleton*

ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

*Ted Rand*



**BROWN AND  
BEWITCHING**

Two beautiful ways to walk  
this fall. The look he loves,  
the price you prize.



WHERE  
THERE'S  
EXCITEMENT  
AFOOT...

*Fashion Craft*  
BEAUTIFUL SHOES®

OUTFIT BY BONNIE CASHIN FOR SILLS & COMPANY

Illustrated: left RINGLET; right BROCADE. Fashion Craft shoes are \$8.95 to \$12.95, distant points slightly higher.  
For your dealer's name, write: FASHION CRAFT, Division of Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation, Lynchburg, Virginia.





***This ripple of nylon has revolutionized fashion.  
Only your fingers can tell you how.***

***For the first time nylon feels (doesn't just promise; really feels)  
like silk. As smooth. As full-bodied. As crisp and whispery. For  
that to happen, nylon itself had to change. And change it did! To-  
day, thanks to research, there is a revolution in nylon . . . a yarn so  
extraordinary, even its structure is new. The change is subtle;  
you'd need a microscope to see it. Yet it makes the difference be-***





The fabric is by Renoir.

*tween all the nylon fabrics you have worn...and the rich, rustly, almost voluptuous fabrics you will wear from now on.*

*That yarn is Cadon\* nylon. Remember the name. Cadon . . . by Chemstrand. As you read, more and more Cadon is reaching the stores...in astonishingly beautiful clothes from America's finest manufacturers. Can you wait to get your fingers on it?*

**Cadon nylon by Chemstrand**







# ROUX

**FOR THE LOVELIEST HAIR OF YOUR LIFE!**

You may be a younger woman seeking to color  
premature gray...or an older woman who wants her gray hair  
to be glowing, glorious gray.

You may want to brighten and freshen your natural haircolor...  
or change it to a new, more exciting color.

You may want "to try"—with color you can shampoo out.  
Or you may "be sure"—and want color that lasts.

Whichever woman you are, you're looking for Roux. For Roux is a family of haircolorings  
— and one of them is designed to answer your specific desire. Visit and talk to  
your beautician or cosmetician. Learn how happy you can be with haircoloring  
made with just one thing in mind: **the loveliest hair of your life!**

**LASTING HAIRCOLORINGS**

CREME COLOR SHAMPOO  
CREME HAIR TINT  
FANCI-TONE

**TEMPORARY HAIRCOLORINGS**

FANCI-FULL RINSE  
CREME COLOR RINSE  
COLOR CURL HAIR SPRAY  
HAIR CRAYON

**HAIR LIGHTENERS**

CREME HAIR LIGHTENER  
RAPID HAIR LIGHTENER

**AND FOR YOUR HAIR CARE**

CREME SHAMPOO  
CREME RINSE  
HAIRDRESSING

AT BETTER BEAUTY SALONS AND COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.



**Now Europe gives you a figure so beautiful...other women will hate you!**

Vivid imported silks and satins, dripping Valenciennes lace...this is Distinction. Feel more female than ever in this triumph of corsetry, with its hand-detailing, unique nylon boning and the new split-hip construction control from Europe's largest foundation manufacturer. Don't dare think Distinction is too expensive. All of its many styles are affordable by you now! From \$5.95 to \$45.

**Distinction**  
by Triumph of Europe, Inc.

Above; in lace and satin, Bra #219; also in white-on-white, black-on-French nude; in A, B, and C cups at \$6.95. Imported Rachel lace and nylon powernet, Girdle #623; also in white-on-white, black-on-French nude; sizes 24-34 at \$17.50. At better stores in the United States and Canada. Triumph of Europe, 200 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. • In Canada: 111 Queen St. E., Toronto • ©Triumph of Europe, Inc. 1960



# PIGMILLION PIGSKIN

go  
anywhere

in shoes styled of  
plush Pigmillion Pigskin.  
They're the happiest  
thing that ever happened  
to feet. Dipped in  
wondrous colorings, then  
brushed until they feel  
like velvet . . . here are  
shoes that take you any-  
where, complement every  
costume. Their stylish  
spirit can't be dampened  
by weather because now  
this liveliest of leathers is  
treated with Scotchgard\*  
leather protector to scoff  
at water spots, dirt and  
dust—keep their sparkling  
good looks wearing after  
wearing. Look for plush  
Pigmillion Pigskin in the  
brand names you know . . .  
styles and colors you love.  
Of course, it's from  
The Haus of Krause,  
Rockford, Michigan.

Look for this tag  
when you buy shoes.




\*SCOTCHGARD is a Reg. T.M. of 3M Co.

**You'll find Pigmillion Pigskin on these famous brands:**

Barefoot Originals • California Cobblers • Degas • Deliso Debs • Foot Flairs • Fortunet • Johansen • Jolene •  
Joyce • Miracle Tread • Natural Bridge • Pavillia • Revelations by Desco • Sandler of Boston • Valentine • Valley





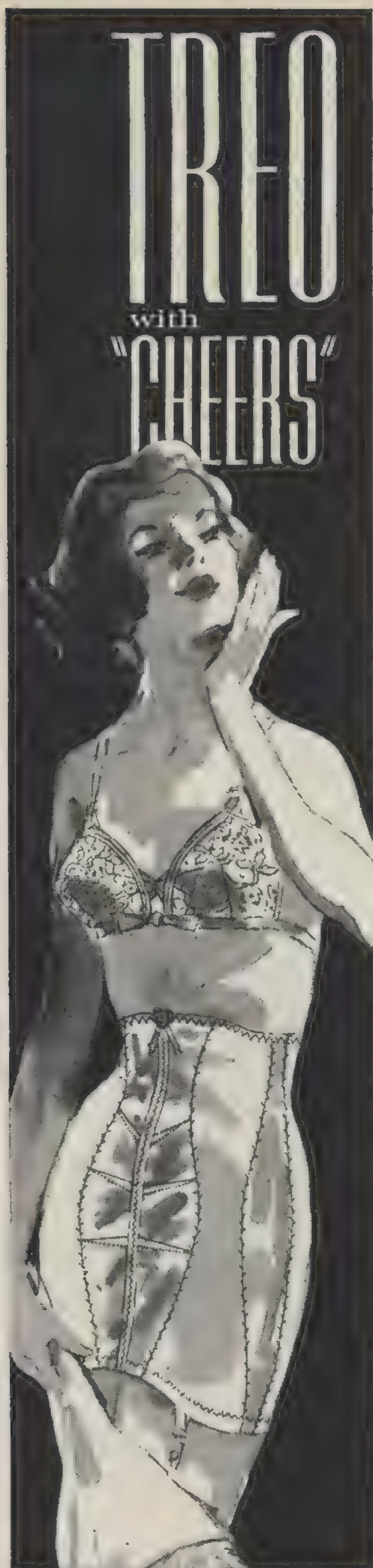
*Textured wool costume  
with silk chiffon bodice.  
Fawn Brown, Graphite Grey  
Black (black bodice only). \$125  
at Dreyfuss & Son; Filene's;  
Halle Bros.; J. L. Hudson;  
Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field;  
Nan Duskin.*

*For other fine stores, see page 218,  
or write 2845 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles, California*

# Patrician

BY PAT PREMO





**TREO with "CHEERS"...**  
associated with elegance  
and wearing clothes smartly  
... noted for designing that  
achieves expert figure con-  
trol while preserving nat-  
ural figure freedom!

TREO Girdle Style 18: lightweight... without a single bone... "Fashioned Front" curves inward to give you a smooth, flat profile. \$12.50  
"CHEERS" Bra Style 741: unequalled for smartness; support without wire; never shifts; in 22 fashion colors. \$5

Featured in nearly all fine corset departments.

TREO COMPANY, INC., 200 Madison Avenue, New York

## THE NEW BRITAIN

BY JUDITH LISTOWEL

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *Judith, Countess of Listowel, is a blue-eyed, pretty grandmother who lectures in England and the United States each year on her specialty, Communism. She is against. She went to Hungary in 1956 during the uprising, has gone several times to Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. In this past year, she has raised more than half a million dollars in England for International Refugee Year. To her published books, among them Crusader in the Secret War and The Golden Tree, she has recently added a new one, Manual of Modern Manners, chatty and entertaining. A New York secretary once said of the Countess of Listowel, "Is that an English title? I was sure such beautiful legs were never born in England." It is an English title, but the legs were born in Hungary.*

I first realized the vast changes which have taken place in Britain one afternoon last September in Shadwell—a district in London's East End. I had known of crippling taxation, life without domestics, no more presentations at Buckingham Palace, half-a-crown visitors to Stately Homes. Being only human, I was a little sad over the pomp and ease gone from my world forever. Of course, it was heartening that the workers had obtained security and full employment. But until that afternoon last September, I had not visualized that the losses of my class meant thrilling new lives for millions of individuals.

I stopped outside a small house in Shadwell. In it lived Mrs. Partridge, my char during the Depression. Married to an unemployed plumber, she had, by working, kept him and their three children alive. I hesitated for a moment. Would she be pleased to see me? Had I always been as considerate of her as I should? Then I

noticed a large sign over the door:

**ALFRED PARTRIDGE  
DOMESTIC ENGINEER**

I was still staring when Mrs. P. opened the door. "Gracious me—it's Lady Listowel! Come in!" she welcomed me.

"I say, this sign—why doesn't Alfie call himself a *privy* counsellor?"

When my joke sunk in, she roared with laughter. "Wait till I tell 'im! 'E's always carrying on about customers—yet 'e 'as work for years."

She was wearing the same skirt I had bought at Marks & Spencer's, a popular chain store everyone in Britain is patronizing. (It is like a cross between Ohrbach's and Woolworth.) Mrs. P.'s entrance hall, painted light green, with matching wall-to-wall carpet, had an air of affluence.

"Our 'eater warms the water and the 'ouse," she beamed. "And let me show yer something else."

Through the kitchen, we stepped into a bathroom. "We 'ad to sacrifice our garden," she explained. "Remember the tin contraption I 'ad to carry in and out? And the water I 'ad to 'eat in kettles? And the outside lav?"

"Indeed. Do you now own the house?"

"No, the Borough Council won't sell. But the rent's only 18/- (\$2.50) a week—nothing for Alfie these days."

The sitting room also had a wall-to-wall carpet. Admiring the brocade-covered settee and arm-chairs, mahogany table and gorgeous TV set, I murmured: "What a change from the old days..."

"Yes, and I'm thankful. But my beautiful grandfather clock and the sideboard—they went because of the bloody Means Test. We 'ad to sell our last stick of furniture to get a miserable few  
(Continued on page 106)



"Bé-Bé" available  
in the

*Madame Antoine*

Salons de Beauté  
listed below

COHEN BROS., Jacksonville  
DEY BROS., Syracuse  
T. EATON CO., Vancouver,  
British Columbia, Canada  
B. FORMAN, Rochester,  
G. FOX, Hartford  
A. J. FREIMAN, Ottawa  
Westgate, Ontario, Canada  
FROST'S, San Antonio  
JULIUS GARFINCKEL'S & CO.,  
Washington, D. C.,  
Spring Valley, Seven Corners, Va.  
GIMBEL'S, Milwaukee  
GODCHAUX, New Orleans, Lakeside  
GOLDSMITH'S, Memphis  
GOLDWATER'S, Arizona,  
Park Central, Scottsdale  
HALLE'S, Cleveland,  
Southland, Cedar Center,  
Shaker Heights, Westgate  
HENGGERER'S, Buffalo,  
Amherst  
JOS. HORNE, Pittsburgh, East Hills  
HOVLAND-SWANSON, Lincoln  
HUTZLER'S, Baltimore,  
Towson, Westview  
J. B. IVEY, Charlotte  
LA SALLE'S, Toledo, Sandusky  
LEVY'S, Tucson  
MABLEY & CAREW,  
Cincinnati, Western Hills  
MADISON'S, Columbus,  
Kingsdale  
MARSTON'S, San Diego  
MAY D & F, Denver  
University Hills,  
Colorado Springs, Westland  
HENRY MORGAN,  
Montreal, Toronto, Canada  
NEIMAN MARCUS, Dallas,  
Preston Center  
POLLACK'S, Quebec City  
POLSKY'S, Akron, Canton  
RICH'S, Atlanta  
Lenox Square, Knoxville  
ROBINSON'S, Los Angeles,  
Beverly Hills, Pasadena  
SAKOWITZ, Houston, Post Oak  
SAKS FIFTH AVE., New York,  
Springfield, Chicago, Detroit,  
White Plains  
STIX, BAER & FULLER,  
St. Louis, Westroads  
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,  
Philadelphia, Jenkintown,  
Ardmore  
WASSON'S, Indianapolis,  
Eastgate  
WHITE HOUSE, San Francisco,  
Oakland  
DOVER STREET,  
London, England  
5 RUE CAMBON, Paris, France





Flash... this is the look that stood Paris on its ear! This was the show stopper! Short, shorter, shortest hair...shocks you into looking young, younger, youngest. Featured here, "BéBé"...in salons de beauté privileged to bear the name....

*maison Antoine*

de Paris



## THE NATURAL TRUTH ABOUT MINK



The first mink was wild mink and its habitat was North America. Then men began to breed mink on ranches and today, many years later, the dedicated ranchers of America — where climate and conditions are ideal — have perfected the art of producing natural dark ranch mink. ~ This pedigreed mink is consistently better and more beautiful than the paler wild mink because it is the result of scientific and selective breeding. It is called ranch mink because it is bred on ranches, pampered on special menus and very carefully cultivated. ~ This is why natural dark ranch mink has a unique unrivaled richness, a shimmering dark dark coloring with near-black undertones. The fur is soft and silken, deep and dense. Its elegance is timeless, its beauty enduring. ~ For these reasons American natural dark ranch mink is treasured the world over.

Most often it is Great Lakes mink that fur-couturiers of international fame select for their distinguished clients. For this is the choicest ranch mink of America. And this is the mink you should consider buying. ~ But you should know that not all mink is natural mink. Sometimes inferior mink is dyed and blended to emulate natural dark ranch mink. Such mink will cost less because it will be worth less. All too soon it will fade. When it is new it may appear similar in color but it cannot simulate the exquisite inbred characteristics of natural dark ranch mink. ~ Let the quality furrier, an experienced craftsman and a connoisseur of mink, guide you in your choice. And make sure that your bill of sale states clearly that you are getting natural dark ranch mink. Truly, this is your safeguard, your assurance of lasting satisfaction.

GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION—PRODUCERS OF AMERICAN RANCH MINK...THE WORLD'S FINEST NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK



When is a "little black dress" not black?



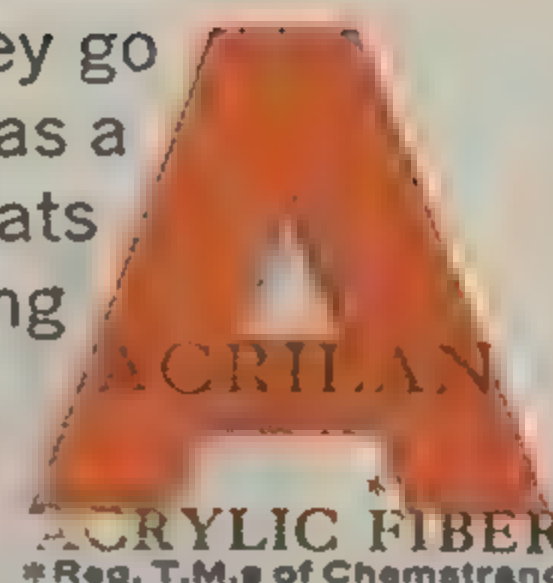
## Rembrandt.

When it's checked! says Rembrandt. Small checks are as town-y as black this fall. Like black, they go lunching, shopping, cocktailing, visiting. Like black, they can never go wrong. Particularly with such right touches as a pleated skirt and Fabricland's knitted fabric of 80% Acrilan\* acrylic fiber, 20% wool. The Acrilan sees to it that the pleats stay pleated, the shape stays shapely, the checks stay fresh and sharp through washing after washing (or cleaning after cleaning). Ironing isn't necessary. Have your "little checked dress" in gray, brown, gold or green checks. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$55.00.† Look for the red trademark "A"-Acrilan. Fabrics don't just get it—they earn it!

† SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

**HENRI BENDEL**, New York; **Bramson's**, Chicago; **Joseph Magnin**, San Francisco; **Julius Garfinckel**, Washington, D. C., and other fine stores.

Chemstrand makes only the fiber; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest. THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1 • Plants: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla.





## THE NEW BRITAIN

(Continued from page 102)

shillings. . . ." (The Means Test, abolished in 1948, meant that the unemployed, after collecting twenty-six weeks of unemployment insurance, continued on the dole, but only if they proved to the authorities that all valuables and "unessentials" had been sold. In some cases the Test was harshly interpreted.) Her eyes filled with tears. "My only nice memory of those days are the roses you sent me when Alfie 'ad the haccident."

I had long forgotten about the roses. "How stupid of me," I said, embarrassed, "to send you flowers when Alfie needed nourishing food. . . ."

"But you brought 'im 'ampers of it. But me, the roses gave me courage."

"All that's gone and buried," I replied, with a lump in my throat.

"Yes, that and the doctor's bills. Do you remember 'ow it took us five years to pay for Alfie's hoperation? Now the dentist did me seven teeth for the regulation one pound." (Under the National Health Service, on payment of one pound (\$2.80) all defective teeth are repaired. Only for entire sets of false teeth has additional payment to be made, up to a maximum of four pounds (\$11.20).)

Mrs. P. smiled warmly as I took my leave. "Visit my Gwenny, she lives there," she pointed to a house at the end of the street. "Good-bye Your Ladyship," she said as formally as of old—almost bobbing a curtsy. The imprint of English class society was on both of us—tempered by affection and mutual respect.

Gwenny had red geraniums in her window boxes. Her graceful TV aerial seemed like an arrow sweeping heavenwards. Then the front door opened with such vehemence that I jumped back.

"Blimey, if it isn't our Lady Lis," Gwenny said with the Cockney's love for abbreviations. "Come in—I was about to lay 'ands on Pam—see what I've to put up with."

The living room had chintz curtains and covers, and lots of green plants. But my eyes were riveted on the centre piece—Pam. Black-haired and black-eyed, she wore a red and white striped skirt, an outsize blue turtle-neck sweat-

er, black stockings, and red, heel-less shoes. Her hair needed combing.

"Look at 'er," Gwen shouted, "look at 'er, Lady Lis." She would no more call me Your Ladyship than her mother would call me anything else. "White lipstick and charcoal mascara—disgusting I calls it. Looks as if she's just out of bed, wanting to get back to it, and not alone either. *At fifteen!*"

"She understands nothing . . ." Pam wailed.

"Now don't I just?" Gwenny's eyes were blazing. "You're a cool cat, you dig the street, us over-thirties are peasants, and professional teen-agers own the world—don't I understand that? But let me tell you: if once more you call your father a square, I'll clout you over the 'ead, good and proper."

Standing opposite her daughter, with expressive face and gesticulating hands, this was the Gwenny Partridge whose pranks used to rob the Highways Club youthleader of his sleep. She caught my eye and chortled.

"What's the trouble?" I turned to Pam.

"She won't let me go to the Jazz Club," her shoulders shrugged affectedly.

"Go to your blasted Jazz Club," Gwenny spat at her daughter. "Out—quick—or I'll spank that tightly-covered bottom of yours."

"You were a holy terror in your day, Gwenny," I grinned. "The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. . . ."

She threw up her hands. "You, with your edicated memory. . . ."

"How's your husband?" I quickly changed the subject.

"All right—all the dockers are bringing 'ome a steady £20 (\$56) a week. Since last summer, my Rob's also working—I wouldn't let him waste time on a scholarship like Liz's Pete—let Rob earn £12 (\$33.60) a week, and enjoy life. I do part-time at the old biscuit fac., and under four quid (\$11.20) a week I pays no tax. We've a car too, and go out of London weekends."

"Wonderful. What else are you doing?"

"I'm 'aving a wedding for

(Continued on page 119)

## COMPLI-FIT BY LAROS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE CAN BE FOUND AT THE FOLLOWING FINE STORES

### ALABAMA

Alexander City . . . . . Froshin's  
Auburn . . . . . Polly-Tek Shop  
Bessemer . . . . . Loveman's  
Birmingham . . . . . Emily Shop  
Birmingham . . . . . Loveman's  
Birmingham . . . . . Morgan Bros.  
Decatur . . . . . Speake Warren & Ratliff  
Homewood . . . . . Nell Willingham  
Huntsville . . . . . Dunnnavants  
Midfield . . . . . Van Der Burgh Inc.  
Montgomery . . . . . Loveman's  
Montgomery . . . . . Millers  
Mountain Brook . . . . . Gold Bow  
Selma . . . . . Tepper's  
Tuscaloosa . . . . . Louis Wiesel, Inc.

### ARIZONA

Phoenix . . . . . Goldwater's  
Phoenix . . . . . Jerand's  
Scottsdale . . . . . Goldwater's  
Tucson . . . . . Steinfelds

### ARKANSAS

Pine Bluff . . . . . Cohn's Fashion Shop

### CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield . . . . . Malcolm Brock  
Glendale . . . . . H. S. Webb  
La Jolla . . . . . Stevenson's  
Los Angeles . . . . . Bullock's-Downtown  
Ontario . . . . . Fallis'  
Riverside . . . . . Reid's  
Sacramento . . . . . Weinstock-Lubin  
San Diego . . . . . The Marston Co.  
San Francisco . . . . . The Emporium  
San Francisco . . . . . H. Liebes  
San Francisco . . . . . I. Magnin & Co.  
San Francisco . . . . . Joseph Magnin  
San Francisco . . . . . The White House  
Stockton . . . . . Katten & Marengo

### COLORADO

Denver . . . . . Denver Dry Goods Co.  
Denver . . . . . Gano-Downs

### CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport . . . . . Read's  
Hamden . . . . . Fred Phipps, Inc.  
Hartford . . . . . Sage-Allen  
New Haven . . . . . Hamilton's  
New Haven . . . . . Fred Phipps, Inc.

### DELAWARE

Wilmington . . . . . Braunstein's

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington . . . . . The Hecht Company  
Washington . . . . . F. R. Jelleff, Inc.

### FLORIDA

Jacksonville . . . . . May-Cohens  
Miami . . . . . Burdine's  
Miami . . . . . Richard's

### GEORGIA

Atlanta . . . . . J. P. Allen  
Atlanta . . . . . Rich's, Inc.

### ILLINOIS

Aurora . . . . . Leitz & Grometer  
Champaign . . . . . W. Lewis & Co.  
Champaign . . . . . Robeson's  
Decatur . . . . . Stauber's  
Elgin . . . . . Ackemann's  
Joliet . . . . . The Boston Store  
Peoria . . . . . P. A. Bergner Co.  
Rockford . . . . . The Chas. V. Weise Co.  
Springfield . . . . . Westenberger's  
Waukegan . . . . . Hein's

### INDIANA

Elkhart . . . . . Drake's  
Evansville . . . . . The Evansville Store  
Fort Wayne . . . . . Frances Shop  
Hammond . . . . . Edward C. Minas Co.  
Indianapolis . . . . . The Wm. H. Block Company  
Michigan City . . . . . Carstens Bros.  
Richmond . . . . . Palais Royal  
South Bend . . . . . The Frances Shop  
South Bend . . . . . MiLadY Shop  
South Bend . . . . . Wyman's

### IOWA

Cedar Rapids . . . . . Armstrong's  
Davenport . . . . . M. L. Parker Co.  
Des Moines . . . . . Younkens

### KANSAS

Hutchinson . . . . . Peque's, Inc.  
Salina . . . . . Steifel's

### KENTUCKY

Lexington . . . . . Stewart's  
Louisville . . . . . Stewart's

### LOUISIANA

Alexandria . . . . . Weiss & Goldring  
Lake Charles . . . . . Muller's  
New Orleans . . . . . Godchaux's  
New Orleans . . . . . D. H. Holmes  
New Orleans . . . . . Maison Blanche  
Shreveport . . . . . The Fashion

### MARYLAND

Baltimore . . . . . The Hecht-May Co.  
Baltimore . . . . . Stewart's

### MASSACHUSETTS

Boston . . . . . Filene's  
Boston . . . . . Jordan Marsh Company  
New Bedford . . . . . Wing's  
Worcester . . . . . Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Co.  
Worcester . . . . . Richard Healy Company

### MICHIGAN

Battle Creek . . . . . L. W. Robinson Co.  
Detroit . . . . . Crowley Milner Co.  
Jackson . . . . . Jacobson Stores  
Lansing . . . . . J. W. Knapp Company  
Saginaw . . . . . Seitner Brothers, Inc.

### MINNESOTA

Duluth . . . . . Freimuth's Dept. Store  
Minneapolis . . . . . Dayton's  
St. Paul . . . . . The Emporium of St. Paul

### MISSISSIPPI

Columbus . . . . . Pryor's  
Gulfport . . . . . Northrop's  
Jackson . . . . . Camille's  
Jackson . . . . . Kennington's  
Tupelo . . . . . Westbrook's

### MISSOURI

Kansas City . . . . . Adler's  
Kansas City . . . . . Harzfeld's Petti-Coat Lane  
Kansas City . . . . . The Jones Store  
St. Louis . . . . . Boyd's  
St. Louis . . . . . Famous-Barr  
St. Louis . . . . . Stix, Baer & Fuller

### MONTANA

Billings . . . . . Hart-Albin Co.

### NEBRASKA

Lincoln . . . . . Hovland-Swanson

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester . . . . . Sydney's

### NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City . . . . . Homberger's  
Montclair . . . . . Hahne & Company  
Morristown . . . . . M. Epstein, Inc.  
Newark . . . . . Hahne & Company  
New Brunswick . . . . . P. J. Young's  
Passaic . . . . . Wechsler's  
Paterson . . . . . Quackenbush Co.  
Trenton . . . . . Stacy

### NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque . . . . . Hubbard's, Inc.  
Albuquerque . . . . . Kistler-Collister

### NEW YORK

Albany . . . . . Flah of Albany  
Binghamton . . . . . McLean's  
Binghamton . . . . . Sisson's  
Buffalo . . . . . Hens & Kelly  
Buffalo . . . . . The Wm. Hengerer Co.  
Elmira . . . . . The Gorton Coy  
Glens Falls . . . . . Merkel and Gelman  
New York . . . . . Arnold Constable  
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Oneonta . . . . . Bresee's Oneonta Dept. Store, Inc.  
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Rochester . . . . . Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.  
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Columbus . . . . . The Union  
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Charleroi . . . . . Miller's Fashion Apparel  
Clearfield . . . . . Brady's  
Easton . . . . . Orr's  
Erie . . . . . The Halle Bros. Co.  
Gettysburg . . . . . Tobey's  
Greensburg . . . . . Royer's  
Johnstown . . . . . Penn Traffic  
Lancaster . . . . . Hager & Bro.  
Lock Haven . . . . . The Smart Shop  
Philadelphia . . . . . The Blum Store  
Philadelphia . . . . . Brands Intimate Apparel  
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Reading . . . . . C. K. Whitner Co.  
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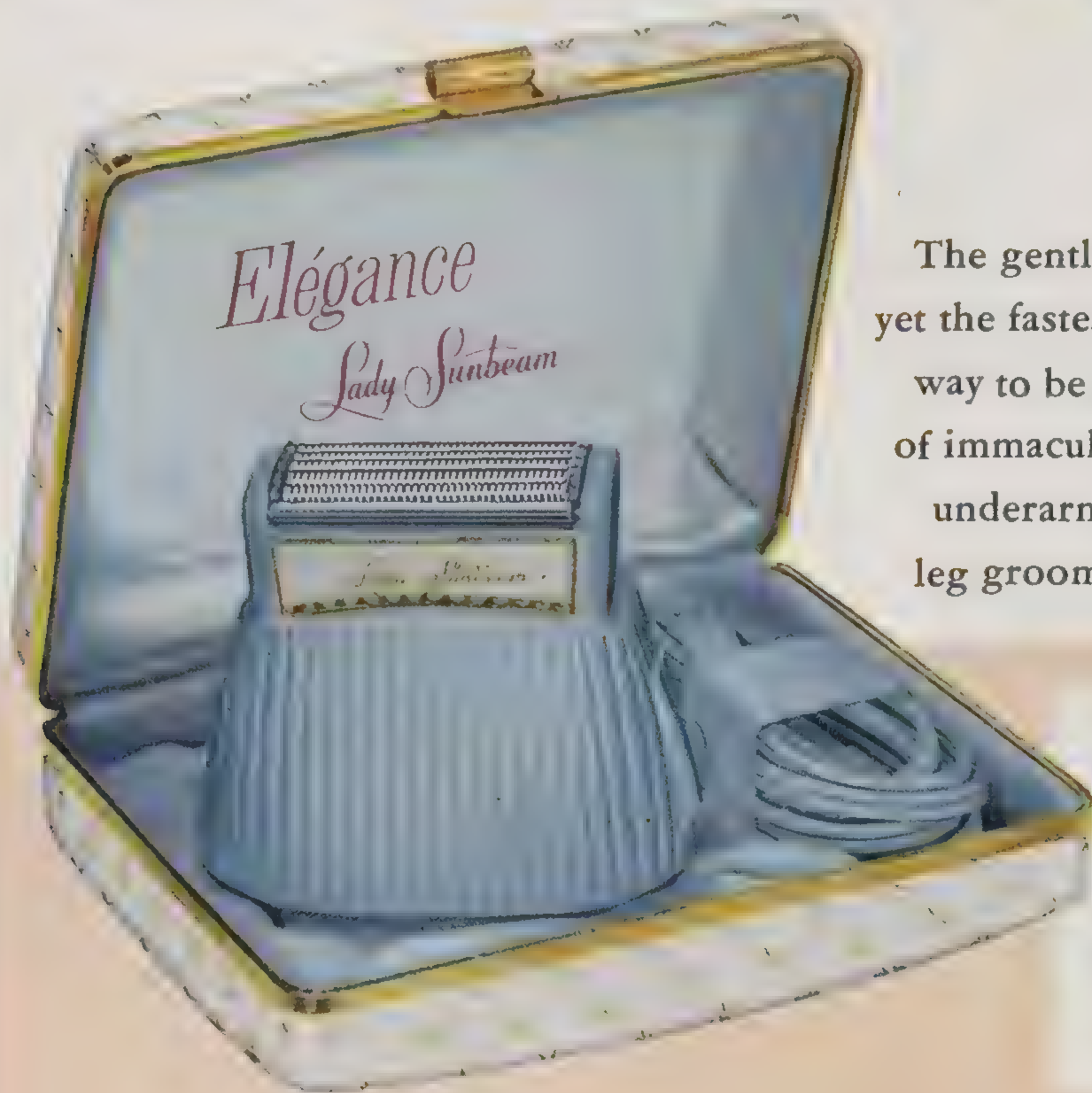


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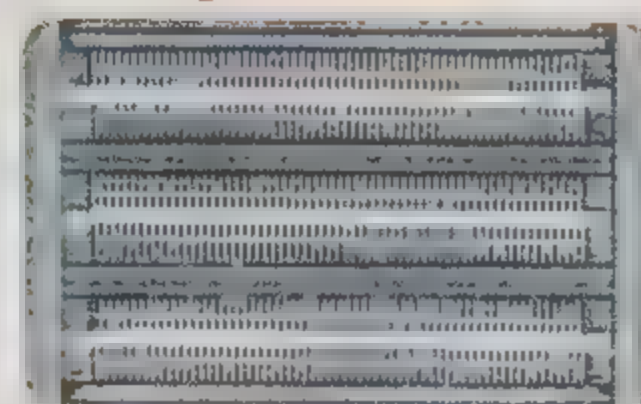
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way to be sure  
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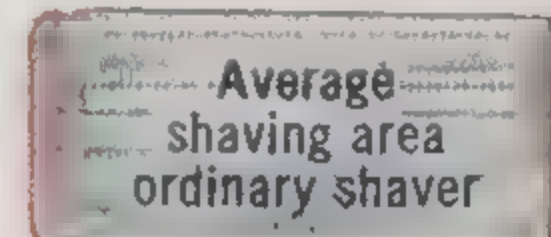


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## NO EXCUSES NEEDED:

Three sauces for five meats—  
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Here, three sauces meant to turn Things in the Refrigerator into instant dinners, and no excuses needed. One, the barbecue sauce from Mrs. Norbert McKenna, may be made in minutes with an electric blender; the others, both from Dione Lucas, take longer, but may be made ahead and kept in the refrigerator.

The barbecue sauce is good with thin slices of beef or pork; the sweet-and-sour and demi-glace sauces, with tongue, ham, beef, or lamb.

### BARBECUE SAUCE

From Mrs. Norbert McKenna

2 teaspoons flour  
2 teaspoons brown sugar  
1 teaspoon prepared mustard  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tomato catsup or  
chili sauce  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water

Place all the ingredients in an electric blender and blend at high speed. Makes  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup.

### SWEET-AND-SOUR SAUCE

From Dione Lucas

4 chicken livers  
Butter  
1 teaspoon chopped garlic  
2 or 3 sliced mushrooms  
Salt and pepper  
Handful of raisins  
1 teaspoon meat glaze  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon tomato paste  
2 teaspoons potato flour  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups stock  
3 tablespoons sherry  
2 tablespoons red wine

Take 4 chicken livers. Brown quickly in a little hot butter. Remove, and add to the pan another 2 tablespoons of butter.

Add a good teaspoon of chopped garlic and 2 or 3 sliced mushrooms.

Cook 2 minutes; add salt, pepper, raisins, meat glaze, tomato paste, potato flour, and stock. Stir until smooth. Add sherry and red wine. Stir over fire until it comes to a boil.

Then add three contrasting sweet-  
nesses:

1 tablespoon currant jelly  
1 tablespoon papaya syrup  
1 tablespoon coconut syrup  
or  
1 tablespoon guava jelly  
1 tablespoon honey  
1 tablespoon apple jelly

### DEMI-GLACE SAUCE

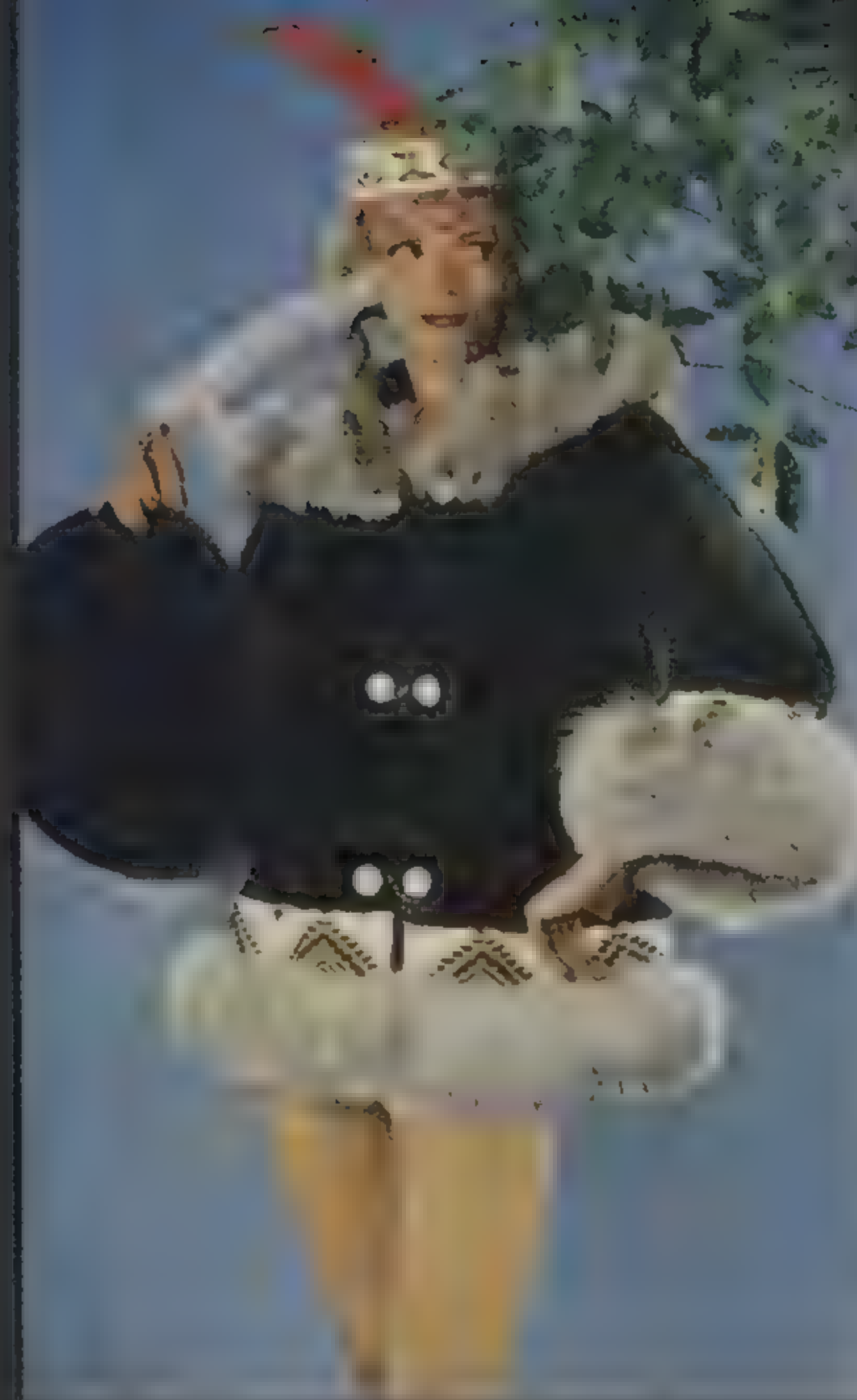
From Dione Lucas

3 tablespoons oil  
1 tablespoon butter  
3 tablespoons sliced onion, carrot,  
and celery  
3 tablespoons flour  
1 level teaspoon tomato paste  
Few mushroom peelings and stalks  
1 sliced mushroom  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups stock  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red wine  
2 tablespoons sherry  
1 tablespoon currant jelly  
Salt and pepper  
Bay leaf

Put oil and butter into pan. Heat and add a sliced onion, carrot, and celery. Cook 3 or 4 minutes and add flour. Brown very, very slowly. When brown, add tomato paste, mushroom peelings and stalks, and sliced mushroom. Pour on stock and red wine. Stir over the fire until it comes to a boil. Then add sherry, jelly, salt and pepper, and a bay leaf. Cook this down very slowly for about 20 minutes. Strain.



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BEAVER ... ABOUT \$695

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**The look:** The ruby sheen of a brocade suit and the gleam of satin on suede completes your Life Stride look of perfection.

**The shoe:** A fringed satin ascot accents the total femininity of this theatre pump. There's flattery in the triple-slim toes, the thin heels. To wear when you want to feel every inch a woman.


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Now...the exquisitely blended hair colours of  
**L'ORÉAL® OF PARIS**  
...found only in the finest beauty salons



Just about intoxicating, these exquisite French formula hair colours! Just about maddening, too, to realize that *other* women, in over *forty-four* countries, have been using them for *years*! But cheer up, the fabulous hair colours of L'Oreal of Paris are here to stay, and now *you* can look enchantingly exotic, well-petted and pampered, too! Just go to any fine salon...and have their colorist show you the most breathtakingly beautiful collection of L'Oreal hair colours since Nature first thought of making her own! Timid? Try a *temporary* colour. Definite? Go L'Oreal *permanently*! Exciting? *Mais oui!*

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Southwest African Persian Lamb . . . black-dyed, beautiful, and at its best on autumn's favored worsted faille. The coat: about \$180\*, the suit about \$140\*. At your favorite store, or write Zelinka Matlick, 512 Seventh Ave., New York 18. In Canada: Gordon Mfg. Co., Montreal.

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Woodward & Lothrop Washington, D. C.	R. J. Goerke Elizabeth, New Jersey
Burdine's Miami, Florida	Meyer Bros. Paterson, New Jersey
Regenstein's Peachtree Atlanta, Georgia	Adam Meldrum & Anderson Buffalo, New York
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Katz's Belleville, Illinois	Oppenheim Collins New York, New York
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Wiley's Hutchinson, Kansas	Peerless Co. Pawtucket, Rhode Island
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Forbes & Wallace Springfield, Massachusetts	Joske's of Texas San Antonio, Texas
R. H. White's Worcester, Massachusetts	Dils Bros. & Co. Parkersburg, West Virginia
Walton-Pierce Grosse Point, Michigan	Smartwear-Emma Lange Milwaukee, Wisconsin
The Glass Block Duluth, Minnesota	T. A. Chapman Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Macy's Kansas City, Missouri	Gloudeman's Dept. Store Appleton, Wisconsin
Stix-Baer-Fuller St. Louis, Missouri	E. L. Chester Co. Beloit, Wisconsin
Geyerman's of Hastings Hastings, Nebraska	Hagen's Janesville, Wisconsin

The Barden Store  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

## THE NEW BRITAIN

(Continued from page 106)

Fred—remember 'is mother, Rosy Brown, my old trouble companion? She were killed in that terrible night of May 10th. . . ."

"1941," I said automatically. "How could I forget? Fred was a babe-in-arms. He can't be more than nineteen."

"That's what 'e is, and 'is Emmy's sixteen."

"Aren't they a bit young?"

"No—Fred earns enough to keep 'er, and they says that they want to be young when their kids grow up. Really Lady Lis, any unmarried girl of nineteen feels she's on the shelf these days."

"Well, times change," I replied soothingly. "Tell me, can I lend you glasses or trays for the wedding? How many people are you having?"

"Thirty-eight for a buffet lunch—Mother and Liz are 'elping; between us we've enough of everything. Thanks all the same. From the police station, I'm borrowing the usual champagne glasses."

"Usual?" Had I heard right? "But isn't champagne rather expensive?"

Gwenney seemed to enjoy my astonishment. "It is, but Emmy's parents 'ave saved up for it. The younger guests'll get champagne cider, and won't know the difference."

It was good to look at Gwenney—radiant in her enjoyment of life and self-assurance. She directed me to a block of flats, with each balcony painted a different bright colour. "Arnt they lovely?" she sighed, "they reflect me mood that life's good—any'ow, most of me time. Liz's on the second floor, she'd love to see you."

Liz was very different from Gwenney. She had started work at the laundry at thirteen, and during the war did night work at the munitions factory, growing thinner and paler every week. She still looked frail—her hair was dull, her blue eyes bleached. A narrow passage led to her austere furnished living room, with a thin, cheap strip of carpet in the middle. Noticing my quick look around, she said simply: "My Ed's a bus driver, and earns only £11 (\$30.80) a week. We can't afford luxuries like Mum and

Gwen, but we don't mind. We've got a bathroom, constant 'ot water, and some 'eat, even if the rent's 'igh—two pounds (\$5.60) a week. And you've 'eard about Pete's scholarship to the Grammar School?"

I nodded.

"Pete's teacher says 'e'll get to a university and become an engineer. I don't mind scraping for years, as long as 'e 'as a real life. Gwenney'll never see it my way. . . ."

"I hear you're going out cleaning?" I asked, not wanting to be drawn into a family argument.

"Yes, Pete needs expensive school clothing—a blazer, long grey trousers, a cap, a cricket bat," she enumerated them on her fingers. "I don't want other boys pointing finger at 'im—'e must 'ave the best of everything. Wish I could talk proper English—so he won't be ashamed of me before 'is new friends. . . ."

"He couldn't be ashamed of you—you're a wonderful mother," I cried.

"I love 'im all right, I do. But I also want to save so that when 'e's finished, we can buy a cottage in the country. We want to own our 'ome; Ed loves to watch birds, and I'll grow vegetables and breathe clean air."

"Since when have you become a nature lover?"

"I'm anything Ed wants me to be," she replied with a lovely smile.

"Can I say hello to Pete?"

"E's in Switzerland." Liz drew herself up proudly. "The school took a party of boys there, and Dad paid for 'im. Pete's already sent me six postcards. I wish Ed 'ad 'ad some of Pete's chances. . . ."

"What about yourself? Didn't you want to train as a teacher?"

"That was just a dream."

"Didn't you want to have three children?"

"After Pete, I lost three babies, and Ed decided I shouldn't 'ave no more," Liz looked away. Then she asked shyly: "Hare you still lecturing?"

"Yes, I'm speaking in  
(Continued on page 130)





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A vintage fashion advertisement featuring two models. The model on the left is wearing a long-sleeved sweater with horizontal stripes in brown, grey, and white, paired with grey trousers. The model on the right is wearing a grey cable-knit sweater with a white collar and cuffs, paired with a grey pleated skirt. Both models are wearing dark brown shoes. The background is a plain, light color.

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**Delightform**





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Eye-liner  
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HATS: LILLY DACHE, JEWELRY: DAVID WEBB, PHOTO: SOKOLSKY

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## THE NEW BRITAIN

(Continued from page 119)

Porthcawl next week—that's in Glamorganshire, in Wales."

"I know," Liz became quite excited, "my brother Jim's at the Abbey and Margam Steelworks. Please look him up."

"Give me his address, and write him that I'll be around on the evening of October 4th."

Thus it came about that three days before the British General Election of 1959, I was sitting with Jim and his pretty Beth in a cottage overlooking the steelworks. It was an extraordinary sight—miles of steel plant, with the grey sea as backdrop. On the other side, gently sloping hills were fading with the evening light. We had discussed the Partridge family, Jim's four children, the new station-wagon, Beth's shopping problem. I was lingering because I wanted to find out how Jim and his mates would vote. Their attitude would decide the results.

"I'll tell you afterwards," he said cagily.

"This surprises me," I fibbed. "You used to be a rabid Socialist—if not a Communist, and didn't care who knew it. Do you remember how you and your friends heckled me when I lectured on economics at the Shadwell Highways Club?"

"We were a bit noisy, I admit, but then what was it like? Just out of school, and not one of us could find work. We hated capitalism, and would have tried anything to get a square deal. We only wanted decently paid jobs."

"I knew why you were angry. But did you know that I often cried on my way home because of the rough passage you boys had given me?"

"So you know what Jim's really like!" Beth laughed. "He has a horrible side to him!"

"Stupid," he growled good-naturedly. "Of course everything's different now—do you know what the average wage is at the works?"

I shook my head.

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(Continued on page 139)



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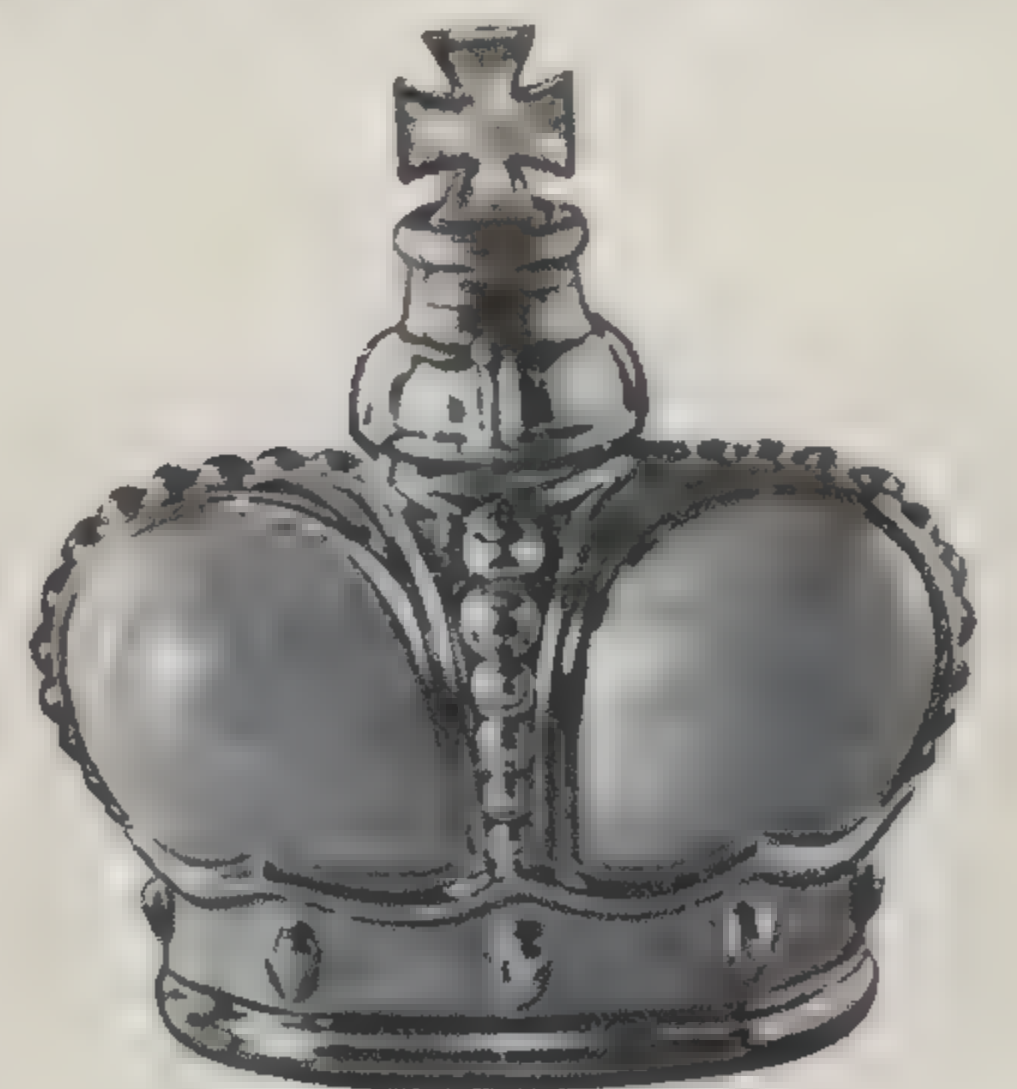




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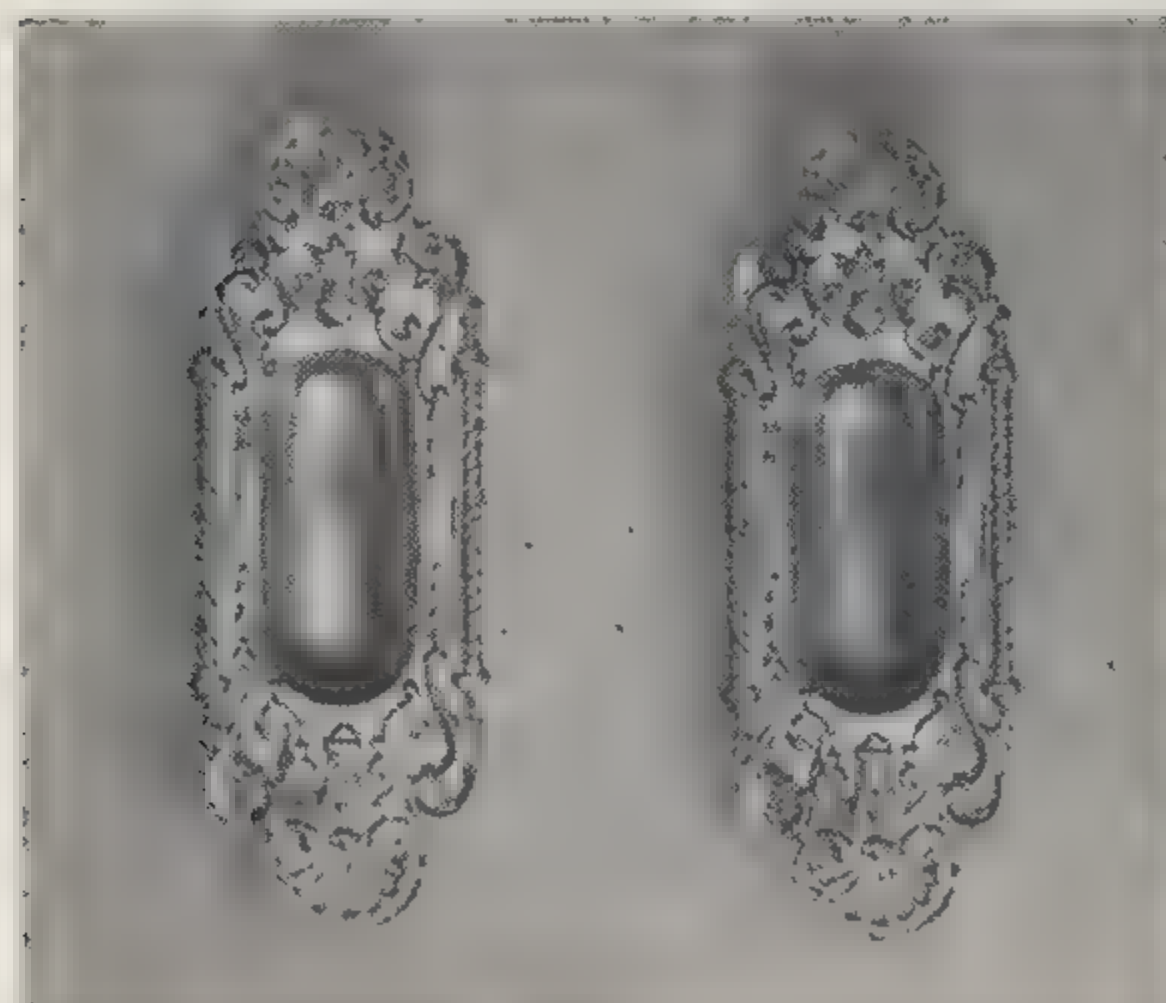
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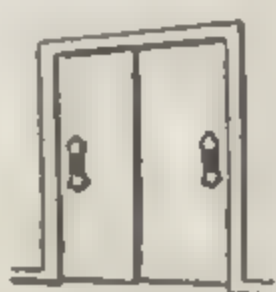


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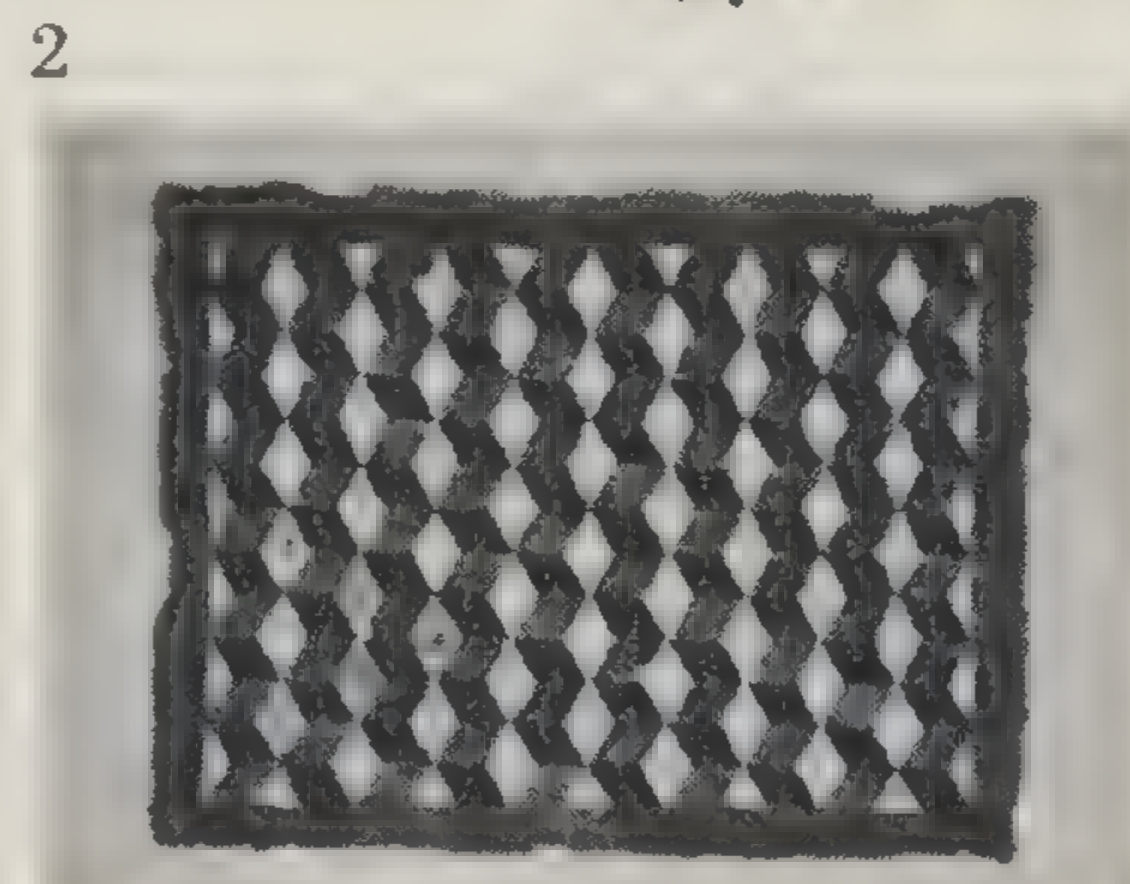
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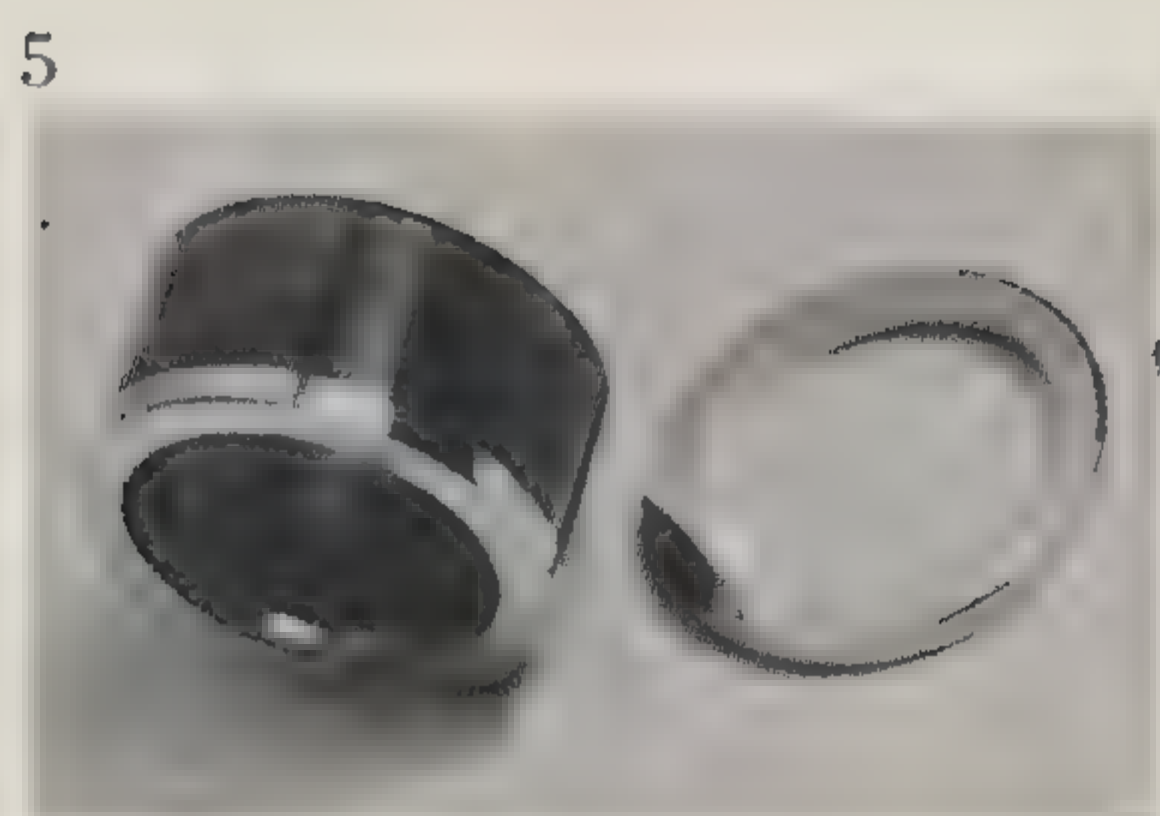


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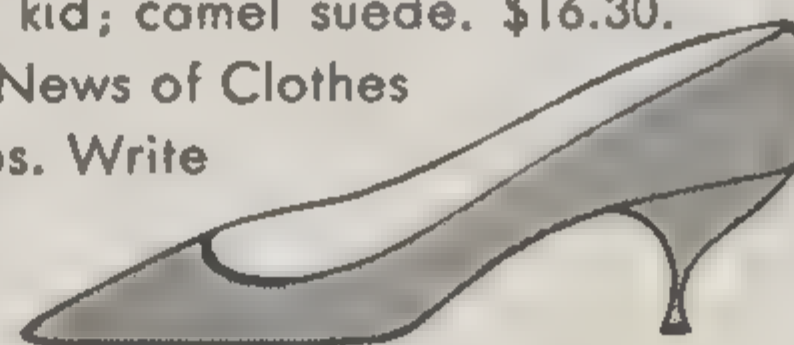
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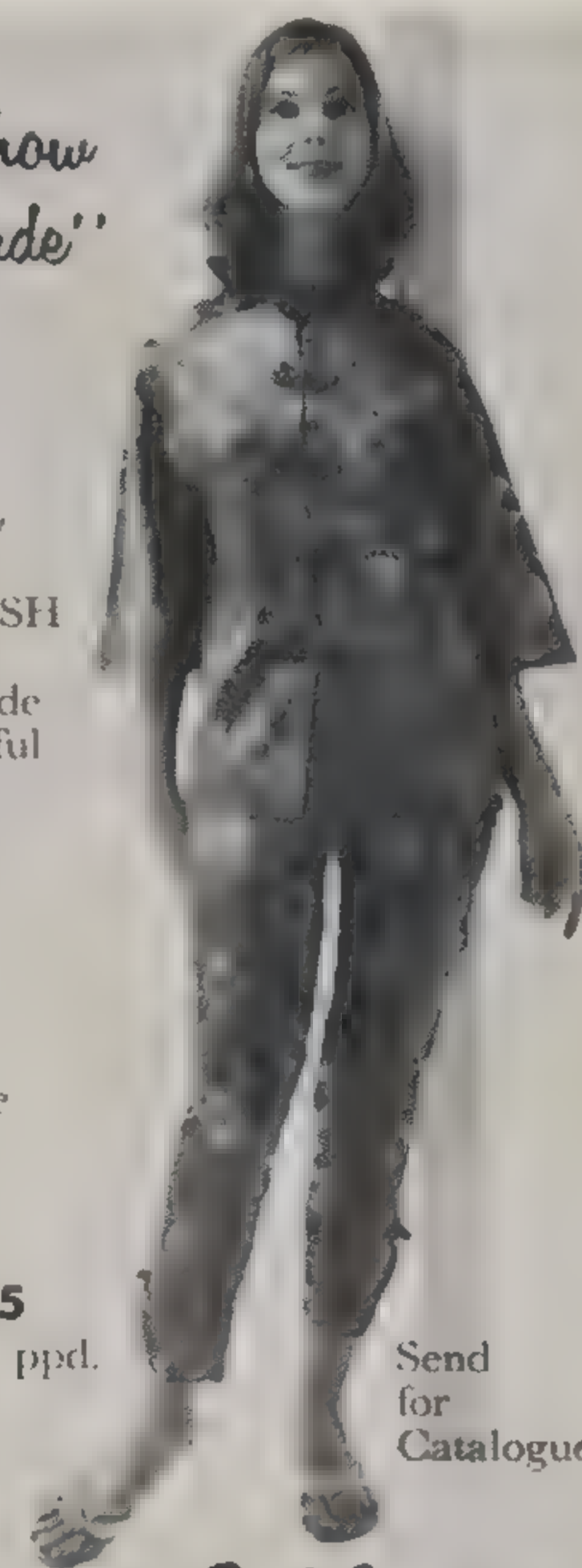
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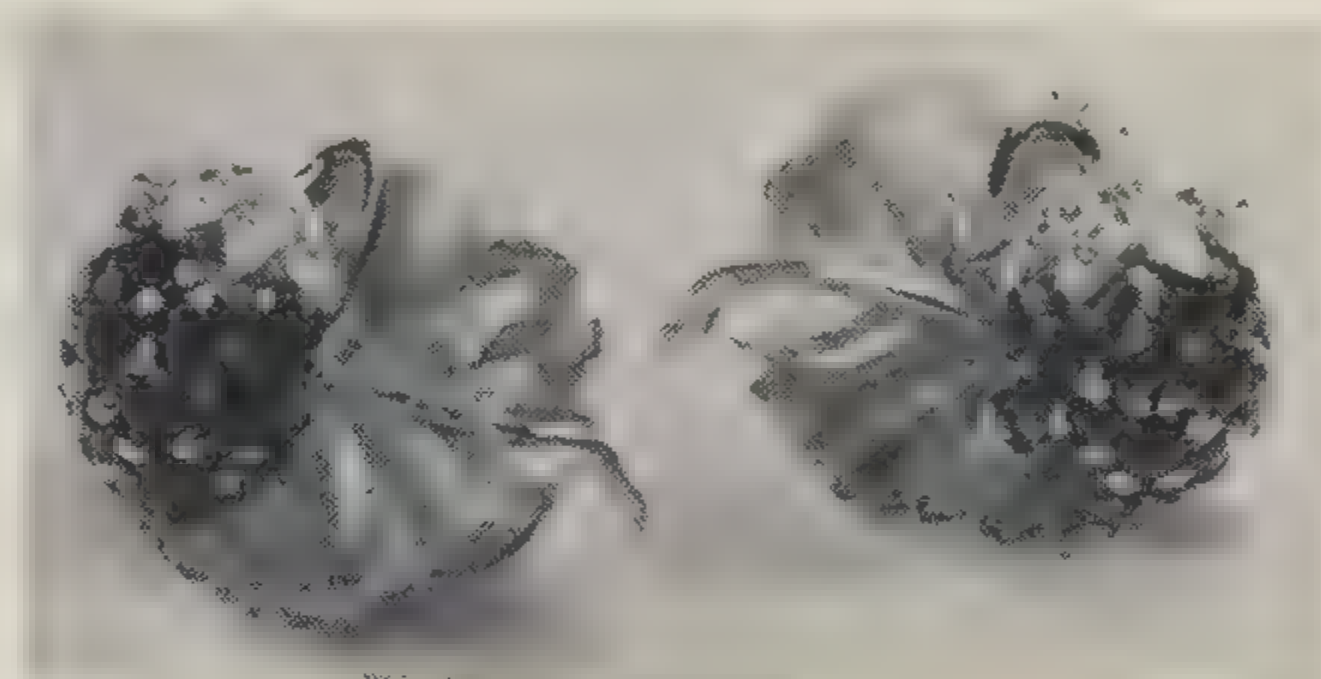
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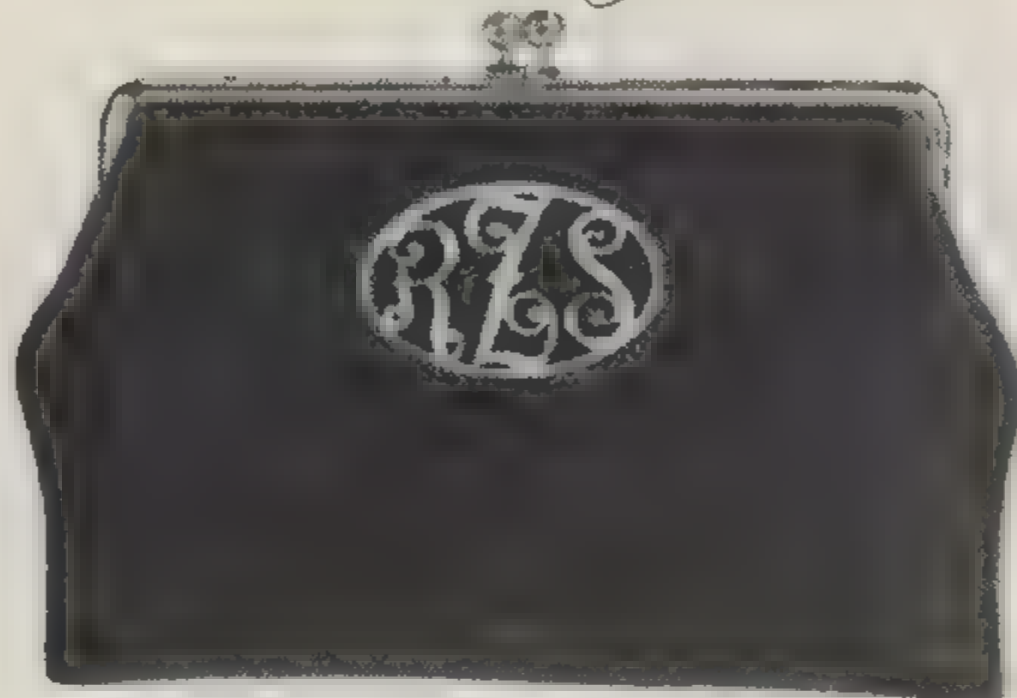
2. Blackberry earrings: the berries—mostly clustered sapphires—jotted with rubies; leaves and stems, 18-k. gold and diamonds. \$550 ppd., tax inc. Guyot, 33 E. 68th St., N. Y.



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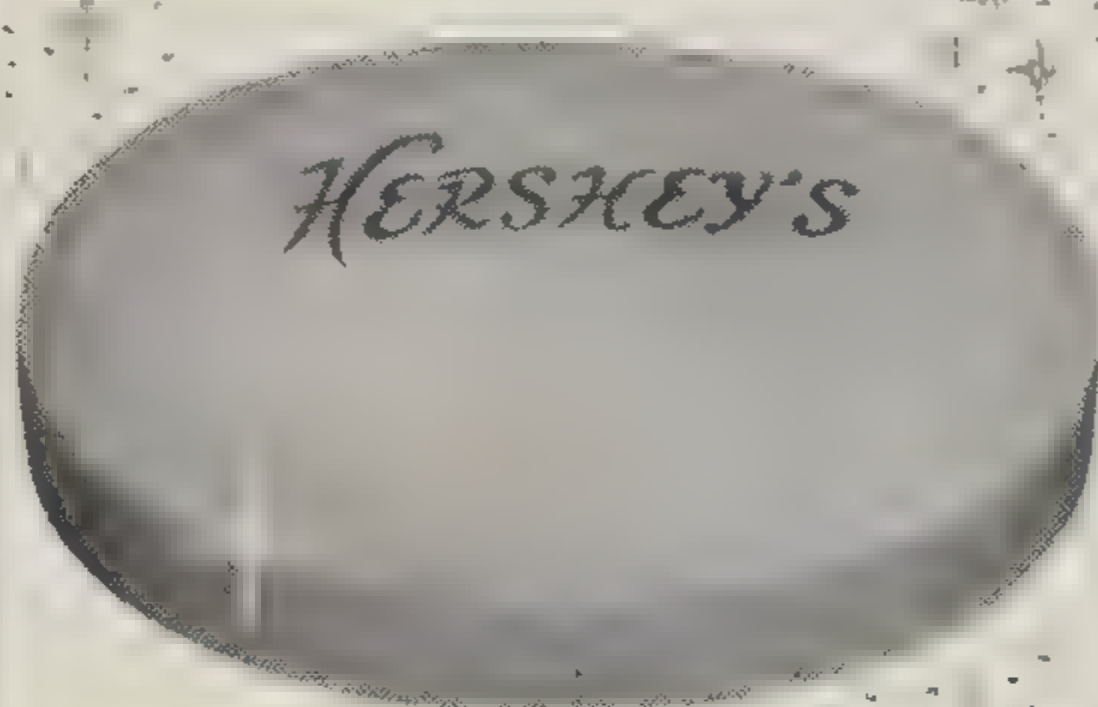
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## THE NEW BRITAIN

(Continued from page 130)

cine. It's a different world."

"I'm not voting Socialist," Beth threw in firmly. Tall and slim, she had been through a secretarial college, where she learnt not only shorthand-typing, but also to speak the King's English. It suddenly struck me that Jim, although he still spoke with the Cockney's lilt, no longer dropped his h's. "If the Socialists come in, and they re-nationalize steel, wages may go down," Beth said.

"They can't lower wages," Jim said thoughtfully.

"It's news to me that steel workers are earning £1,500 a year," I said, amazed. "This is fabulous. The average professional man starts with much less. A lawyer's lucky to get £750 at first, a doctor the same, an architect less. Last weekend, in Oxford, two distinguished professors told me that they were doing household chores to save money—in order to help their sons. What proportion of the workers earn such high wages?" I asked Jim.

"In steel, electrics, motor-cars, plastics, and a few other industries it's roughly this much. The cottonmills are in trouble, and smaller firms don't pay so well. But frankly, working men have never had it so good," Jim exclaimed with a gleam in his eyes.

"Well, are you going to vote for your old friends the Socialists, or for your new benefactors the Conservatives?" I chaffed.

"Now, come off it, they're no one's benefactors except their own," he retorted with his old ardour. "I won't vote for the blighters—Beth can do what she likes. But"—a sly smile passed over his face—"maybe I won't vote at all! See?"

"Yes, I do see. You'll abstain from voting, letting in the Conservatives through the back-door. Shame on you!"

"Well that's about it," he wagged his head. "If they come in, they won't raise taxes for that's in their own interest. They may lower taxes and bring down surtax—for that's in their own interest too. And if surtax starts over £2,000 (\$5,600) maybe Beth'll take a job. She used to earn £12 (\$33.60) a week in London—she's super, and could get much more now. Then we'd go to Italy for our

holidays, or Spain. All our children will go to a university, even if I have to funnel knowledge into their blockheads."

"The Conservatives will win all right," Beth said with finality. "We're satisfied, and we want to keep it that way. As long as they deliver the goods, they can stay. Don't change horses in midstream—you know what I mean—don't upset prosperity while you're enjoying it."

In the train back to London, I pondered Beth's picturesque summing up. To me, it was almost a revelation. Against the pundits' advice, I placed a bet that the Conservatives would have a majority of seventy. Actually, they had one of one hundred.

This was Britain's bloodless revolution. Because of social security, redistribution of wealth, and full employment, the Labour Party's cries about class war and nationalization fell on deaf ears. The Partridges, and millions like them, wanted to keep their gains. That meant—no change.

Not only are their children going to good schools, but they are sharing them increasingly with middle-class children, whose parents can no longer afford to send them to expensive private schools. University entrance exams being highly competitive, any talented youngster gets a scholarship, or a subsidy from his city or county, provided his parents will let him take advantage of the opportunity to make good in a profession or management.

British plays and novels reflect these all-embracing changes. At the moment of writing, less than half of London's theatres are showing drawing-room comedies. At Covent Garden, when the ballet is on, barrow boys rub shoulders with intellectuals. Restaurants, sports events, holiday resorts, not to mention car dealers—all look to Alf, Gwenny, Jim, and their likes for customers. They are the new Britain.

The British Welfare State has delivered the goods the Communists are shouting about, and has done it without terror or hatred, by compromise and statesmanship. Whatever my class may have lost, I am now convinced, has been worth it because of what millions of Britons have gained.

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WILLIAM KLEIN

## Vogue's eye view of a Paris surprise

This shape of shoe—abrupt, planed-down spatula toes, with wagging satin tongues or strict little grosgrain bows—was one of the surprises at Dior, where it was generally agreed (once the shock had abated) that it looked remarkably slender and altogether becoming on the foot. Will it click? Won't it? Long-shot—or sure shot? Shoe-in-the-wind—or shoe-in? Crystal ball notwithstanding, we won't make that prediction, but we will restate this point: Paris is a perennial trove of marvellous little touches—witty, adventurous, chancey sometimes, dull never. And what matters as much as will-it-last is does-it-stir-the-imagination. This does. These shoes were designed by Roger Vivier for Dior and will be made to order at Christian Dior-Paris. Shown above, pale satin for evening, and a small-heeled suit shoe of brown alligator.





# PARIS COPIES

## IN QUICK SHOPPING REACH

**Paulette hats in America:** For years Paulette hats—and indeed Paulette herself, a charmer among charming Frenchwomen—have been among the delights of Paris. Now, for the first time, New York will have a shop-within-a-shop, at Saks Fifth Avenue, where Paulette hats can be bought straight from the hat trees; they will all, naturally, be ready-to-wear copies of her Paris originals which included this year a sprightly crop of fold-up jersey hats (one of them a high-crowned cloche), a devastation of gilded feathers, and the wrap-around turban of shimmery black taffeta above. This, and dozens of other Paulettes, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**W**hen it comes to gendarmes on bicycles, misted sunlight and garulous fountains, the spin of traffic in the Étoile—well, there's only one Paris for that. But when it comes to clothes there's this happy phenomenon: Twice a year now, American women can whirl into shops on home ground and buy—within six weeks of the Paris openings—good copies of the great French clothes. In other words Paris-at-a-price exists from coast to coast in the U.S.A. To document this fresh fling of fashion for autumn 1960, Vogue photographed in Paris 23 originals from the French designers that have been copied here on the hither side of the Atlantic. Tagging the models through a studio maze of Mack Sennett situations is Little Barra, an abbreviated French comic responsible for much of the fun in the new movie, *Zazie dans le Métro*, a film transferal from Raymond Queneau's comic-surrealist novel. He appears, right, as a melancholy gypsy whose crystal ball is remarkably clouded... a fact we choose to overlook since nobody needs a crystal to discern the success of Chanel.

**Chanel's forever suit, with fringe:** Lavender-and-black tweed bound with navy-blue grosgrain ribbon and clipped fringe; the pocket—a special Chanel preoccupation in the suit life of her collection this season—is finished in the same manner. Copied in America by Jablow for Saks Fifth Avenue. Also at L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson.













## PARIS COPIES IN QUICK SHOPPING REACH

**Lanvin Castillo's boldface plaid**, opposite page, decoding Little Barra's boldface sign language on the wall. A wide greatcoat, seven-eighths length, of cognac and black blanket plaid with magnified notched collar; deeply double-breasted front; big buttons. Coat, copied in America in Anglo wool. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

**Ricci: checks in reverse**, above left, re-checked by Little Barra's floor plan. Easy suit of brown wool, reversible to brown-and-white hound's-tooth checks. Checked here: a scarf collar, a four-inch head-band. Copied in America by Leonard Arkin. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

**Goma's lanky tweeds**, above right, practising wall-scales with a

singing painter (he's a Barra-tone). Coat, and cardigan suit with a patch of belt at front; both lean-lined porridge-coloured wool. Coat and suit copied in America by Frechtel. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

**Ricci's undercoat dress**, below left, involved with paperhanger Barra's droll scrolls. Soft dress of deep brown wool with wide belt, double-breasted skirt. Dress, copied in America at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**Laroche: left bank of buttons**, below right; Little Barra looking like a voodoo doll. Coat dress with side entrance of wooden buttons, a wrap-around look. Grey wool flannel with beaver-lined flannel stole. Dress, copied in America by Blauner, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's.









## PARIS COPIES IN QUICK SHOPPING REACH

**Ricci: head-high suit,** left, with a reachy Barra holding hood-high wallpaper. Original suit, beige Orlon and mohair, with a Paisley-lined hood, double-breasting all over. Copied in America by Abe Schrader in Alamac jersey of Orlon and wool. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

**Cardin's cocarded tweed,** right, with Scout Barra scoring ball-points. The suit, peach-coloured wool tweed with crocheted buttons, a black velvet cocarde marking one scarf-end. Copied in America by Dan Millstein, in Anglo wool tweed. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; I. Magnin.







**Laroche's city-tweed look**, above left, in his long motile suit jacket circled with the loose thin leather belt that was a Laroche theme this year; the suit of green, brown, and white rugged herringbone. Not the least of the look that recreates the dash of that green-hatted heroine: the close, baby cloche, with one side brushed up flatteringly—lost, apparently on Little Barra who seems concerned with myopia. The suit is copied in America by Frechtel; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. **Dior's dress-based suit**, above right, the slightest shell of a dress tied high under the bosom with strings or ribbon, and worn under a long hip-length jacket; this, of hazy brown-and-grey tweed. The hat, a fur watch cap. Copy by Frechtel, at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.

**Ricci's suit mood**, below, concentrated on neat little bell skirts, loosely gathered, under short jackets that flip open on the sides; here, in pumpkin tweed (separate beaver collar). Snug brown cloche with a rosette—Ricci models wore these hats even with evening clothes. Little Barra, impersonating Hitchcock. Suit copy by Anita Modes at Macy's. **Ricci's split-panelling**, right, a keynote struck throughout his collection in jackets, coats, and skirts; this, a beige tweed coat dress over a green skirt. Ricci showed it with a matching cloak—no dagger. (The mystery here lies in the expression on Little Barra's face.) Pheasant feather cloche dipped low on one side. The dress, original and Highlight copies, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

## PARIS COPIES IN QUICK SHOPPING REACH













**Dior's balloon—evening ascension**

Left: Black wool with one shoulder bared, and a general accounting of St. Laurent surprises—stemmy torso bursting with moiré bows, balloon skirt. This dress was named, by the way, after the *nouvelle vague* movie, *Moderato Cantabile*, another raging Paris controversy. (Clearly on the side of the new Dior wave, Little Barra, holding down the strings in this photograph.) Dress imported by and copied in America for Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

**Lanvin Castillo's licorice drops**

Below: Black silk versions of the drop-of-water skirt that was one of the charms of this collection. Left, strapless faille with a little buttoned-up-the-back jacket, just short enough to make a point of the bloused top, tiny waist. Martini copy: Saks Fifth Avenue. Right, maillot-topped faille; the skirt curved in almost imperceptibly toward the hem. (Little Barra, here, evidently occupied with its possible coat life.) Original and copies, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

## PARIS COPIES IN QUICK SHOPPING REACH









## PARIS COPIES IN QUICK SHOPPING REACH

**Ricci's coat shape of success**, left, in a cream damask short evening coat, one of the new side-openers—a shape continued in his marvellous day coats. Another Ricci touch of success, the meeting of great pale-mink mufflers with big pale-beige hats. The total effect on four husky piano movers? Turns them docile, evidently. Coat copy, in America: Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

**Dior's little night portraits**, above top, two of his prettily elegant short black evening dresses. Left, a two-piece wool dress, its high waist on a drawstring; worn with a huge single jewel dangled on a long chain. Right, nubby wool dress with an enchanting little jetted and beribboned high waistband. Maestro Barra looking miffed at this press intrusion on his rehearsal *à trois*. Dress copies by Mari at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

**Lanvin Castillo's perfect line** realized here in a belled-skirt evening dress of twilight grey silk satin, ravishingly prim in front, bared at the back to the waist bow. Gendarme Barra now moving in on Inspector Maigret's territory. This dress, copied in America by Martini for Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson.







## PARIS COPIES IN QUICK SHOPPING REACH

**Cardin: whisk-broom tweed,** left. Suit of purple wool tweed with the longer jacket and flared brush of skirt that figure importantly now. Pale misty mink makes the small collar and cloche. Suit, imported by and copied for Henri Bendel; copies also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

**Cardin's straight narrow coat,** above. Whipcord wool in camel colour with side closing, two egg-shaped buttons, a four-in-hand tie that loops loosely around the almost collarless neck. Coat, imported by and copied for Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

**Dior's cantaloupe coat,** opposite page. Melon shape and colour—wool fleece in a delicious cantaloupe pink with cardigan neck, tandem buttons, drop-shouldered sleeves, and the bulky look that is a Dior coat signature. Unseen, but *sensed*, inside: a black-tulip-coloured dress. Coat, imported by and copied for Saks Fifth Avenue.







# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fascination of the international press with this year's Presidential election, arousing even more interest than was shown in 1952, when the world knew one of the candidates, Eisenhower, and wondered if America would have, after twenty years, a new ruling house. . . . The way the Army has been shopping, with lunar photographs, for base locations on the moon. . . . Tanganyika's sharp, driving, influential nationalist, Julius K. Nyerere, who said recently in the United States, when asked how much control he thought a government should exert, "I have no indigenous banks in my country. I can't get a mercantile African class which will come to the United States and negotiate loans for the development of my country. The one instrument I have for the development of that country is the government. I have no other."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The jumpy, sunny, Middle Eastern beat of the record, "Mustapha," an irresistible half-chant here from Europe, where it was heard everywhere, all summer. . . . Joel Carmichael's *An Illustrated History of Russia*, a beautiful book with more than three hundred pictures chosen by Georges and Rosamond Bernier, and a solid fascination like that of looking alternately at a great museum, a family album, a newsreel, and the seismographic record of an earthquake.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . How the movie *Ocean's 11* manages tedium despite Las Vegas in colour, the Clan in force, and such grandstand plays as having Peter Lawford say, "I think I'll buy me some votes and go into politics." . . . The small, fine exhibition of thirty-three French drawings from the John S. Newberry Collection, now at Harvard's Fogg Museum, ranging from the precise detailing of Ingres to the more impulsive power of Delacroix. . . . The way Jim Brosnan, the observant, amusing major-league pitcher, described in his book, *The Long Season*, how it feels to be traded: "The second time you're sold you don't feel a thing."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Never on Sunday*—a success in Paris—probably a success here, too, with those whom the "prostitute with a heart of gold" cliché still amuses or titivates. But it does seem unsporting, if that is the word, in the contest between the good life and the dregs, to have the good life represented by Jules Dassin, acting the rôle of a philosopher, and a bad Picasso print. Melina Mercouri, the Greek actress who plays the leading lady of easy virtue, is witty, agile, has a curious Lauren Bacall quality. (You'll be hearing the music of the theme song around and around.)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Sean Kenny, the young Irish designer who has entranced London with his brilliant sets for *Oliver!*, a musical dredged from *Oliver Twist*; he seemingly tore apart the stage to create, almost entirely with wooden planks, a murky, Dickensian London. . . . This happy muddle, overheard in New York: "People who live in tin houses shouldn't carry can openers, buddy."







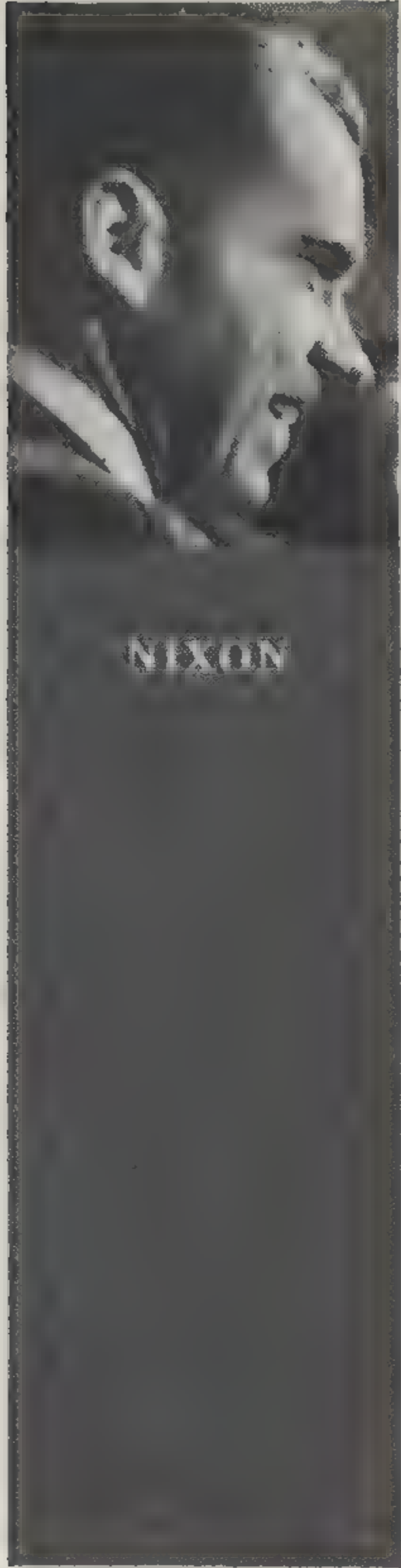
HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

**MARILYN MONROE AND CLARK GABLE,** who constitute what politicians call a dream ticket, Hollywood calls chemistry, and *Variety* calls boffo, will appear together in *The Misfits*, a movie with more big guns than "Maverick." Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston, *The Misfits* has, besides Monroe and Gable, Thelma Ritter (in the background of this photograph taken for *Vogue* by Henri Cartier-Bresson), the attractiveness of Eli Wallach, the potent shuffle of Montgomery Clift. Gable—who still has the most shattering wildcat charm in the business—plays a drifting cowboy, hunting mustangs for a living; Monroe plays a drifting waif, come to Reno for a divorce. The part was written by Miller, her husband, to hit her special quality: a blend of sex, wit, and rootlessness. On the set of *The Misfits*, she has been, as always, wound up like a top, spinning out before the cameras only for her husband and for John Huston, who directed her in *The Asphalt Jungle*. (In that, she received only minor billing, but electrified most of America by doing little other than getting up, slowly and more or less ingenuously, from a prone position in a gangster's living room.) Now winding up production in Reno, *The Misfits* will be on view early in the spring. Will the chemistry work? As they are in all gambling locales, the odds are with the house.



# THE SPEECH

## FOR THE TWO REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES



### For Vice-President Richard M. Nixon

**Herbert G. Klein**, an attractive forty-one-year-old Californian with a soothing touch, is the powerful Nixon press secretary. A month after he took leave of absence from his job as editor of the *San Diego Union* to join the staff of the Vice-President, an old friend, he handled brilliantly the complexities of the famous Russian trip last year. These days, the speech work of the memorandum writers and advisors funnels to Klein, who works over the material before the speech goes to the Vice-President for his own rewriting, his own indelible markings.

**Robert H. Finch**, a man whose charm works even on the telephone, is now the Nixon campaign manager, a switch from administrative assistant. Neither writer nor talker, this thirty-four-year-old lawyer is considered a singularly wise advisor, who adds sometimes to the content of the speeches.

**Richard L. Bean**, campaign press assistant, helps on speeches before they go to Klein on their way to the Vice-President. He first took leave of absence last year from his job as head of public relations at Lockheed Aircraft's California Division to aid Klein on the Russian trip.

**George Grassmuck**, professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan, is a delightful egghead, the Director of Research for the Vice-President. (During the pre-Convention and Convention days he was the Vice-President's liaison with the Platform Committee.) He got the job, incidentally, through Malcolm Moos, chief speech writer for President Eisenhower.



HERBERT G. KLEIN



RICHARD L. BEAN



ROBERT H. FINCH



GEORGE GRASSMUCK



LODGE

### For Henry Cabot Lodge

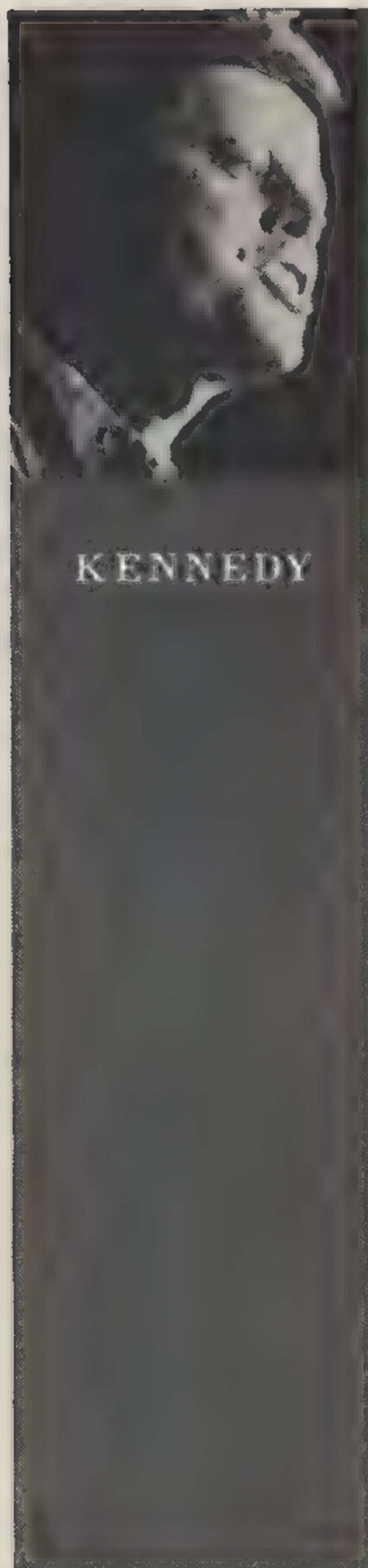
**H. C. Lodge** himself. Until the Vice-Presidential candidate resigned as the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, he could not, by specific law, campaign or even engage speech writers for political purposes. Although his assistants at the United Nations frequently gave him researched memoranda, he had his own method: a special file containing his own notes and research material, filed by him. When the time came to write, he closed the door firmly and wrote. Part of that pattern may come from his ten years as a reporter, first for the *Boston Transcript*, and later for the *New York Herald Tribune*. A forceful, not particularly graceful, writer, Candidate Lodge, a former Senator, is, however, a rather graceful and highly forceful speaker, easy with ad libs.



# WRITERS

Although the four candidates on these two pages write their own final drafts of their speeches, all use speech writers who are not to be confused with ghost writers who do the actual writing for chiefs whose names they sign.

## FOR THE TWO DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES



KENNEDY

### For Senator John F. Kennedy

**Theodore C. Sorensen**, chief speech writer, is a gentle-mannered, but hard-headed lawyer of thirty-two, whose father was a former Attorney General of Nebraska and campaign manager for the late Senator George Norris. When Sorensen was graduated from the University of Nebraska Law School he was first in his class and editor of the *Law Review*. The Kennedy system is this: First the Senator outlines to his writing staff what he wants. Their drafts go to Sorensen, then to the Senator who, like Nixon, rips up the drafts, adds to the content, and changes them into fighting speeches. Sometimes he writes a completely new speech. In delivery, he frequently adds pungent phrases.

**Archibald Cox** is a handsome man with a grey semi-crew-cut, whose specialty is labour laws and whose job, until he returns in November to Harvard where he is a Professor of Law (Senator Kennedy never was a student of his), is to work on speech material, with a number of other professors, lawyers, and writers. After Cox and his men finish a piece of work, it goes to Sorensen, then to the Senator.

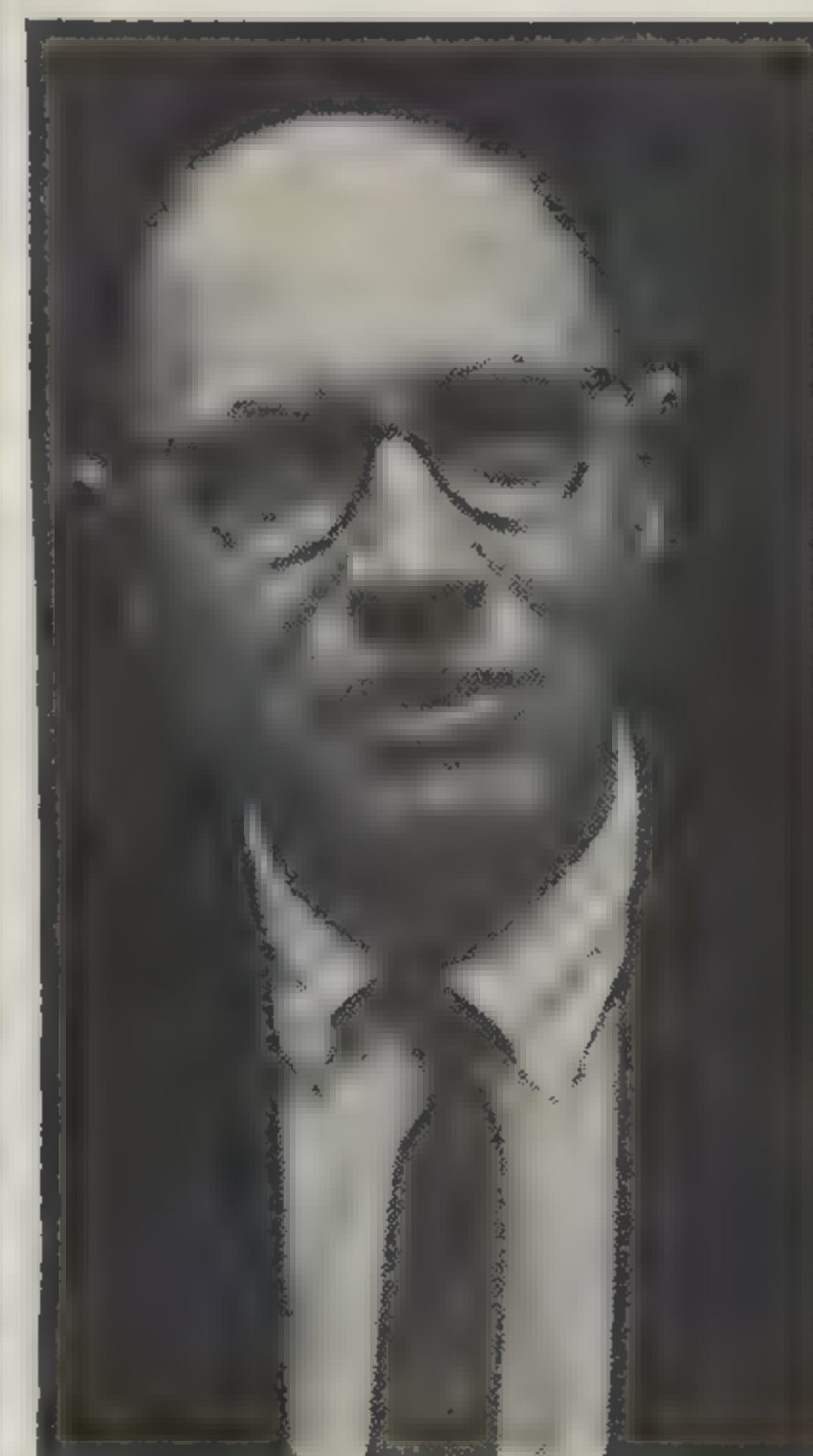
**Myer Feldman**, an informal, easy-talking lawyer, Senator Kennedy's legislative assistant, never works on purely political matters. He has primary responsibility for the initial drafts of speeches on farm affairs, national resources, distress areas. When Truman made his famous televised attack on Senator Kennedy, Feldman heard it in Nixon's office with some of the Nixon staff. (The television set in the Kennedy office had broken down.) In the old Senate Office Building, the offices of Nixon and Kennedy face each other across a marble corridor.



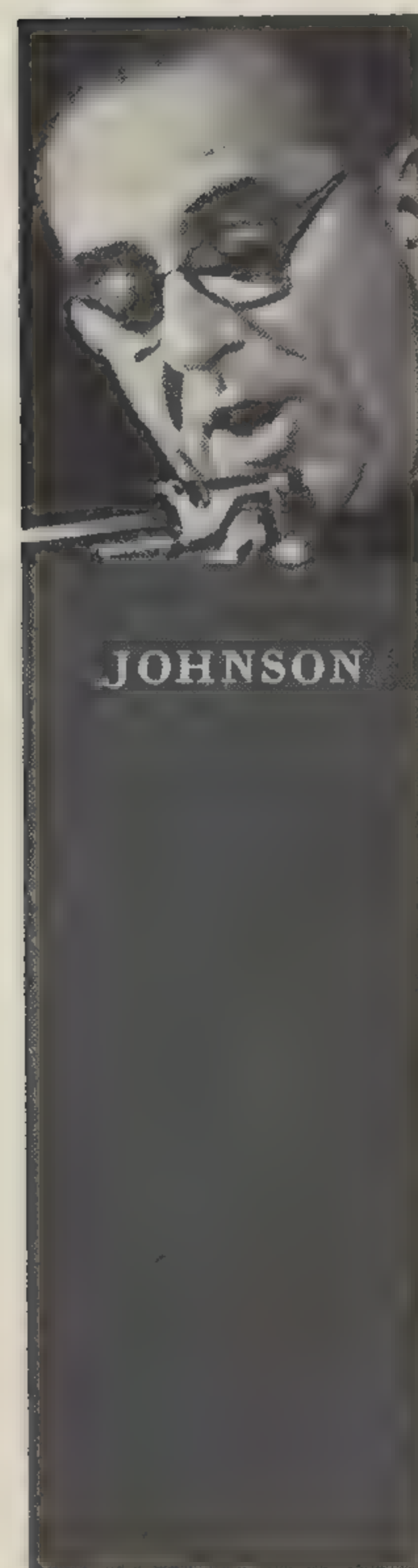
THEODORE C. SORENSEN



ARCHIBALD COX



MYER FELDMAN



JOHNSON

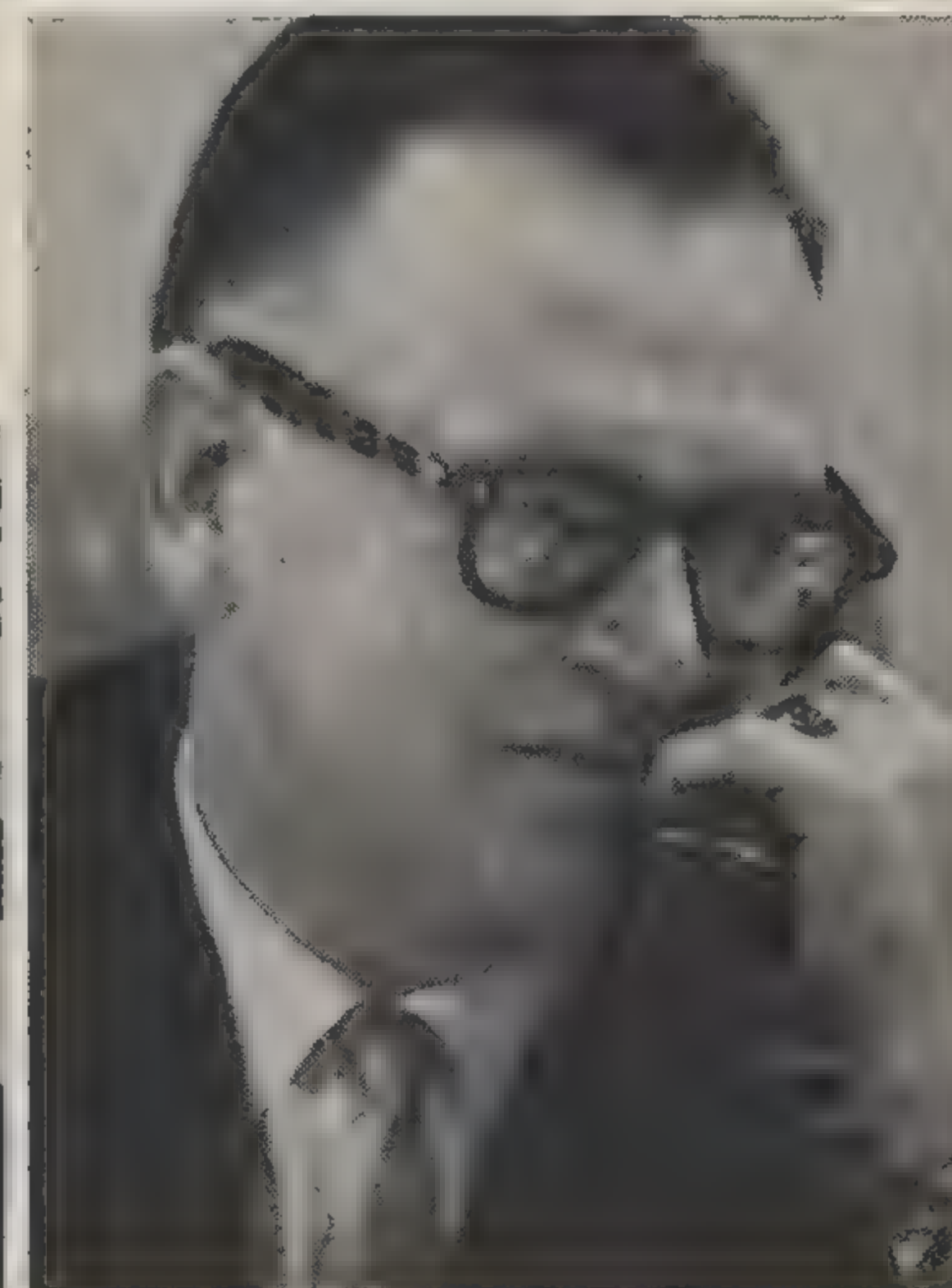
### For Senator Lyndon B. Johnson

**George Reedy**, a large, rather scholarly man who prefers reading and fishing to most other pleasures, is the chief speech writer for Senator Johnson. A number of other people, professors, experts, financial men, all work on a variety of memoranda on issues, but in the end there is only Reedy and the Senator. (Some of the speech students feel that they can always spot the Reedy lines.) If Senator Johnson had his way completely, he would rarely write out a script, even those to which he adds his own ad libs, for he feels that he is far better without a script.

**Walter Jenkins**, a brisk-voiced, instantly likeable man, with only a trace left of his Texan accent, has worked for Senator Johnson for years, is now his administrative assistant and speech-idea man. He works in a large, pale sea-green office with a reasonably big, but terrible painting of the Buchanan Dam in Texas. The Johnson speech method: he says what he wants to talk about, roughing out his ideas, then Jenkins sometimes suggests more ideas, but Reedy writes the speech for Senator Johnson to rework.



GEORGE REEDY



WALTER JENKINS





RAWLINGS

MR. BRUNDAGE, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE

# THE AVERY BRUNDAGE COLLECTION

The greatest private collection of Oriental art in the world

BY ALLENE TALMEY

When gingery, tall, powerful Avery Brundage, in one of the crowded, dusty storerooms at the top of the Hotel LaSalle (which he owns) in Chicago's Loop, gently lifts down from a high shelf a large Han Dynasty barn in beige and blue; when, in his office on the eighteenth floor of the hotel, he takes out of its white puffed-satin bed a four-inch vase of the most delicate K'ang Hsi peach-bloom porcelain, few would recognize him as the "imperialistic, domineering, sometimes fighting" head of the International Olympic Committee, which has just ended in Rome the Games of the Seventeenth Olympiad. Almost seventy-three, this ruddy, blue-eyed man who usually wears a punchy, soft brown hat, its brim turned up in front, is enormously attractive, mild-voiced except when he roars at recalcitrant nations; persuasive with art dealers. He has two major subjects, driven in tandem, amateur sports and art. Hardly anyone knows more than he about the former; few know more about Oriental art. For some thirty years, he has been slowly accumulating his Collection with knowledge, with perception, and with the normal number of mistakes. The appraisal of the twelve thousand or so items in the Collection, including his Greek, Etruscan, Roman, Egyptian, Persian, pre-Columbian, and a few primitive examples from Africa and *(Continued on page 231)*

TIBETAN FIGURE OF A FEMININE DIVINITY IN DANCE POSE,  
LENT BY AVERY BRUNDAGE TO THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

VOGUE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1960





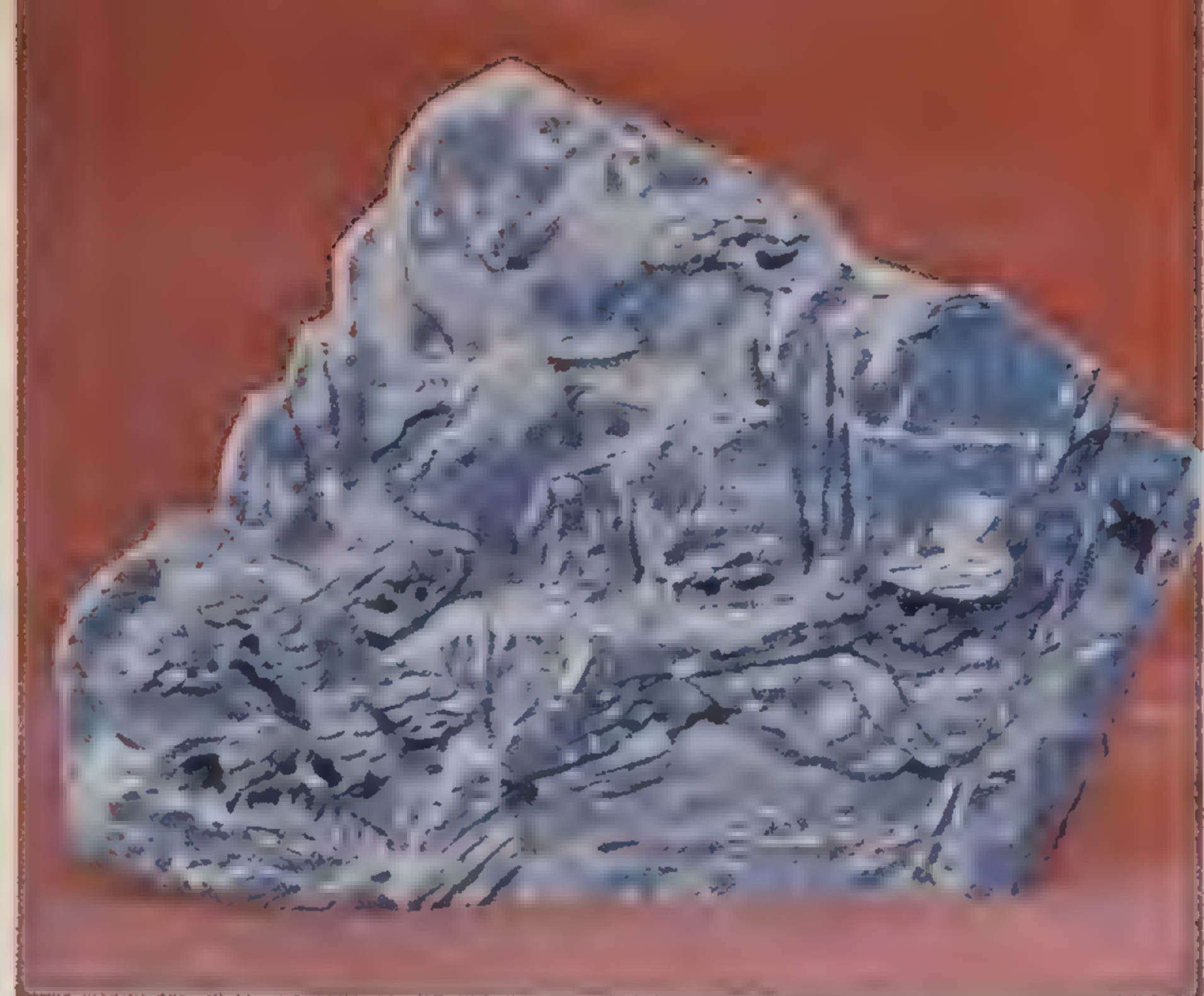




Unique rhinoceros, with twenty-seven archaic characters, showing that this famous sacrificial Chinese bronze was made about 3,000 years ago. (Shang Dynasty.)



Sumptuous pictorial plaque from a Buddhist temple in Nepal; this panel is of silver-gilt inset with lapis, coral, turquoise, and other semi-precious stones.



A Ching Dynasty craftsman judged a mountain form best for this great block of lapis lazuli; no nation has equalled the Chinese in hard-stone carvings.



This Chinese *famille noire* small vase in five colours, exceptional for the delicacy of design and the brilliance of colour.



T'ang Dynasty tomb horse of the 7th or 8th century, splendidly modelled and with the rare blue glaze that is among the most desirable.



This figure reflects the beginnings of Buddhist art in China; of its kind, the earliest dated image known—338 A.D.



A superb Chinese lapidary achievement; an elaborate carving from a single block of jade.

Chün vase, with purple and lavender markings—the Brundage Collection is especially rich in this ware.



Cambodian sculpture, probably the head of a deified king; one of many Khmer pieces in the Collection.



Richly red vase, the famous *sang-de-bœuf* (oxblood) colour; a perfect example of K'ang Hsi porcelain.



Gilded bronze, 6th century A.D.; only two or three others of this subject, probably an ascetic holding a skull, are known.







Archaic Ting bronze, with bird-shaped feet, a cauldron of the Shang Dynasty, for offerings of food to ancestral spirits.



Gandhara figure of Buddha, carved between 1st and 3rd century A.D., blends Greco-Roman forms with Indian aesthetic ideals.



Clair-de-lune vase. For many collectors the highest achievement in Chinese porcelain is a single-colour K'ang Hsi piece.



Parvati, consort of the Hindu god, Siva, embodying feminine grace in this 13th-14th century A.D. bronze from South India.



A single-colour porcelain, the appealing "apple green," of the K'ang Hsi period (1662-1722), when these porcelains attained final perfection.



A Thai Buddhist bronze, distinctively smooth, and rounded; approximately about 1500 A.D.



A pair of flawless bowls of lustrous white jade. During the 18th century, enormous table services for the Imperial Palace at Peking were made from jade, none more beautiful than these.



Two Chinese sacrificial bronzes of the late second millennium, a.c.; the graceful jar, left, with handle ending in monster heads, the dish, right, with birds around the rim.



Sung vase (960-1279) from Tz'u-chou in north China, the design drawn boldly in deep brown on a white ground.



Buddha of gilded wood and lacquer—eternally serene, by a Chinese sculptor of the 12th to 14th centuries.

These twenty-three extraordinarily beautiful objects, ranging from unique to rare, belong to the enormous Avery Brundage Collection. All are from the Orient—Nepal, Gandhara, South India, Thailand, Cambodia, and, above all, from China. Some of them need long study for the deepest appreciation by connoisseurs, but most of them are ravishing at first sight.







## Rosé reds with a new sparkle

**Rosé hat**, opposite page, that amounts to an accumulation of head-size satin roses to wear, late day, with a suit (perhaps the one at right) in another wine, or black. Rosé lips, sparked by an extra dimension: Red on Red, this being the name of the lipstick colour, and of a new polish for lip make-up—a clear red pomade called Lip Gloss, to wear over lipstick giving a satiny depth, lustre, dazzle. Hat by Lilly Daché; earrings by Scaasi. Both at Altman's. Hat also at L. S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. Lip make-up, sooty eye shadow named Basic Black, all by Max Factor; at Altman's.

**Rosé suit**, this page, for dinner in town—silk faille in one of this season's wonderful *vins*: this colour, claret by candlelight. On the wine-list here, a boxy jacket with oval collar, a sleeveless dress. By Harvey Berin; about \$195; at Altman's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.









## *This year's good fur life*

Out of this incomparable year of furs—when ideas are rampant in the workrooms—come these great beauties, each with its own sense about fur coat news—from the mink chesterfield to the new circulating pelts.

*Left:* A classic understatement in fur, the dusky brown mink chesterfield cut like a cloth coat with a fly front and deep, flappy pockets, as alluring over tweeds as it is over little sequin skins of evening dresses. By Ritter Bros. of "Autumn Haze" Emba natural brown mutation mink. At Erlebacher's; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Sally Victor brown wool turban.

*Right:* Dark mink coat with one of the best news run-downs of this year's fur situation. Its stand: for the horizontal working of pelts, layered like sweets on a tray; for gentle fit, good over suit or dress; for the collarless baring of a long, elegant neck. A Capucci design for David in Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Also at Davidson's, Indianapolis. The hat is a black and taupe turban by Sally Victor. The shoes, by Palizzio.







## *The good fur life*


*Left:* The best of both sides here, in this season's prodigality of fur-lined fur—on the outside, black broadtail used as if it were brocade; inside, the long softness of tiered silver fox. The coat is worn here over a little torch of a dress, fired with black bugle beads; will take to daytime tweeds as well. Hammer Brand black-dyed Russian broadtail lined with Fromm silver fox, a Scaasi design for Ben Kahn. At Gunther Jaeckel; Nan Duskin; Creed's of Toronto. Mollie Parnis dress: Bonwit Teller. Nick Parker shoes.

*Right:* Cycles of sable—and cycles of superb fur design technique too—go into this of-the-moment beauty, its shoulders glamorously dropped and its length one that knows exactly when it's most winning to stop—at the three-quarter line. Natural Russian sable, designed by Emeric Partos, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. The jewellery is from Van Cleef & Arpels.










On the evening  
circuit—  
four long  
engagements





Come October, comes this: more dress-for-dinner-evenings, more galas, more reason for dresses like these: long, unstintingly glamorous, sometimes bare, often sleeved and covered—as some of the most entrancing evening dresses in America and Paris are this year. *Left:* As simple a way of dressing for dinner as any we know—and one of the most devastating (when you hear talk of fashion-longevity, prick up your ears at the sound of this message). Black silk matte jersey, bound in satin, with a surplice wrap of bodice and a skirt that manages to be full and columnar—and beautiful—all at once. (The dinner we had in mind is at your house or someone else's, and all through the year—this amount of charm bears endless repetition.) By Leslie Morris; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Delman satin opera pumps. The any-hour hair-style, by Coiffures Americana. At Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* Thread of black silk chiffon, giving off sparks of jet embroidery, trailing chiffon panels—and streams of *fatale*. By Sophie; to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Both pages, Van Cleef & Arpels jewels.





## More long engagements

*Right:* Sleeved ball dress that satisfies—rather than startles—a woman's feeling for satin. Elegant, romantic, restrained, it's made of palest blond silk satin with a close, bead-traced top, a skirt that looks as though Vermeer had painted it. Enough jewellery here—a pair of plump diamond pears; from Cartier. Lipstick in a pale satin mood: Juliette Marglen's Porcelain Pink. Possible destination for this dress: Carnegie Hall on September 27, where the New York Philharmonic, to benefit its Pension Fund, will give its first non-subscription opening concert. Among the scheduled delights: Leonard Bernstein conducting his own *Overture to Candide*, Isaac Stern playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto. *Left:* All the famous flyway chiffon-charms at work in pale-yellow silk with a complex of drapery fanned out from the waistline. Diamond pendants, from Van Cleef & Arpels. *Dresses on both pages, designed by Sophie; to order at Saks Fifth Avenue*










Costume, three-piece;  
coats, three-quarters





Two new costumes—each planned by colour, by line, as a complete fashion-entity. It works this way: an overblouse or jacket, a skirt, and a coat in the new three-quarter length—all, with colour plan (here, reds, browns). It adds up to this: a new kind of look-making that seems to happen naturally.

*Left:* Red-and-brown plaid in a three-quarter-length coat, red-and-brown checks in an overblouse dress—all plotting the course of a look. By Davidow, in wool tweed; coat, about \$160, two-piece dress, about \$145. Altman's; Montaldo's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Puffball sable hat from Sally Victor.

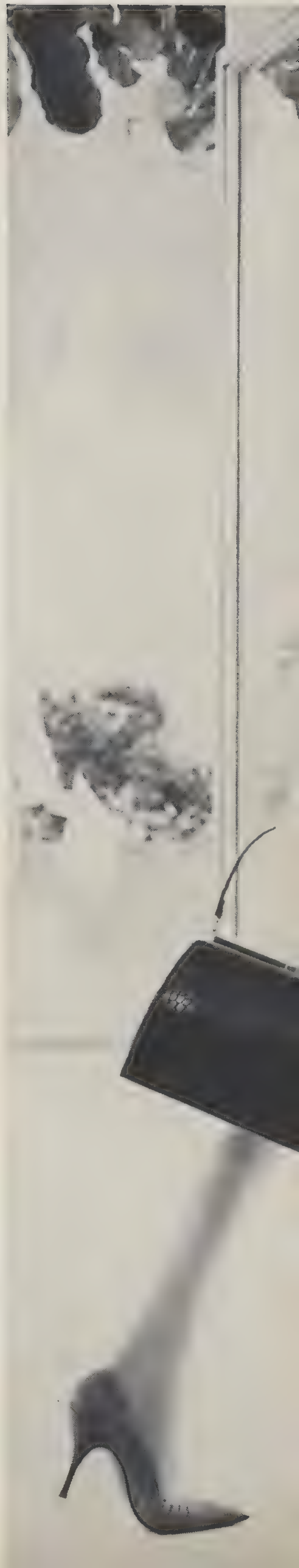
*Right:* Joining forces here—a three-quarter coat in red, brown, black, and taupe plaid; easy-jacket suit in pale taupe. By Jablow. Plaid wool coat, about \$215, taupe wool suit, about \$190. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Natural dark ranch mink hat by Irene of New York. Scene: the Corning Glass Building on Fifth Avenue.





## Suit express— all lines to town

Train of thought here: classic examples of the easy little town suit that's quietly affirmative about its chic, wearable almost anywhere for a good several seasons ahead. Aboard each suit: an un-quiet and wonderful hat. *Left:* Town suit of dark-grey wool, polished at the neck and sleeves by cocoa-brown satin that plays right into a mink hat's hand. Suit by Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo fabric; about \$95 at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's. Dark mink cloche by Irene of New York. Dawnelle gloves. Delman shoes. *Right:* Wool tweed suit in a warm amber-brown that meets furs well, with a precision-kind of ease. By Seymour Fox; about \$185. Gloves by Superb. Lucille handbag. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit also at Julius Garfinckel. Opossum hat by Irene of New York. *Far right:* Grey wool suit with the extra mobility of an umbrella-gored skirt. By Frank Gallant, of Anglo fabric; about \$155. Copper velvet hat: Christian Dior-New York. Both at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Hutzler's. Air Step shoes. Background, these and the next two pages: the Rockefeller Center office of the Manufacturers Trust Company, New York.











## Suit news, expressed in plaid

Two suits in dashing black and white plaid, to be provided with extra dash on the part of the wearer. Both, for city days, country weekends, travel; one, re-plaided by a silk blouse and hat. *Left:* Suit of black and white Prince-of-Wales wool plaid with long Norfolkish jacket, a belt that recognizes the waist but doesn't push its luck. Design, from the Paris ready-to-wear Boutique of Guy Laroche; about \$195 at these Galerie stores: Porter's; Bramson's; Harold's; Vandervoort's. Shops in other cities, on page 232. Green beret with pouffed UFO shape, by Mr. John. Shoes by Christian Dior-New York.

*Right:* One racing plaid, two fabrics—parlayed into an exciting town look now. The suit, black and white plaid wool, easy and buttonless; the blouse and turban, same plaid in silk. By Townley; about \$190 at Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hat: Mr. John. Fiorentina shoes.











# Looks that are better than beauty

**T**he day when “correct” good looks added up to beauty—the flawless figure, clear (much too clear) and level gaze; rose-petal skin; and boarding school stance—is gone forever. Not that we don’t individually and collectively esteem all those virtues; no, not that at all. What really counts, though, is the spark of awareness that brings them alive. Without that spark only a few magnificent creatures—the old school of artist’s model and prima donna—seem to make the beauty grade for the Sixties. What determines the fascination of women with less-than-cameo-faces and non-mannequin figures *can* be almost anything—one superb strong feature in an otherwise routine face, perhaps huge black-flower eyes or an amused, almost pie-face grin; or a lean, erect, angular figure (not Hollywood unless you’re thinking in terms of Katharine Hepburn, but sensational in tweeds or bone-simple evening clothes). . . . If none of this seems clear in feminine terms, further mental lights may go on when you count up some of the really memorable masculine looks—Jean Gabin, battered and compelling; Yves Montand, far from pretty but delightfully agile and sparky, points which don’t even touch on the charms (continental and otherwise) of his voice; Joe DiMaggio walking down a theatre aisle, moving with the effortless grace of a trained athlete; or for that matter Sugar Ray Robinson jumping rope in double time. . . . Looks can work for some people the way Coco Chanel figures love: “It’s something that comes from inside.” Often it’s sheer vitality or—failing all that natural energy—what is badly defined as “spirit.” We know one woman who has no figure at all, but she has wit and a smile that goes on with the speed of light, enormous eyes with bold brows, and a mane of marmalade-coloured hair. Every bit as good as beauty in our book, and possibly more durable. In fact, one of the joys of looks that are better than beauty is that they tend to appreciate over the years; people are apt to say, “curious how much better-looking she is now,” instead of “you should have seen her at twenty-five.” More often than not, less-than-ravishing women learn at an early age that they’ve jolly well got to take a more than casual interest in other people if they don’t want to miss the fun, and we’ve rarely seen that sort of warmth do anything but get better with the years. Eventually it turns into glow.

However, when it comes to technicalities, there is the reassuring truth that at this moment in time every American woman stands a remarkable chance of having looks a lot better than those she was born with, no matter how good they were. The idea men in (*Continued on page 225*)

*Tammy Grimes* left, can’t walk from her doorway to a waiting MG without setting up a stir of amused delight in every male face within a radius of fifty paces. What this amazing young comedienne has to say about her looks is: “If you’re born with sharp features, the thing to do is emphasize them.” The success of this simple little system was apparent in a pair of TV musicals last winter (enhanced by Miss Grimes’s melon-husk voice and spirited dancing) and will be seen on Broadway this season when she plays the Titanic heroine of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*. . . . Technically this is what goes into her make-up: Streak of white foundation deftly blended straight down the centre of her eager, retroussé nose. (“It’s an old theatrical trick, love. Whatever is white you look at first.”) Faint touches of light coral rouge “smack on the cheek bones—*never* near nose.” Dark brown pencil for extended eyebrows; brown eye liner carried well out to the sides and separated at the corners of the eye. White line on inner edge of lower lid; white just under eyebrows to “emphasize the bulges.” Black mascara on all lashes; pale-green eye shadow—never any other colour. The conical mass of blond hair (“clean and all over the place”) took its present shape three years ago when Miss Grimes was rehearsing for *Clérambard* and she said to her hairdresser, “C’mon, Verdi, we gotta look French,” presenting him with a post-card reproduction of Toulouse-Lautrec’s “Cha-u-kao,” which incidentally he still cherishes in his portable hairdressing kit. Her explanation of this Lautrec derivation is simple: “If you’re going to steal, steal from the great.”





## Ready at six o'clock: new late coverage

Late-day looks, here, with soft under-cover manners, almost as simple as sweaters except for the excitements of brocade and satin fabrics, fringe edgings, pale or plummy colour flashes.

*Left:* Amethyst silk satin dress with surplice top that wraps to a V-neckline; the skirt, rounded by fullness over the hips. This, to cover more, perhaps, by a length of pale foxy fur. Dress by Oleg Cassini; about \$110. Schreiner earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Veiled suède hat: Sally Victor.

### Paris boutique coverage

*Right:* Black crêpe dress with fringe afloat from loose panels that second the motion of the skirt. The dress top, soft and willing to play straight to a great wealth of hat—this one, black maline and ostrich. Dress, of wool-and-rayon; designed by Jacques Heim; from the Paris ready-to-wear boutique. About \$145 at these Galerie stores: Porter's; Milgrim, Detroit; Bramson's; Vandever's. For shops in other cities, see page 232. Hat: Lilly Daché.

*Far right:* Brilliant understatement at dinner—an evening suit of black brocade, polished with white satin at the neck and sleeves of the short, cardigan-shaped jacket. With the cover removed, it's a dress with bathing-suit top, pouffed skirt. Suit, of wool, acetate, and rayon, designed by Jacques Heim; from the Paris ready-to-wear boutique. About \$225 at these Galerie stores: Porter's; Milgrim, Detroit; Bramson's; Vandever's. For shops in other cities, see page 232. Hat by Lilly Daché.











## Six o'clock news *continued*

*Far left:* Champagne that could be for a black-tie evening, its pale colour here in a silk brocade suit with mandarin jacket, sheathy V-neck dress that gives only a brief thought to sleeves. Costume by Seymour Jacobson; about \$145. Schreiner pin. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Sakowitz.

*Left:* Sweater-and-skirt look with both parts brocade—the sweater-neck sashed top in white; the attached skirt, full and bell-buoyed, in black. By Kasper, of Avisco rayon and silk fabric; about \$90. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

*Right:* Ivory, carved into a silk brocade suit with short straight jacket, sleeveless dress with the surprise of pleats all around the skirt. By Ben Barrack; about \$125. Gloves by Polava. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Hudson's; Harzfeld's. Earrings by Miriam Haskell. On these and the two preceding pages: background screens with an oriental brocade feeling, from Charles R. Gracie & Sons.







## The new glitter after dark

Newest dazzlement for late-day,  
dinner, the theatre—glitter tops.

*Left:* New wave of black paillettes,  
embroidered in shiny zigzags on a  
white silk chiffon sweater-top;  
full skirt, sash, and piping of black  
Onondaga silk satin. By Teal Traina.  
At Altman's; Himelhoch's.

*Right:* The little black chiffon  
dinner dress, with new fascination—  
a glitter of black paillettes  
on the sleeveless, overblousey top.

By Edward Abbott, in  
silk chiffon; about \$185.  
Miriam Haskell earrings.

Both at Saks Fifth  
Avenue. Dress  
also at  
Neiman-  
Marcus.





Here: one  
beaded-top dress,  
one dress with all-  
over beading—new  
ways to wear glitter.

*Left:* Darkly-shining  
arabesques of jet beads,  
black bugle beads, on a  
sleeveless white silk satin top—  
worn over a slimness of black silk  
satin skirt. By Edith Small.

Polava gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller.

Dress, also: Bullock's-Wilshire.

*Right:* A shimmer of black bugle beading  
from neckline to hem of a black crêpe  
dinner sheath; by Rudolf. Volupté  
carryall. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress:  
Woodward & Lothrop. Eisenberg jewellery.



# HYPNOSIS

**F**our years ago I panicked completely on the edge of achieving a personal goal that meant a great deal to me. Now it's as routine as TV commercials, and the answer in my mind, the source of this remarkable new confidence, is hypnosis.

But let me begin at the beginning: I—who now wear contact lenses every day for as many hours as I want to see my hand in front of my face—tried them only four years ago with complete disaster. I foundered then because I was, quite frankly, terrified; I triumphed later because I had been given—through hypnosis—confidence that I would.

No doubt this sounds spooky. I confess I still find it a bit hard to believe, myself. Before going further I think I should say something both about my particular eye problem and about the new importance of that old art, hypnosis, in modern medicine.

My eyes, although they happen to be my best feature, have been the bane of my life since the age of eight, when the complications of a bad case of measles did them permanent damage. I was put into horn-rimmed glasses, warned against eyestrain, and at one point in my early 'teens heard from an optician that I would be blind in my forties. I had no way of knowing that he was a stupid and ignorant man, and naturally I believed him. I grew up with a throbbing, Grade A neurosis about my eyes. A stray lash or wind-blown speck of dirt set off a gush of tears, brought almost unbearable pain, and caused nausea. It is significant that I remained unaware of contact lenses for years after they were on the market; the idea of having something, anything, in my eyes was too awful to entertain, and I must have washed the subject clear out of my consciousness.

It was eight or nine years ago, I suppose, that it finally registered on me and the first glimmers of hope began to shine. By then, the tiny corneal plastic lenses had been perfected and were being widely publicized and bought. A few people I knew tried them, some with success. Some day, I began to think, I might screw up enough courage to try them myself.

The chance came four summers ago in Barcelona. A friend I was visiting there mentioned that among the civic attractions was a certain eye specialist who was particularly famous for his work with contact lenses. On a sudden impulse I asked for and received an appointment. The great man proceeded to flash his lights and prisms at me, stared into my pupils, asked some questions, and announced shortly, "You won't be able to wear contact lenses. I'll show you." My courage, which I had pumped up by sheer will-power, deflated with a flumph. Feeling green with apprehension, I let him place a test lens in each eye. He asked me to read something from a card. But I couldn't, of course; the pain was agonizing, my tears flowed, I wanted to claw at my eyes and scream. He took the lenses out. And that was that. Or rather it would

have been that except for a chance encounter with hypnosis through another friend, back in the United States.

It was two summers after Barcelona and I was in Lexington, Kentucky, seat of the University of Kentucky. A friend there, knowing my preoccupation with eyes, told me about an interesting acquaintance of his, Dr. Frank Pattie, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Psychology at the University. Dr. Pattie had long been interested in hypnosis as an investigative tool in his own field but also, increasingly, in its possible applications in medicine. His standing among his colleagues was measured by his being President-elect of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis, a numerous band of psychologists, psychiatrists, educators, dentists, and M.D.'s of various specialties who are similarly interested. Among the medical uses Dr. Pattie had been working on successfully, I was told, was that of enabling people to manage the psychological fears and physical discomforts of learning to wear contact lenses.

My friend, who happened also to be interested in hypnosis, lent me some reading material including a book called *Hypnoanalysis* by Dr. Lewis R. Wolberg. Dr. Wolberg is a leading psychoanalyst, founder and director of the Post Graduate Center for Psychotherapy in New York, and a definitive authority on medical hypnosis. From the reading and from discussion with my friend, I soon understood the general theory that accounts for the medical usefulness of hypnosis. There are these basic points:

- The mind and the body, *psyche* and *soma*, are an indivisible and constantly interreacting continuum. Hence what affects the emotions affects the flesh, subtly in the case of the little blush of pleasure from a compliment, grossly in the case of fear, which sets off a whole system of physiological alarm bells and prepares the body for flight or fight. The symptoms of fear, enormously complex, include the easily recognizable ones of extreme muscular tension and extreme sensitivity to exterior stimuli: a pin prick may be magnified to a knife thrust and send the victim yelping a foot into the air. In short, the right mental attitude can have specific beneficial physical effects and the wrong one can cause specific physical troubles.

- Attitudes can be changed. Sometimes it takes psychotherapy to do it. Sometimes a religious insight or a dramatic personal experience will do it. But also, every reasonably normal person can be influenced at least to some extent by the ordinary power of suggestion. Consider the contagion of a yawn or a hearty laugh, or the random itchy places that appear at the sound of an unseen mosquito in a dark room; consider, for that matter, how your opinion of yourself changes if someone says, "You're beautiful today"—or "You don't look very well, dear, how do you feel?"

- Hypnosis can amplify enormously the power of suggestion. No one quite knows how or why—it simply can and



# what it's like in person when it's an aid to medical treatment

does. Suggest to a man that he ought to stand straighter and he may brace up for a few minutes. Hypnotize him, tell him he is going to stand straight, and generally he will comply, and will stay that way so long as he is in the "trance." (Modern scientists dislike this word, with its connotations of spiritualism and pseudoscience, but haven't yet settled on a better one to describe the condition of being hypnotized.) Theoretically the trance state could be maintained more or less indefinitely, but this would require the continuing and rather constant attention of the hypnotist—for otherwise the subject would revert to normal condition within hours at the most—and thus any such idea would be impracticable. The aim anyhow, of course, is to try to influence a person's *normal*, everyday, fully wide-awake behaviour. This can be done through the manipulations of psychiatric hypnotherapy (a very large separate subject, obviously) and to a considerable degree also in some persons, directly and at once, through the phenomenon of "post-hypnotic suggestion."

What this means is that, while a person is in a trance, the hypnotist can give him ideas to be fulfilled *after* arousal. They can be carried out immediately, or days, months, or even years later, or continuously over a long period of time. Thus the subject described above could be told, for instance, that while leading his normal and fully-alert life he will feel a desire to improve his posture, that he will be able to do so without undue strain or discomfort, and that soon he will acquire the habit of carrying himself with becoming erectness.

Moreover and even more bizarre, he will do so with the conviction that it was entirely his own idea, with no recollection at all that it was connected with the hypnotist. This convenient amnesia for suggestions given in the trance usually occurs spontaneously, but to be sure about it the hypnotist can simply inform the subject that he will not remember. Or, if there are reasons for so doing, he can have him remember specified events, remarks, sensations, or suggestions that occurred; or, finally, tell him to remember only what he *wants* to remember, letting the unconscious mind do a job of protective monitoring.

**I** learned that, because of the foregoing principles, hypnosis had been applied successfully in many conditions in which physical symptoms reflected mental attitudes—for instance, in relieving the apprehensions and muscular tensions, and thus some of the common difficulties, of childbirth. Ditto for peptic ulcers and other digestive disorders of "nervous" origin; for weight loss through diet control; for breaking bad habits such as excessive smoking; for anaesthesia in dentistry and even in certain complex, long-drawn-out surgical cases. If it could do these things—and a good deal more—it seemed logical that it might help me dispose of my fears about contact lenses and

get through that first, crucial period in which the eyes have to learn to tolerate them. So I asked my friend to arrange an appointment with Dr. Pattie.

The locale could not have been more reassuring, nor could Dr. Pattie himself. I went to his campus office in the old, tree-shaded brick building that houses the psychology department, and found him surrounded by books, learned journals, odds and ends of equipment, and ungraded student papers. He is a kind-looking, grey-haired, deeply southern and courteous man: I trusted him—which was, of course, the essential first step. We chatted for awhile about contact lenses and my reasons for wanting to wear them, and about hypnosis and one thing and another until I was feeling at ease and he had sized me up. Then he told me to choose mentally one of the more brightly bound among the hundreds of books that lined the opposite wall and to keep staring at it while he talked to me. I picked a nice cherry pink one and dutifully gazed across at it, also, at his instructions, breathing slowly and very deeply and trying to make my mind a blank.

In a minute or two he began to speak, in an easy, soothing, rhythmic and repetitious monotone:

"I want you to relax completely now . . . I want you to relax all the muscles of your body, all the muscles of your body, beginning with the tips of your toes and slowly coming all the way up to the top of your head . . . Beginning now with your toes . . . relaxing and relaxing . . . more and more . . . and now your feet . . . and your ankles . . . and your legs . . . and your knees . . . and your thighs . . . hips . . . abdomen . . . relaxing your chest now . . . your back . . . your neck . . . your jaw . . . more and more and more . . . and now your cheeks are relaxing . . . and your eyes . . . and your eyes are growing tired . . . and your eyelids are growing tired . . . very tired . . . very, very tired . . . you feel like closing them . . . and they are coming down . . . that's right, they're blinking and they're coming down . . . very tired . . . and closing . . . and now they are closed . . . closed tight, very tight . . . they feel almost glued together . . . they're so tight that you won't be able to open them, because they are closed so very, very tight . . ."

I didn't even try—somehow it seemed too much trouble. I felt warmly comfortable, secure, limp, and slightly disembodied, as if I were floating on foam rubber. I wondered how soon I would be hypnotized. As I now know, I was *already* hypnotized—still fairly lightly, to be sure, but definitely, as my failure to open my eyes showed. I was confident that actually I could do so any time I wanted. But I didn't want to. Couldn't, or didn't want to—either way the result was the same, my lids stayed closed; and to Dr. Pattie this "eyelid catalepsy" was a good sign that I was already at least in light hypnosis and he could proceed, by further suggestions of more and more relaxation, to "deepen the trance."

The whole procedure took (*Continued on page 228*)







## FASHION NATURALS U.S.A.

To go under the new coats and bold hats, these dashing little understatement clothes, all knitted, all black to support this autumn's deep fruity shades, the exaggerated plaids, and rambly tweeds.

*Far left:* Reduced to beautiful essentials, this longer, lithier jacket, short-sleeved dress with round neck. Both of black pebble-knitted wool by Kimberly, about \$90. Gloves by Grandoe. Strong detail: Dalmatian beret, fake of course, by Madcaps. All, Altman's. Suit, also Dayton's; I. Magnin.

*Left:* Little sweater with a big measure of go, a perfect square that stops at the hips; it's neckline makes a frame of neck and profile flattery. By Braemar of black ribbed two-ply cashmere, \$46. At Peck & Peck. The black and white graphic hat, by Mr. John. *Right:* The put-over dress, a casual devastation of the season, and likely to turn up in anything from suede to bugle beads. This, in black flat knitted wool, by Goldworm, about \$40, at Peck & Peck; Frost Bros.;

I. Magnin. The hat, black and white cone of fake zebra, by Emme Boutique; Peck & Peck.

Under-  
coat  
plans:  
all well-  
knit







## More undercoat plans plus the coat that fits them

To the well-knit undercoat, a thread of another colour added here—brown; plus one of the big over-all coats.

*Left:* New combine, the knitted tweed suit; long jacket, short-sleeved dress of pale brown wool-cotton-nylon-and-rabbit's hair. By Sacony, about \$40. Cloche by Madcaps; pin by Van S; gloves by Superb. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Woodward & Lothrop.

*Below:* Sweater looks and ease in this brown ribbed dress, oval neck; knitted of Orlon Sayelle, a new fiber. Dress, by Guttman, about \$45. Printed silk scarf; handbag by Jana. All are at Best & Co. The hat is a great mound of Persian lamb, by Mr. John.

*Right:* The big over-all coat, bold in shape, with an inverted back pleat; of cognac-coloured wool (Blin & Blin fabric). By Lilli Ann, about \$80. Bohemian's beret of fake leopard. Emme Boutique. Both: Saks 34th Street. Coat: F & R. Lazarus; May-D & F.









# The beauty shake-up

what's in it for you;

new looks, new cosmetics that make them possible

"There is," predicted a Vogue editor several months ago, "a real revolution in beauty on the way." As of this moment in time, we'd amend that to read "is here." Has been, in fact, since Norman Norell showed his superb new autumn clothes and, so it seemed to the wildly enthusiastic audience, a whole new race of women to wear them—smudge-eyed beauties with sleek cheeky coiffures, long-swan necks, and an aura faintly evocative of midnight departures on the Orient Express. In Paris, there was equal delight in the look of the indolently smouldering eye, the interesting pallor, the smooth-as-a-helmet head; and the inspiration for all of it—the works of the eighty-three-year-old Kees van Dongen, famous as a painter of women, suddenly skyrocketed on the art market. Well, it may or may not be the real you—was the Italian crop? the doe eye?—but this it certainly is: as smashing a change as either of these was in its day, and one of the great beauty-fascinations *now*. In view of which, we think you ought to be apprised of the facts. At one delicious extreme, there's this: enormous deep-pool eyes, gleaming meltingly out of the shadows; shadows that some Paris mannequins created by charcoal-shadowing the entire curve of the upper eye from nose bridge to eyebrow, then adding a brief smudge of shadow under the lower lashes where shadows normally lurk. (A blend of black and brown eye shadow produced an especially devastating effect, as did Elizabeth Arden's modern version of kohl.) In this look, there are no high lights, no eye liner, but there is—if you're playing the game properly—a languorous weight of fake lashes to mix with your own. More conservatively, there are those who hold that there is just as much allure to be derived from a dimension-adding play of light to shadow—a theory that hasn't been seriously challenged since the Renaissance painters discovered chiaroscuro. And that's precisely the technique involved in drawing the *other* 1960 eye—an arrangement of light and shade that works this way: the deepest intensity of colour in the shadiest part of the eye area—usually deep at the inner corner; then a swoop of gradually lightening colour over the entire upper lid and brow-bone, the very palest point being the peak of the brow bone; finally, a diminishing stroke of colour around the outer corner of the eye, trailing off imperceptibly just under the lower lashes. What you've done—if you've done it correctly—is what an artist or photographer might do: you've emphasized eyes by highlighting the surrounding area. And to shorten the odds against doing it incorrectly, there's this news: eye shadow that comes in cake-powder form and is applied with a puff. Very easy to handle, is the idea, and the results are said to be absolutely non-skid. This enterprising product is by Jon Pierre; the name—and you are not to be put off by it—Tantel Eyes; the place, Lord & Taylor, where you will find a half-dozen colours to choose from. (Among them, a particularly warm and ingratiating *(Continued on page 232)*)

## The long printed nightdress: news on a darkling plain

Newest thing a nightdress can be: printed. But this way—in a rich, opaque tangle of colour, as far removed from sprigged innocence as it's possible to get, except perhaps when it comes to line—thin, thin shoulder straps; a bit of gathering high on the waist; string tie. And that's it. (Need we point out that nightdresses of this description—there's another, next page—travel blissfully?) By Munsingwear, in tricot of Du Pont nylon; printed in Milan. About \$23, Altman's; Marshall Field; Dayton's.













## The new litheness and how to have it

The new unfitted fashions are far from undemanding. What's needed is a figure that's slender, lithe, looks uncorseted even when it is. Here, three ways to shape that kind of figure for autumn clothes shopping.

*Right:* Of sable status in the corset world: an exquisitely made all-in-one for the figure that needs gentle all-over control. It's supple, unboned, of lace-patterned elasticized nylon that's been reinforced at strategic points; the brassière is of cotton Alençon lace. By Character, about \$90. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.

*Above:* Figure discipline of a sterner sort. This high-rising girdle has a non-stretch front panel of embroidered nylon marquisette, bordered by sections of double nylon power net; side and back panels of satin woven with Lastex; side zipper. About \$17. Nylon marquisette brassière designed for rounded contours; \$5. Both: Bien Jolie. Bloomingdale's; Himelhoch's.

*Below:* Pantie girdle to wear with long-stemmed dresses or culottes. Control is firm from midriff through hip (where the new fit is closest), gentler thereafter. White bobbinet woven with nylon and Lastex and lightly boned; the back panel is of nylon power net, the front panel is satin-lined; back zipper. By Sarazin of Connecticut, about \$25. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.



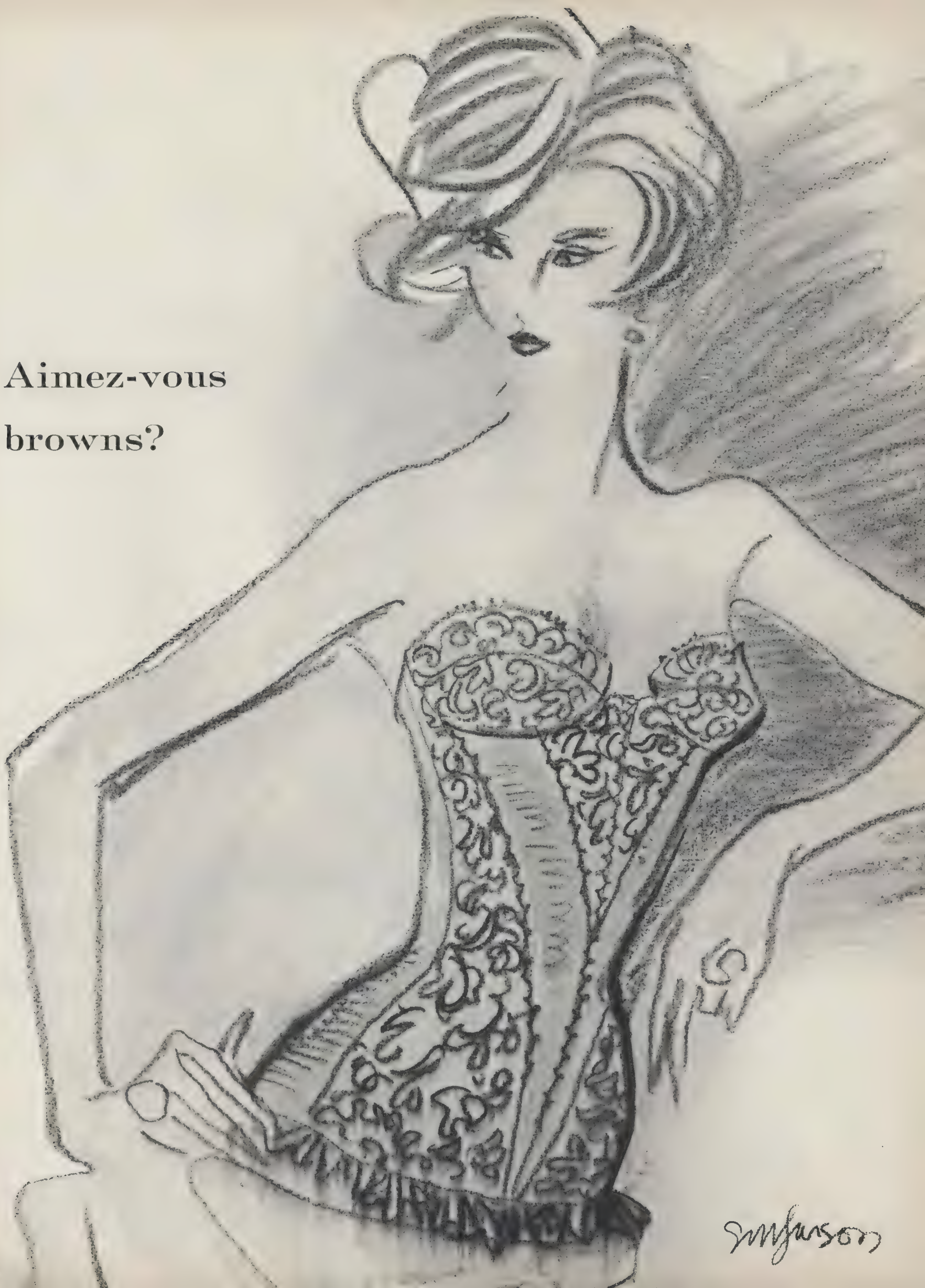
LUCIANA ROSELLI

**Cloud-printed nightdress** in sunset colours—drifting, rosy pinks: one of the new non-ingénue prints on opaque nylon. The style is totally unfussed (the better to play up the print), a graceful downswirl of fabric from slim pink velvet shoulder straps; velvet waist tie and Empire band. By Vanity Fair in tricot of Du Pont nylon; nylon velvet trimming. About \$13. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Ring by Eve. For natural, young hair high lights—for brunettes or (preceding page) blondes: a new Clairol hair-colour lotion; details on page 215.





Aimez-vous  
browns?





**L**ingerie colour with new status: brown.

It's as versatile in its paler guises as white, and browns on the sable side do almost anything now that black can do.

In all the slips here the colour gets becoming shimmer from the fabric, satin tricot of Du Pont nylon.

*Left:* Tangles of fine brown flowers, embroidered on pale-beige lace: torsolette, good policy with the season's full-skirted, long-torso fashions. With a soft, high-lifting lace brassière above a midriff that tapers to a small but unpinched waist. The inset V and torsolette back are of elastic marquisette. By Warner's, about \$48; at Altman's; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

*Right,* reading from the top down: Ivory slip—colour with just a stirring of beige; delicate ecru lace trim.

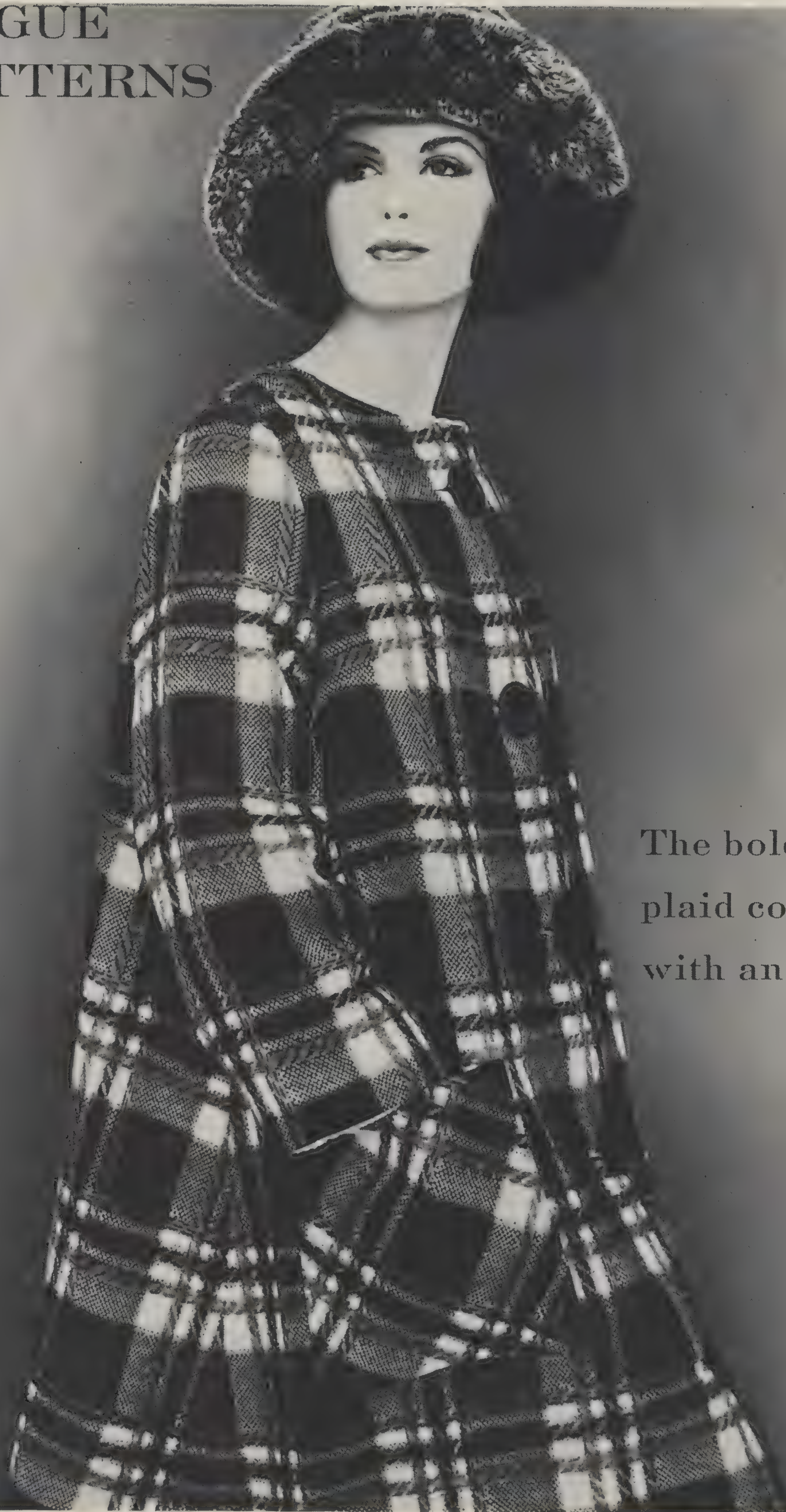
On the bodice the lace suggests a high Empire line. By Seamprufe, \$13; at Altman's.

Next is a delicious sable brown with the surprise of pale-ecru lace—like whipped cream on rich Vienna coffee. Roses of Chantilly lace are banked along the hemline and on the bodice, with climbing lace roses on the skirt. By Laros, \$17; at Lord & Taylor. Then, in sunny champagne beige, a slip with hem dipped deep in lace, the lace (also champagne-coloured) played over tricot for opaqueness. Sheer lace bodice. By Artemis, \$13; at Lord & Taylor. Last, a slender champagne half-slip. Champagne lace cobwebbed over tricot at the hem, and flowers of hand-clipped lace are trellised on the front of the skirt. By Rogers, \$9. At Lord & Taylor.





# VOGUE PATTERNS



The bold  
plaid coat  
with another side

VOGUE PATTERN 4137





Two Vogue Pattern coats that are four coats, really—each can turn its back on the big news of plaid, reverse to a quieter side. How does the reversing go? So smoothly that each side appears to be the right side (and is). Great too: furry hats.

*Left:* Incomparable black-and-white wool plaid, a Fabrex fabric, in a great flared coat that can swing the plaid's size. The other side is white fake lamb's wool of Dynel and cotton (Burlington fabric). Vogue Pattern 4137. The furry slouch helmet of fake grey chinchilla by Mr. John. *Right:* Wild Highland red-grey-and-black plaid, solid red wool inside, worn over a two-piece grey wool flannel tunic dress. All Botany fabrics, in Vogue Pattern 4150. Mogul helmet of fake alpaca, pumpkin-coloured, by Mr. John. Gloves by Superb. Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 229.

VOGUE PATTERN 4150





Simfusa



# The new ultraviolets

What's ultra here is the fashion impact that comes with the colour; deep dark violets, rosy violets have never been vevrier.

*Far left:* Slim but unstrict violet wool, the bodice fullness scooped in at the waist; to wear coatless now, later with furs or the mauvey tweed coat, right. By Larry Aldrich of Or de Laine wool, about \$110. At Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago. The beige hat by Miss Frederics.

*Near left:* Pink-violet partners: an abbreviated tunic top, all supple easy blousing, over a slim skirt. By Charles Cooper of sheer wool; about \$125. Henri Bendel; Montaldo's. Violet barrel-drum hat: Sally Victor.

*Right:* Tweedy violet-and-violet check—both shades on the pink side. The coat has a deep, chin-swallowing collar, looks more-than-mildly sensational over any of the new violet dresses. By Frechtel of wool tweed, about \$200. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. The deep violet cloche by Irene of New York.








## New ultraviolets

**F**eatherweight wool in bright amethyst, *left*. The bias-cut fabric slips down from the shoulders in sidelong folds, from the waist in a flush of pleats. By Dorothy O'Hara of Milliken wool, about \$65. Arnold Constable; Hutzler's. *Right*: Bright purple, mistily plaided with green and a touch of black: raw silk costume with ultraviolet's dash, the double-play benefits of dress-plus-jacket. The dress is barely sleeved, long-stemmed; the jacket, newly lengthier. By Fabiola of silk tussah, about \$125. At Lord & Taylor; Bullock's, Los Angeles. Sally Victor high draped toque.





The illustration depicts two women in elegant plum-violet attire. The woman on the left is shown in profile, wearing a dress with a deeply bloused bodice and a slim skirt, cinched at the waist with a swallow-tailed bow. She wears a hat with a wide, dark band. The woman on the right is facing forward, wearing a coat dress with a wide, flared collar and a column of dark buttons down the center. She carries a dark, structured handbag and wears a hat. The background is plain, and the overall style is that of a mid-20th-century fashion magazine illustration.

**F**ine wool in plum-violet, *left*, its deeply bloused bodice brimming above a swallow-tailed bow, the skirt slim but easy. By Helga, about \$125; at Lord & Taylor; Wm. H. Block. The mink-banded *chéchia* hat by John Frederics. *Right*: A pooling of purples: shades of violet, darker violet and mauve, latticed on thin wool. This collarless coat dress is deeply sleeved and bisected by a column of dark violet buttons. By Nadler of Bellaine wool, about \$110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. John Frederics violet hat.

*E. J. Larson*



# SUNSHINE

## CRUISES—

## BOOKING NOW

Although a good deal easier than finding a good man, picking a cruise involves a scan of the same wide field, the same balance between imponderables and predictables. Some cruise ships are all grand-hotel, when-does-this-place-arrive luxury; others, as offhand and *gemütlich* as seaworthy yachts. On the smaller ships, schedules are less promises than rough outlines of things to come; those who want to see San Juan and can't be satisfied by St. John, in other words, should stick to the floating *palazzi*. But the point, on all, is sunshine—with such pleasant concomitants as good food, arranged trips ashore (these cost extra), parties, even \$2 massages. Here, notes on some of the ships that will cruise this winter through all the world's warm waters.

### *Around the Pacific— three of this year's routes*

The biggest, fastest ship on the Pacific, P & O-Orient Lines' spanking-white "Oriana" will make its maiden run this winter—from London to Vancouver and home again. Early in February, it will be possible to board the "Oriana" in Vancouver, San Francisco, or Los Angeles for its return trip, a lovely sun-struck local touching Honolulu, Suva, Auckland, and three Australian ports. (Americans might fly home from Australia, or go on with the ship to London, by way of the Suez Canal.) On the "Oriana," almost all the inside cabins face a kind of courtyard which, through an elaborate *leger-demain* with mirrors, gives everyone a sea view. For the entire run, from Vancouver to London, first-class fares begin at \$1,310.

Supplier of leis and hula lessons to a generation of Californians, the Matson "Lurline" mostly keeps to its own territory, that strip of Pacific between California and Hawaii. On January 4, however, it will break its comfortable routine, leaving San Francisco on a four-week cruise, dropping anchor at Honolulu, Tahiti, Acapulco, and Los Angeles before returning home to San Francisco. On this trip, the "Lurline" will carry several hundred fewer passengers than on its usual runs; rates begin at \$990.

Every few weeks around the year, an American President liner leaves San Francisco or Los Angeles on a forty-two-day cruise of the Pacific, calling at such ports as Honolulu, Manila, Hong Kong, and Kobe, where passengers may get off, see some of Japan, and meet the boat later at Yokohama. The ships on this run are the big "President Cleveland" and "President Wilson," and the smaller, one-class "President Hoover." On the big ships, first-class fares begin at \$1,161; on the "Hoover," at \$1,386.

### *Four this-winter ways to cruise the Caribbean*

From the "Liberté" to the tiniest freighter out of New Orleans, so many ships cruise the Caribbean in season (more than three hundred, this winter) that a favourite night view from the islands is that of the confetti-lighted ships flickering like big, gala parties on the water. (Passengers on the parties sometimes complain that the lights obscure the stars.)

The biggest ship ever to sail the Caribbean, the French Line's "Liberté" will interrupt her normal transatlantic shuttle this season for one Christmas-holiday cruise from New York to five islands and back again, December 21 through January 2. The islands are St. Thomas, Martinique, Curaçao, Haiti, and Nassau; rates begin at \$370, with luncheon-and-dinner *vin ordinaire* thrown in.

On January 6, the Norwegian America Line's "Oslofjord" will sail from New York, making, during the next twenty-four days, fourteen Caribbean stops. At Cristobal, in the Canal Zone, passengers leave the ship for a round trip across the Isthmus by train, automobile, and ferry. (Everyone gets a chart which keys information about the locks to the giant numbers posted along the Canal.) For the twenty-four days, rates begin at \$550.

Among the smaller cruise ships, where the *ambiance* is as casual as a country club on Monday, are Alcoa's new air-conditioned cargo ships. Every Friday, one of them carries no more than sixty-five passengers out of New Orleans on a sixteen-day cruise. Touching Puerto Rico, Venezuela, and Trinidad, each cruise ends at Mobile, sixteen (give or take) days later. Passengers with an extra two weeks on their hands might, at Trinidad, board an Alcoa ore carrier for a run down to the bauxite mines of Surinam. (Continued on page 216)

## FROM DU PONT

### THE WHITE-ON-WHITE NEWS

In the bedroom, *opposite*—a cool collection of excitements put together by Vogue and the interior designer, Michael Taylor—white does practically all the colour work. Except for the brilliance of the still life beside the bed, the huge greenery of the tropical plants, and the bed's vicuña throw (red fox would be smashing here, too), the room is totally pale. The floor's hexagonal terra-cotta tiles have been coated with a thin white glaze. Carved in the eighteenth century, the Portuguese bed is curtained and spread in a heavy oyster-white homespun that looks as if it might have come from a cottage loom but actually comes from Knoll and is all spun nylon. The same fabric covers the armchair, and a chaise longue in another part of the room, shown on page 209. The news in the corner, besides a pair of seventeenth-century Spanish doors and a tall-backed Spanish chair of the same era, is a synthetic stone moulded table, one of a group of such tables and lamps designed by Taylor. Cast from an eighteenth-century moulding, the table has the patina of long-used marble, and holds here a Spanish baroque gilded wood mirror. Copies of the chairs, the table, and the bed, to order from Michael Taylor. Pointed for more beds in 1960: Wamsutta "Ultracale" sheets, a silky blend of Dacron-and-cotton. More rooms, more fabrics, more decorating ideas follow on the next pages.



# VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING







# VERA PAINTS A COB

and her designs flourish on scarves as well as linens and blouses at the nicest stores. The ©Vera Gallery, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16



# THE COLOUR DIRECTIONS

What's new and in,  
what's old and back in

One decorator we know, who has always felt claustrophobic about walls that are any colour but white, or at least light, is planning to make the study in her own new apartment a pine-grove green. But she emphasized that she would only do this to a small space, a study or a dining room. The all-white wall situation continues in importance, but the dark room, with its wonderful feeling of enclosure, is making sly advances in many previously and firmly white-walled houses.

The look a good many decorators are striving for right now is sturdy elegance, a combination of strength, rich texture, forthright colour, and freely-mixed patterns. Architectural details are apt to have an early seventeenth-century ruggedness. Woods tend toward a rich dark patina—or are lacquered or painted. In the room shown in part on the *Fashions in Living* cover and in part above, beams as plain as those used to support barn ceilings stretch up over tufted nineteenth-century chairs; a slenderly-turned eighteenth-century bed is spread with homespun; heavy carved Spanish doors and Mexican cane tables strengthen the architectural plot.

Among the colours making headway: the rash of hunting pink, fox hunter variety, that is catching up with cloth, leather, wallpaper; on the next two pages we have shown several outstanding demonstrations of it. And, on pages 212-213, that clean blue-and-white contribution to the Vermeer look we first announced in August, 1959, is present in a number of great new fabrics.

From all the mauve around, 1960 could be the beginning of another one of those decades. This mauve leans towards blue, rather than pink. We were particularly struck by Scalamandré's smooth, solid mauve, silk-and-rayon made in Italy, and the same firm's ribbed mauve silk; Gene McDonald's polished wallpaper, fuzzily striped with mauve flowers; Margaret Owen's mauve and gold pansies printed on heavy eggplant cotton; Stroheim & Romann's Jacobean

print on natural linen, the flowers and leaves in mauve-y blues. Not unprepared, Lees is putting out a mauve wool carpet named "Enchantress."

In prints, two trends are notable. One is a stirring among fabric designers towards nineteenth-century Persian themes, Paisley patterns big, small, all with fresh colour ways. The other is the flurry of floral stripes—allover designs or borders, printed, embroidered, or appliquéd on.

As far as practical elegance goes, vinyl has not yet finished its mission of looking like something else without having something else's fragility. Some of the magnificent vinyl wall coverings could be, as far as the eye is concerned, silk taffeta, fine linen, heavy linen, even moiré. Woodson Wallpapers patterns white trees on a white vinyl-coated paper, and the effect is luxurious.

Lighthearted as the Brighton Pavilion, a charming living-dining room by Baldwin & Martin, who handle pattern and colour with bravura, has white walls, mustard silk curtains lined with hunting pink, hunting pink rug, and a table skirted in Woodson's smashing, overscaled Paisley cotton of brilliant reds, oranges, greens, yellows. Banquettes are covered in a different Paisley, smaller in scale. Grille-fronted white bookcases at either end of the room have hunting pink insides. Unexpected here but effective: Regency black-lacquered furniture and shining rosewood on the same bill.

James Amster, taken with the Persian miniatures one of his clients collects, did a room around them. Behind the dark glow of Louis XIV furniture (the Louis XIV show in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris has made its mark again), the walls are orange-pink, as is the Venetian marble mantel. The warmth of the walls is cooled by yellows and whites and a beautiful natural linen carpet with a border of blues and a scatter of small blue flowers—a made-in-Paris copy of an eighteenth-century rug.

With Michael Greer, black keynotes tricolour schemes—black-lacquered (*Continued on page 218*)



In a white-on-white bedroom,  
leather-topped Mexican cane tables  
and barn beams.





# h

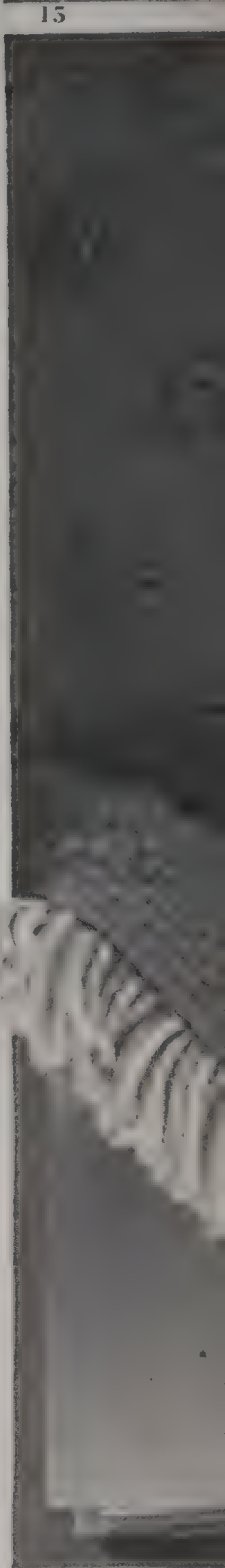
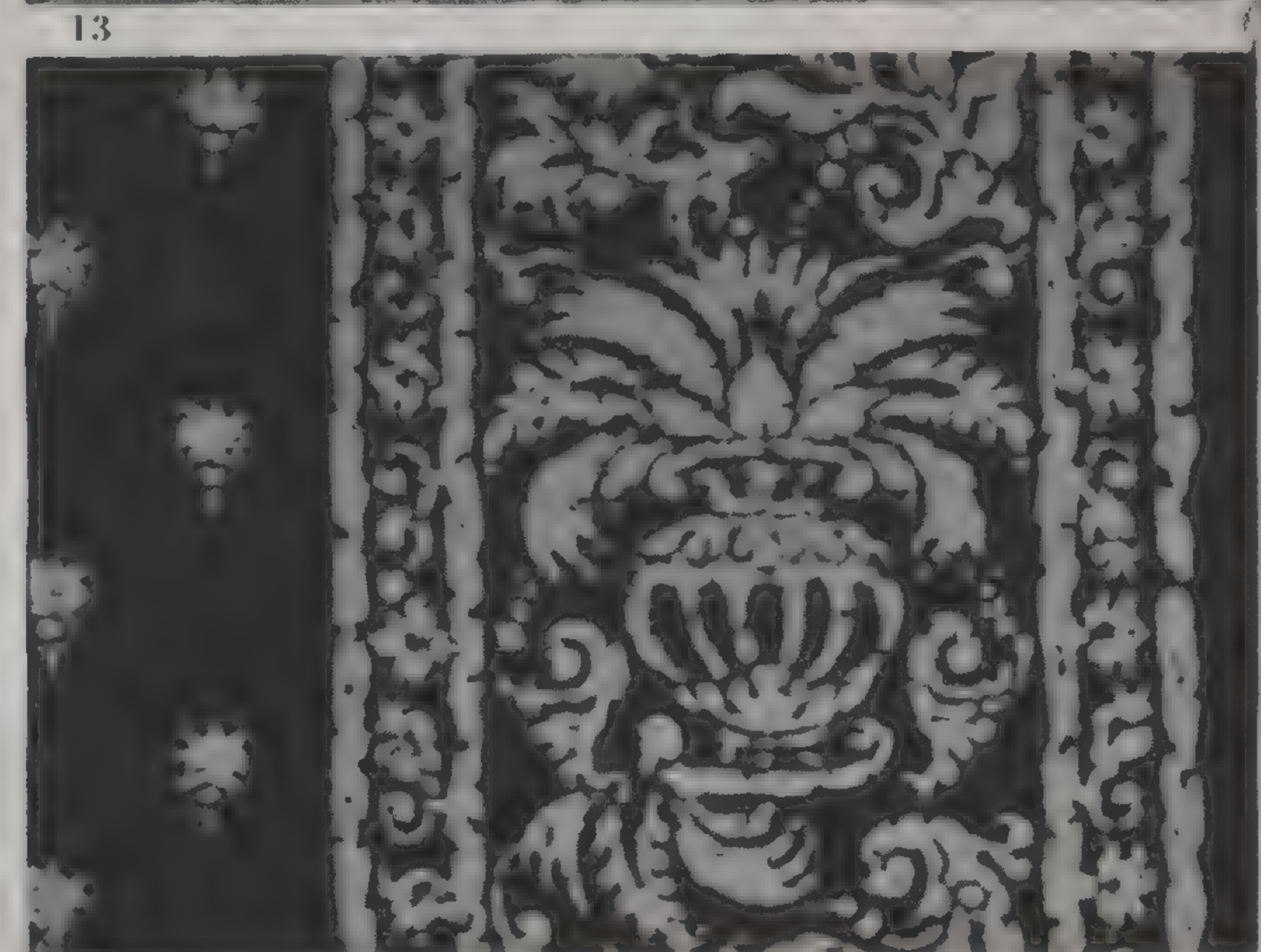
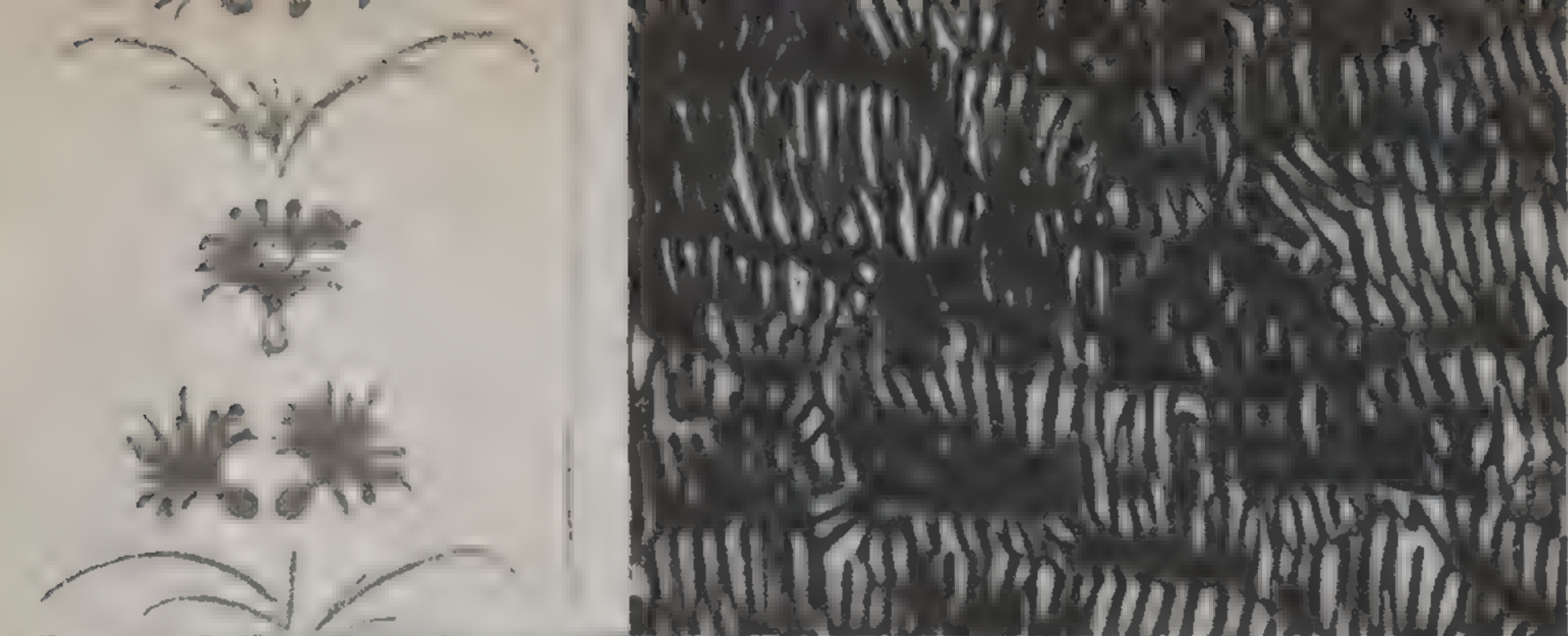
## UNTING PINK:

in the field of decorating colour news

At this meet we sound the horn for house fabrics that borrow their colour from the huntsman's scarlet coat. 1. One of the fabrics used in Newport Restoration houses, Scalamandré's white Italian silk taffeta, bordered with hand-embroidered flowers.\* 2. This all-wool felt called "Woolsuede" can upholster a chair or a wall, or spread on a bed. Wall covering, at Katzenbach & Warren\*; fabric at Isabel Scott. 3. In a small piece of sculpture called "Going Out," the hunter wears the coming-in red. From a contemporary English hunting collection, at Arthur Ackermann. In the background, an Italian cotton brocade, striped with

small flowers. At Stroheim & Romann.\* 4. Tapestry, one of the loves of seventeenth-century decorators—the inspiration here for Greeff Fabrics, spun rayon and cotton damask.\* 5. Red-on-red Belgian linen, a seventeenth-century look for curtains and furniture. At Eaglesham.\* 6. To climb the walls, Woodson Wallpapers' "Indian Summer," magnified red blossoms with a periwinkle aster at the top, from a seventeenth-century document.\* 7. For pattern all over a room, Scalamandré's old-fashioned garden of flowers and ribbons comes in a wall-paper-fabric team, the fabric being a silky, translucent





TOM YEE

mix of Fortisan and cotton—the colours, pink and red.\* 8. In a room sketch by Heilemann: a swirl of black pheasants on white cotton, matched by the wallpaper, both by Brunswick & Fils\*; a straw cocktail table by Joseph Lombardo.\* The luxury piled on the sofa is Princeton's "Pouff"; a furry combination of acrylic fibre and Dynel, "Pouff" all but purrs. At Lord & Taylor. 9. More hunting pink in Bigelow's Deerfield wool carpet, and in Garden State Tanning's top-grain cowhide leather, a softy that demands an important chair to cover. The red and white woven braid and the red ball fringe, both at J. H. Thorp, are just what an unassuming

\*THROUGH DECORATORS

white curtain might need to put it in the big time.\* 10. Designed by Baumgartner in Paris, the black and white cotton abstract is from a collection of bold Parisian prints at Lord & Taylor.

11. Flocked in a traditional damask pattern, this white-on-white cotton and rayon wall cloth by Birge is vinyl-impregnated to lengthen its beautiful life. The strié up in the corner is a pinkish silk and Fortisan textured delicacy by Scalamandré.\*

12. Black and white, touched with red, Eaglesham's Jacobean "Angiers" scales up big on Belgian linen. 13. White wool embroidered on white cotton—Indian

crewel-work brought here by Far Eastern Fabrics.\* 14. Like a sari print, a formal white design on a charcoal-dyed linen and cotton blend at Jofa.\*

15. Dorothy Liebes has woven this plot: a reed blind strapped with chenille and felt in black, white, and hunting pink—or any colour. To order at Edward Fields.\*

16. Like a French *Cogolin*, this fringed, basket-woven wool rug has tufts the size of bachelor-buttons. Black, white, or hunting pink, to order at Edward Fields.\* "Munster," the white vinyl wall cloth shown below the rug, has a texture as convincingly linen as the cloths from the Irish county for which this Fabritate was named.



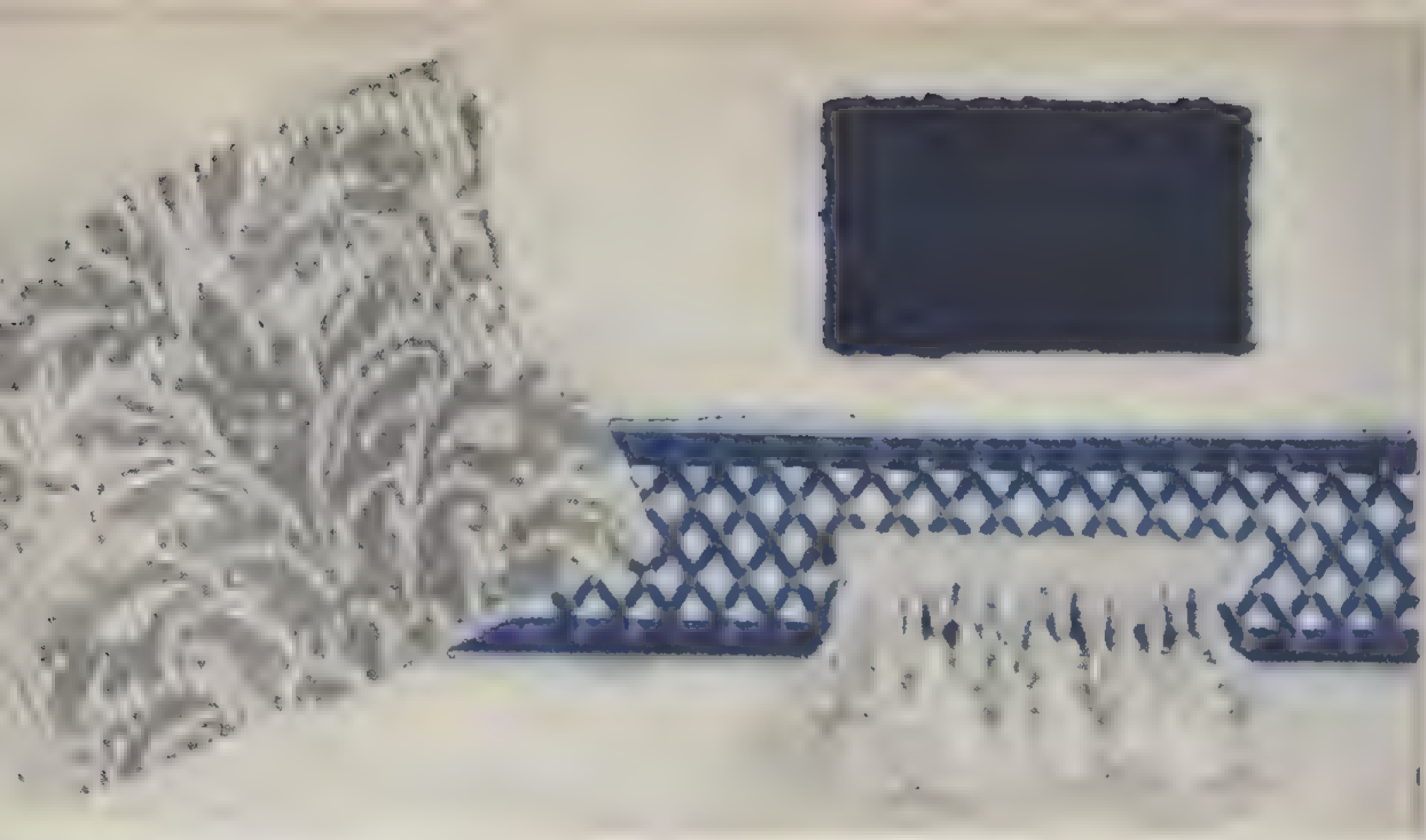
Here, designs old, new, or borrowed—all something blue.

1. In a Paisley cotton from Schumacher are blues that run the way many blues are running—towards mauve.\*
2. The floral stripe on a miniature scale, Schumacher's "Tyrolean Daisy" comes in paper and fabric for wall and window.\*
3. What looks like printed cloth is wall-paper with a crackly, dried-grass texture. Special order from Van Luit.
4. Like a wonderful worsted in electric blue, Dunbar's Indian silk-and-cotton cloth for well-tailored rooms.\*
5. In line with a return to pattern underfoot, this linen copy of an eighteenth-century rug, blues and yellow with a natural linen background. Specially made in Paris for Stark Carpet.\*
6. From the days when tobacco was stored by the pound, this delft tobacco jar. At A. Neuberger Antiques.
7. It would be nice if this Empire brocade bell pull summoned someone from the pantry, but, failing that, it could be used as a border or a nostalgic decoration on a hall wall. From J. H. Thorp.\*
8. The news in the fabric swatched here is printing on ricking, at Gene McDonald.\* Behind it, "Tresses," a Brunswick & Fils border strip, to trim a sofa or curtain.\* The carpet swatch is Magee's "Blue Lustre," a play of blues in close-textured nylon. The chubby tassels—nothing mingy about them—are an ecru cotton fringe from J. H. Thorp.\*
9. The tones-of-blue room sketched by Heilemann is swept with Schumacher's "Tyrolean Daisy" (2) on wall, window, window shades. Notable here: the side pockets, of the glove-like leather on the sofa and chairs at Yale Burge.
10. "Toile de Fleurs," so precise it might be a steel engraving, a cotton brought by Jofa from France.\*
11. A Persian Paisley of impressive proportions printed on heavy cotton sailcloth. To order at Woodson Wallpapers, as is a matching paper.\*
12. A satin-y azure stripe from Italy with an oyster-white moiré cotton background: at Jofa.\*
13. A copy of an old French block-printed floral stripe from a collection imported by Brunswick & Fils from France. The cloth: rayon and jute.\*
14. With the manners of a Matisse, this airy wallpaper has a cotton mate for curtains. Both from Woodson Wallpapers.\*
15. "Chinese Leopard Toile" intermingles *chinoiserie* with flower-shaped spots. Cotton by Brunswick & Fils.\*
16. What Indians call tussah, all nubby raw silk in gutsy colours, could go anywhere—in the house, or on its owner's back. From Far Eastern Fabrics.\*
17. A seventeenth-century design on burlap wallpaper from Gene McDonald.\*

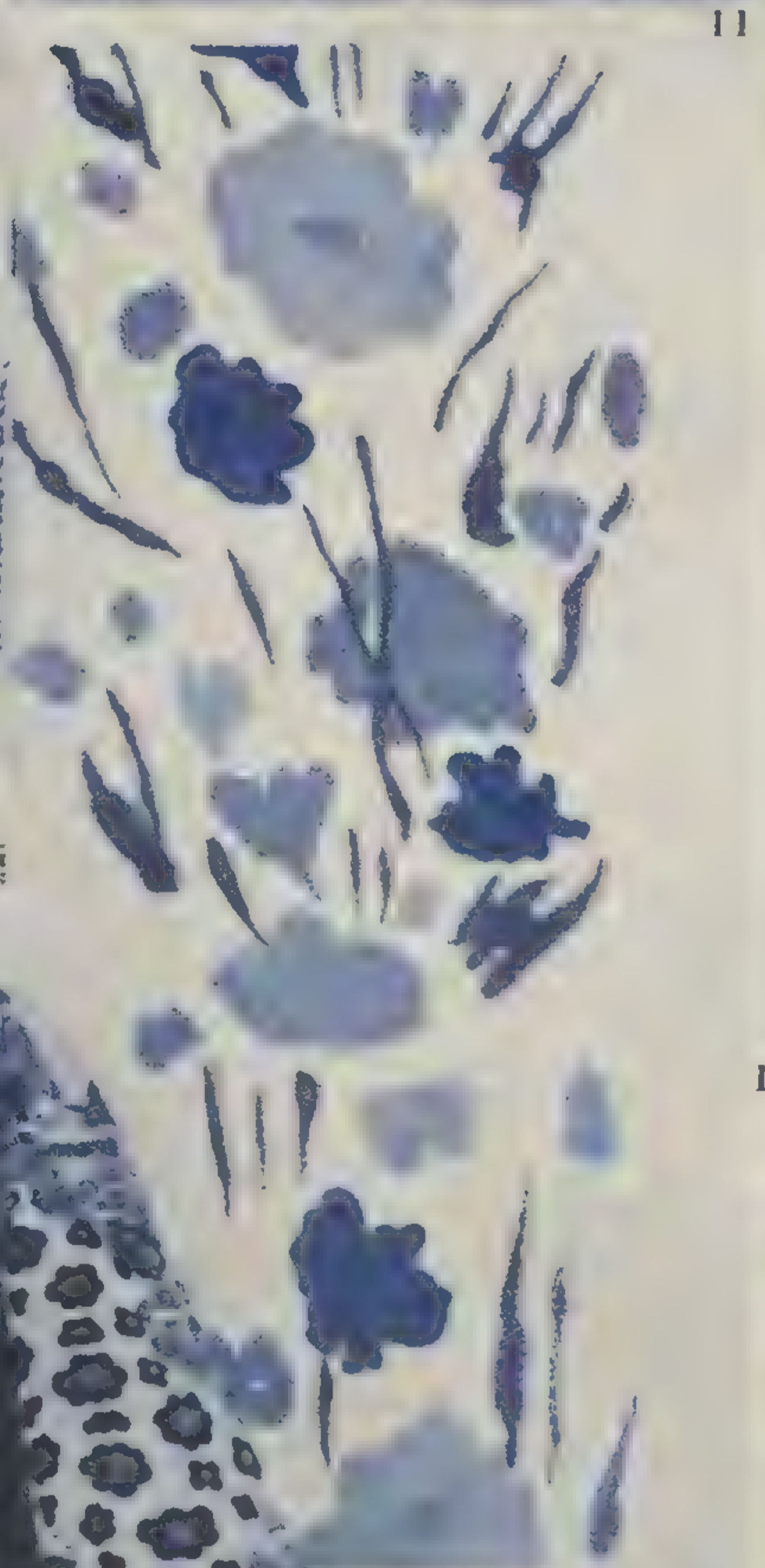
\*THROUGH DECORATORS



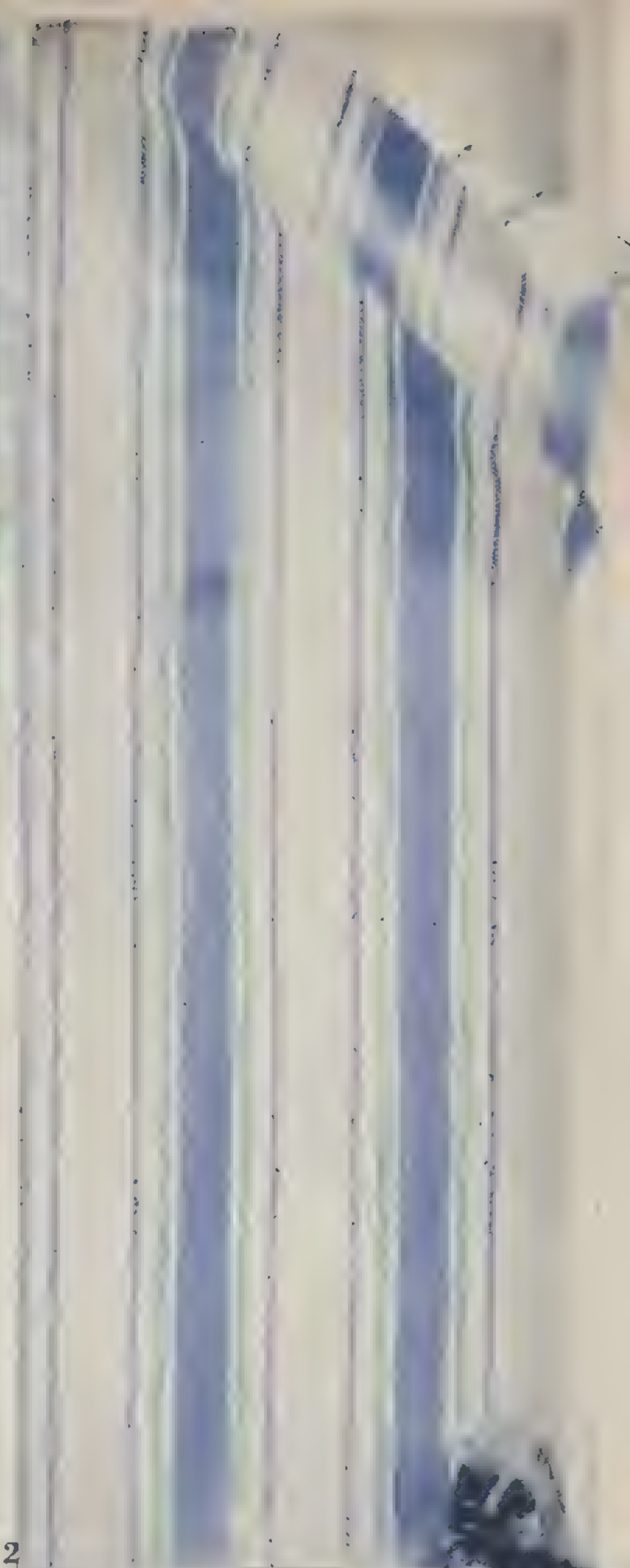




11



12



13



10



14



17

15

# b

LUE POINTS: a decorator's oyster



# THE INDISPENSABLE LEMON

## Eleven recipes that can't do without it

Like wit in a sweet-tempered woman, the taste of lemon delights, and should occur more often. Although almost everybody counts on lemon when there's a fish involved, for example, not everybody takes advantage of its equally good effect upon chicken or lamb—first squeezed into a marinade, then into the basting sauce. That blend of butter, parsley, and lemon juice called *maître d'hôtel* butter tastes quite as good on steaks or chops as it does on fish; slices of lemon work happily with sautéed veal.

In either mayonnaise or French dressing, lemon juice has a lighter taste than vinegar—good to remember when the dressing is meant for delicately flavoured fruits or vegetables. What's especially delicious, too, on salad or fruit is a dressing of fruit vinegar, oil, and lemon juice; if the fruit is fresh, and sliced to serve without a dressing, a light spray of lemon juice keeps it from darkening before it's eaten.

Getting the juice from a lemon does not depend, incidentally, upon having the zest, or skin, intact. Those whose refrigerators are filled with naked lemons, their zest long gone into Martinis or mists, might try wrapping the skinned lemons in bits of cheesecloth before squeezing. (No spatter, no seeds.) Lemons bereft of their skins even help with the cleaning: a mash of lemon and salt will wipe the tarnish from brass or copper. But what makes a lemon indispensable is still its flavour, not its detergent power. Here, eleven recipes, any one of which might convert a cook not yet on the lemon habit.

### MUSHROOM HORS D'OEUVRE

1 pound fresh mushrooms, cleaned and sliced (or 1 pound canned mushrooms, drained)  
1 tablespoon butter  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
*Marinade:*  
1 bunch chives, cut fine  
1 clove garlic, mashed  
6 scallions, sliced fine (or 1 small onion, minced)  
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped fine  
1 teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
2 or 3 dashes cayenne pepper

3 tablespoons lemon juice  
3 tablespoons red wine vinegar  
8 tablespoons olive oil

Place the mushrooms in a saucepan with the tablespoon butter, the teaspoon salt, and the tablespoon lemon juice. Add just enough cold water to cover, bring to a boil, and simmer 5 minutes. Cool. (If canned mushrooms are used, simply pour on the marinade.)

Make a marinade of all the other ingredients. Drain the mushrooms well, and marinate 24 hours before serving. Serve with thin wedges of lemon.

### SWORDFISH À LA TURQUE

1 two-pound slice of swordfish  
⅓ cup olive oil  
Juice of 1 lemon  
½ cup chopped parsley  
Salt and pepper  
Lemon wedges and fresh parsley for serving

Preheat broiler. Place the fish on an oiled pan. Pour on half the olive oil, half the lemon juice, and half the chopped parsley. Broil (3 inches from flame) until golden, basting once or twice. Season with salt and pepper and turn the fish, taking care not to break it. Pour over the remaining oil, lemon juice, and chopped parsley, and finish broiling.

Season again, move to a platter, and add more parsley (some of it chopped) and lemon wedges.

### BAKED STRIPED BASS

1 five-pound striped bass (or a sea bass)  
3 shallots, chopped fine  
1 small onion, chopped fine  
3 tablespoons parsley, chopped fine  
5 mushrooms, sliced thin  
1 clove garlic, minced  
1 cup dry white wine  
2 lemons  
¼ pound butter  
Salt and pepper  
Chopped parsley for garnishing

Preheat oven to 375°. Dry the cleaned fish, season inside and out with salt and pepper, and place in a buttered oven dish. Spread the fish with the shallots, onion, parsley, and garlic, placing a little of the mixture inside the fish. Dot well with butter. Slice 1 lemon (paper-thin) and arrange the slices on the fish. Pour the wine over the fish. Bake for 45-50 minutes, basting frequently.

Place the fish on a hot platter. Add a half-inch piece of butter to the sauce left in the dish, swirling until it melts. Pour the unstrained sauce over the fish, add parsley and lemon wedges to the platter, and serve immediately.

### BAKED TROUT IN CREAM

1 large trout  
4 tablespoons butter  
¾ cup heavy cream  
2 teaspoons chopped parsley  
2 teaspoons chopped chives  
1 teaspoon chopped chervil  
Juice of ½ lemon  
Salt and pepper

Preheat oven to 375°. Heat the butter in an ovenproof dish. Wipe the cleaned trout and place in the hot butter, sprinkling, inside and out,  
(Continued on page 220)



# The lotion that screens out the grey in hair

Rescue operation for hair streaked with "tattletale" grey: a new hair-colour lotion by Clairol that covers up grey without changing natural hair tones. Points to note here:

This new lotion shampoos and colours in one step. Not a tint, it lasts longer than a rinse. The idea is to select the shade that comes closest to matching your natural hair colour; then the lotion won't alter the over-all hair colour at all, but it will screen out grey. There are special conditioning agents both in the lotion and in the Crème After Rinse used as a complement to the lotion.

This shampoo-and-colour lotion doesn't stain the scalp and it won't rub off on hairbrush or hands—there's no need to wear rubber gloves if you're using it yourself at home. The colour lasts for four to five weeks, persists right through a regular beauty schedule of normal, non-colour shampooing.

You can select the shade closest to your own hair colour from a range of eight tones—blonds, reds, and browns. You get further colour depth by varying the length of time the lotion is left on the hair. Called Loving Care Hair Colour lotion, it's available at salons and in a do-it-yourself retail kit (with Crème After Rinse) for emergency use at home.



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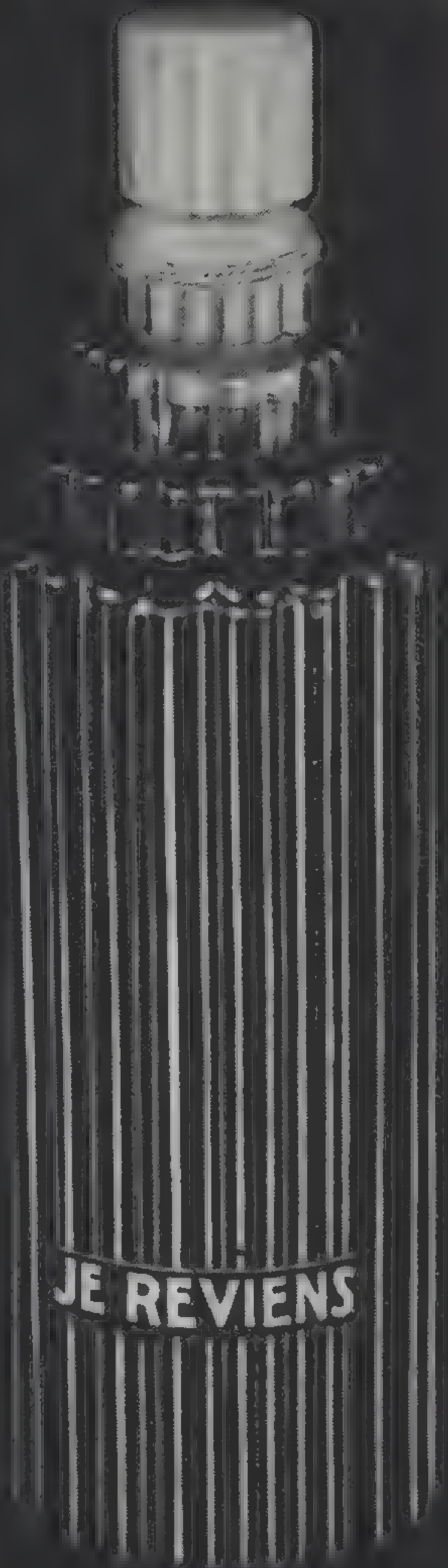


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## SUNSHINE CRUISES

(Continued from page 206)

Although the empty carriers roll mercilessly on the trip down, the river trip inland to the mines is quiet, and lined with jungly pleasures. On the sixteen-day cruise, an outside cabin with a shower may be had for \$495; add \$250 for the two-week trip to Surinam.

For those already in the Caribbean, the Bergen Line's "Meteor" leaves San Juan, Puerto Rico, every Saturday, to curve through the Leewards: St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, St.-Barthélemy, Sint Maarten, Tortola, St. John. These cruises, December 24 through March 4, take six days; cost about \$150.

### Seven ships that sail the Mediterranean

To cruise the Mediterranean in winter is to sail directly into spring, the warm salty water glittering with thin sunlight, the shorelines splashed with shocks of brilliant colour. Among the earliest of the ships that will follow the southern route to the Mediterranean this winter are American Export's "Independence" and "Constitution," on cruise schedules from now until the end of the year. (The weather, that early, still calls for tweeds.) Leaving New York every ten days or so, each cruise varies slightly; the December 19 sailing of the "Independence" takes twenty-four days, includes stops at Santa Cruz, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Palma, Gibraltar, Casablanca, and Madeira. There is time, everywhere, for looking around; from Casablanca, for example, passengers drive to Rabat, where, outside the city, the walls cast immense black shadows on the sand. First-class rates begin at \$698.

On March 7, the Swedish American Line's "Gripsholm" leaves New York for a fifty-three day cruise exploring the furthest reaches of the Mediterranean. During the five days among the Greek islands and coastal ports, there are enormous stretches of field flowers, white sunlight, the trace of orange blossoms in the

air. Among the other attractive ports where the "Gripsholm" calls are the Russian resort of Sochi, on the Black Sea; Dubrovnik, on the Dalmatian coast; and the slick European resorts of Taormina, in Sicily; and Villefranche, on the French Riviera. For the fifty-three days, rates begin at \$1,650.

On January 24, the Greek Line's "Olympia" leaves New York on a similar cruise of the Mediterranean—fifty-two days, nineteen stops, including the islands of Malta, Cyprus, and Rhodes, and the Black Sea port cities of Constanta, Odessa, and Yalta. The itinerary is planned especially for those who like to sit in deck chairs and watch things go by; on one day, for example, the "Olympia" leaves Rhodes, sails close by the Aegean islands, on through the Dardanelles, and into the Sea of Marmara to dock at Istanbul, where the harbour seems as busy as an American airport on Labor Day. For the fifty-two days, rates begin at \$995.

For those who want both a cruise and some time to roam around Europe, there are several possibilities. Cunard, for instance, will send both the "Britannic" and the "Caronia" on Mediterranean cruises that end at either Cherbourg or Southampton. Passengers may then stay on in Europe, sailing home whenever they like, on whatever Cunard ship they like. Leaving New York January 20, the "Britannic" makes twenty-three stops in sixty-six days; sailing May 8, the "Caronia" makes seventeen stops in thirty-nine days. Both stop in Venice, Tangier, and Barcelona; both have crisp English service. On the "Britannic," rates begin at \$1,275; on the "Caronia," at \$975. In both cases, the fare home is included.

Another possibility for one-way passengers is the Clipper Line's "Stella Polaris," heading out of New Orleans, March 30, on a long cruise, mostly Mediterranean. The first stop is San Juan, Puerto Rico; the last, sixty-nine days later, the French port of Boulogne. (Passengers may, however, leave the ship at either Naples or Monte Carlo.) For the

full sixty-nine days, with thirty stops, rates begin at \$1,600.

### Cruising south of the equator

Any time from now through spring, the Southern Hemisphere is, of course, deep into summer; Buenos Aires steams while February settles over New York.

Moore-McCormack's shiny white sister ships, the "Brasil" and the "Argentina," will make almost identical thirty-eight-day cruises down the east coast of South America this winter; the "Brasil" on January 27, the "Argentina" on February 10. Both drop anchor about a dozen times between New York and Buenos Aires; there is enough time in Rio to make a short trip inland to Brazil's startling, beautiful, never-before capital city, Brasilia; there are occasional stretches of clear sailing, with nothing but sea for long restful days.

On both ships, launched only about two years ago, cabins are pretty and comfortable (some of them painted sky-blue); both have blue-glassed decks, above the bridge, for sea-scanning. Most passengers stay on deck for luncheon, a sunny arrangement with an immense buffet table, red and green checked tablecloths, and waitresses (no stewards) in green-and-white uniforms. Both ships are one-class; for the thirty-eight days, rates begin at \$1,620. (It is possible to board the ship at Port Everglades, Florida, instead of New York.)

On March 10, the "Brasil" leaves New York on a longer cruise—two months, spent sailing down the South American coast, across the South Atlantic, up the east coast of Africa, and back to New York by way of the Mediterranean and North Atlantic. In Africa, the "Brasil" calls at Capetown, Durban, Lourenço Marques, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Djibouti, Suez, and Alexandria; there are also stops in the Caribbean, in South America, and in Europe. On this cruise, which comes home around May 10, rates begin at \$2,185.

Every other Friday, the whole year through, a Grace Line cargo ship named "Santa" something (every ship in the fleet bears a saint's name) sails from New York through the Panama Canal and down the west coast of South America. Each cruise is back in  
(Continued on page 218)



How to

Make

Eyes



DIANA MARSHALL

**E**yes—that's where the new make-up emphasis falls this season. Here, step-by-step directions: how to make the devastating play of light and shadow that makes the 1960 eye. With the aid of the Maybelline eye-makers, you first define the upper lash line in violet with Fluid Eye-liner; then shadow the whole upper lid with violet eye shadow, swerving the colour around and under the eye just at the outside edge. Blend the shadow up and out towards the outer brow edge—the colour should be palest under the brow's arch. Next, Velvet Black mascara: on upper lashes; on *outer* lower lashes only. Then with black eyebrow pencil define the lower eye-rim—again, just at the outside corner. Lastly, darken the brows with both black and brown pencils, brushing to shape and blend.

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### Where to Buy the Patrician Fashion seen on page 101

ALABAMA	Kessler's	Birmingham
ARIZONA	Smart Shop	Yuma
CALIFORNIA	Vera Rose	Arcadia
	Helen Carter	Carmel
	John Mogan	La Jolla
	Parisienne	Long Beach
	Weinstock, Lubin & Co.	Sacramento
	Frances Shop	San Bernardino
	Marston Co.	San Diego
	Eunice Shaw	San Jose
	Lois Leavitt	San Mateo
	Brown House	Stockton
	Roberta's	Whittier
COLORADO	Brooks Fauber	Boulder
	Cates	Denver
FLORIDA	Maas Bros.	Tampa
GEORGIA	Town & Country	Savannah
HAWAII	McInerney	Honolulu
IDAHO	Mayfair Shop	Twin Falls
ILLINOIS	Williams	Decatur
INDIANA	Ruth Hush	Evansville
IOWA	Hazel Baxter	Marshalltown
	Poole's	Spencer
KANSAS	Henry Endlick	Topeka
MARYLAND	Mildred Davis	Baltimore
MISSISSIPPI	Kennington's	Jackson
MISSOURI	Macy's	Joplin
NEBRASKA	Fred & Clark Haas	Omaha
	Hovland-Swanson	Lincoln
NEVADA	Clothes Rack	Reno
NEW JERSEY	Margaret Davis	Plainfield
	Au Bon Marche	South Orange
NEW MEXICO	Kistler Collister	Albuquerque
	Pauline's	Hobbs
	W. W. Merritt	Roswell
NEW YORK	Drazen's	Binghamton
NORTH CAROLINA	Belt Bros.	Charlotte
OKLAHOMA	Virginia's	Enid
OREGON	Bon Marche	Eugene
	Evelyn Gibson	Portland
PENNSYLVANIA	Country Cousin	Bryn Mawr
	Dorothy Fox	York
SOUTH CAROLINA	Mary Lowe	Columbia
	John Baldwin	Myrtle Beach
TEXAS	Bateman's	Odessa
VIRGINIA	Leather & Tweed	Norfolk
	Samuel Spigel	Roanoke
WASHINGTON	Bon Marche	Seattle

## SUNSHINE CRUISES

(Continued from page 216)

New York four weeks later, give or take a few days; most hit a coffee port (Buenaventura, Colombia), a sugar port (Salaverry, Peru), and a chocolate port (Guayaquil, Ecuador). In Ecuador, some passengers board a Grace Line yacht for the forty-mile trip up the River Guayas; in Peru, some fly from Lima to Cuzco, eleven thousand feet high in the Andes, and drive to the Pre-Incan ruins of Machu Picchu, the white granite city discovered about fifty years ago. Rates, which begin at \$765, include all the days and nights on land—hotels, planes, cars, yachts—as well as at sea. (Note: In Chile, most of the earthquake damage affecting transportation will be repaired by next month.)

One new cruise, beginning this fall and continuing throughout the year, covers, in eight weeks, both the west and east coasts of South America. On the December 2 and 16 sailings, passengers leave New York on a Grace Line "Santa" ship, sail through the Panama Canal and down the west coast of South America to Chile—three weeks of sea life, plus shore trips. In Santiago, they catch a Panagra plane to Buenos Aires, and, after four days there, continue country-hopping by plane for three weeks: Uruguay, Paraguay, and Brazil. (A trip to Brasilia is planned.) At Rio, the cruise goes to sea again, returning to New York on either the "Brasil" or the "Argentina." Moore-McCormack's sister ships. The price for this trip, organized by Four Winds Travel, is about \$2,000, including good cabins at sea, hotel rooms and baths, plane fares, cars, guides, and almost all meals on land as well as at sea.

One of three pretty Delta Line ships, the "Del Norte," the "Del Sud," and the "Del Mar," leaves New Orleans every fortnight or so on a cruise down to Buenos Aires and back. On these trips, the hundred-and-twenty passengers live mostly on deck, where there are umbrella-shaded tables, a splashy swimming pool. All the cabins have outside windows. Stops include St. Thomas, Rio, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Paranagua, and Curaçao. Loaded with coffee, the ship returns to New Orleans about forty-four days later. Rates begin at \$1,080. (Less in April and May.)

### Around the world— three of this year's ways

For those who love ships, lazy days, and sample-sized sightseeing, few holidays seem as pleasant as a world cruise. On January 14, the Norwegian America Line's "Bergensfjord" will leave New York to go round the world in eighty days, first sailing west through the Panama Canal. (Passengers may pick up the ship in Los Angeles, January 26.) After touching Honolulu, the "Bergensfjord" goes on to Japan. Although the air there is still apt to be raw in early February, warm weather settles in to stay when the ship cruises into the China Sea, to Bangkok. At Aden, it is possible to leave the ship, fly to Aswan (which has, besides its dam, an attractive winter-resort life), and board the ship again at Alexandria. On the ship, a smörgåsbord is served late every evening; luncheon is served by the pool.

For the eighty days, with eighteen ports, rates begin at \$2,250 from New York; \$2,050 from Los Angeles.

Sailing January 28 from New York, Holland-America's year-old "Rotterdam" will travel east around the world for eleven weeks. The plan is to slice across the Atlantic, to sail on through the Mediterranean and Suez to India, Ceylon, Thailand, and Japan, and to brush Honolulu and Acapulco before sailing back to New York through the Panama Canal.

Run like a grand hotel, the "Rotterdam" has impeccable service (from young English-speaking stewards in neat navy-blue, silver-buttoned uniforms), a fine wine cellar (going prices: Piper Heidsieck champagne, \$4.75 a bottle), fluffy yellow blankets in all the cabins, and several pleasant lounges. One is all pale wood, even to the piano; another is panelled in dark woods, and a third, high up where the stack should be, has bamboo furniture, tropical plants, and sea views. For the eleven weeks, fares begin at \$2,525.

To travel on a freighter for one hundred days with about a dozen other passengers can be, depending upon the other passengers, as pleasant as a trip on a private yacht. An air-conditioned American President Line freighter leaves New York every two weeks to make just such a hundred-day trip around the world, touching about twenty-four ports.

In port, there is the excitement of loading and unloading, the giant booms, the nets swinging in space. (Housekeeping note: there are washing machines and driers aboard.) For this trip, rates begin at \$2,925 from New York, \$2,500 from San Francisco. Note: It is possible to board the ship at New York just for the trip through the Canal to San Francisco; the trip takes two weeks, costs about \$425.

## THE COLOUR DIRECTIONS

(Continued from page 209)

pieces, black lamps, black upholstery to go with beige and red, white and azure, or hunting pink and white. A Greer living room might have white walls and a highly polished floor the colour of black walnut; on it,

small needle-point rugs, brightly bordered. White curtains would hang full from rings on black-finished white linen covered poles.

Melanie Kahane goes along with the strong colour theory, cast-

ing her vote for things in the mauve to red family. Her plans for most rooms stress fewer lamps and bolder ones, fewer chairs and more important ones. Even her architectural details are of the "less is more" persuasion.





**H**ere, two ways to achieve the new high rounded bosom. *Left:* Longline brassiere, its curves lined with spun Dacron—light, soft as air-cushioning, quick to dry. White nylon lace; sides and back in lino elastic of Dacron. By Flexees, about \$9; at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

## The new fashion undercurrents

**S**hape-maker for the willowy, long-torso look: the curve-liner here is a sheer fabric like fine netting, specially firmed up to retain its contours—but still non-rigid. Black nylon lace over pale-pink nylon marquisette; lino elastic panels, front zipper, attachable straps. By Delightform, about \$13; at Saks 34th Street.



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## THE INDISPENSABLE LEMON

(Continued from page 214)

with salt and pepper. Bake about 25 minutes, basting the fish twice with the butter.

Meanwhile, bring the cream to a boil. Add the parsley, chives, chervil, and a little salt and pepper. Simmer a little to thicken the cream. Add the lemon juice, and pour the mixture over the cooked fish, swishing the cream around to blend it with the butter in the dish. Serve immediately.

### ROLLED ROAST LEG OF LAMB

*With herb-and-lemon butter*

1 seven-pound leg of lamb, boned and rolled  
2/3 stick of butter  
3 cloves garlic, crushed  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley  
1 heaping tablespoon chopped tarragon  
1 tablespoon chopped chervil  
3 shallots (or 1 small onion), minced  
Juice of 1 lemon  
1 bouillon cube  
Salt and pepper  
More parsley for garnishing

Preheat oven to 400°. Have the butter at room temperature, and cream it, adding the garlic, tarragon, parsley, chervil, shallots, half the lemon juice, and pepper.

Unroll the lamb, and spread with half this butter mixture. Sprinkle with salt and retie. Spread with the rest of the herbed butter, sprinkle with salt, and pour on the rest of the lemon juice. Roast for 30 minutes; reduce heat to 375° and roast for another hour, or until medium rare, basting frequently.

Remove the roast, when done, to a hot platter. To make gravy, dissolve a bouillon cube in a cup of boiling water. Pour this into the roasting pan, and remove all the dark bits of glaze with a spoon, while simmering over a low flame. Simmer for 5 minutes, and correct seasoning.

Slice the roast and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve the gravy separately.

### BROILED MARINATED CHICKEN

3 two-pound broilers, split in half  
1/2 cup olive oil  
1 lemon, sliced thin  
Juice of 2 lemons  
3 cloves garlic, minced  
3 teaspoons paprika  
1/2 teaspoon pepper  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup white wine  
Water cress

Rub the chicken well with olive oil,

and then make a marinade with the remaining oil and the other ingredients. Pour over the birds, and marinate, turning frequently, for about 3 hours. Then broil until golden, basting all the while. (Broil the skin side last.) Cut the chicken and place, with water cress, on a heated platter.

### TABOULI SALAD

1/2 cup medium-cracked wheat  
2 cups water  
1/2 cup chopped parsley (no hard stems)  
1/2 cup chopped scallions (with green tops)  
1/2 cup chopped mint leaves (or 1/4 cup dried mint)  
4 large tomatoes  
3 tablespoons lemon juice  
1/2 cup olive oil  
Salt and freshly-ground pepper  
1 head romaine lettuce

Immerse the tomatoes in boiling water just long enough to loosen the skins. Remove skins and chill tomatoes. Remove the seeds and watery part, then dice the tomatoes.

Soak the cracked wheat in the 2 cups of cold water, until most of the water has been absorbed. Drain the wheat in a strainer, shaking to get all the water out. Then place the wheat in a bowl, and combine with the tomatoes, the parsley, the mint, and the scallions. Make a dressing of the lemon juice, oil, salt, and pepper. Pour over wheat mixture and toss well, correcting seasoning to taste.

Wash and dry the romaine; then arrange in a salad bowl. Place the mixture on the romaine. Serve with cold meats.

### MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL BUTTER

1 stick butter  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Cream the butter at room temperature. Add the lemon juice, and work in briskly with a fork. Add the chopped parsley. Chill until ready to serve on grilled steaks, chops, veal sauté, or fish.

### HOLLANDAISE SAUCE (To be made in a blender)

4 egg yolks  
1 stick salted butter  
2 dashes cayenne pepper  
1 or 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Place the egg yolks, the cayenne, and the lemon juice in the blender. Blend, at high speed, for about a minute, or until the yolks begin to thicken. Meanwhile, melt the butter until it

bubbles—but not until it browns. With the blender on, pour in the butter in a steady stream. If necessary, correct seasoning by adding lemon juice and salt. Serve immediately, or keep hot in a double boiler—over hot, not boiling, water. Makes about 3/4 cup of sauce. (For a mousseline sauce, fold 4 tablespoons of whipped cream into the hollandaise.)

### COLD LEMON SOUFFLÉ CHARLOTTE

1 1/2 packages lady fingers  
1 package gelatine  
4 tablespoons lemon juice  
5 eggs  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
1 pinch salt  
2 teaspoons grated lemon peel  
1 cup heavy cream, whipped  
*For the sauce:*  
More whipped cream

*Or:*

A sauce made by melting, over a low fire, 3 tablespoons apricot preserves, 3 tablespoons orange marmalade, the juice of 1 orange, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice, with 1/4 cup slivered almonds added before serving.

Line a 3-cup soufflé dish with the lady fingers, cutting them to fit the bottom of the dish, and standing them up like soldiers so that they rise an inch or more above the rim of the dish. Cut a piece of waxed paper long enough to circle the dish. Fold the paper 3 times, on its width, then wrap it around the dish so that 2 inches of paper rise above the rim. Tie securely with string beneath the rim of the dish.

Dissolve the gelatine in lemon juice, and melt over hot water. Place the eggs, the sugar, and the salt in a double boiler over simmering water. Beat until the eggs are thick, very light in colour, and have practically filled an 8-cup saucepan. Add the melted gelatine and the grated lemon rind, and beat a few seconds more.

Cool a little, and add the whipped cream. Fold with care (the mixture will diminish a little in volume), and pour into the prepared soufflé dish. Chill for several hours—or, in the freezer, for 1 hour. Serve either with whipped cream or with the apricot and marmalade sauce.

### BASQUE CAKE

*Filling:*

2 egg yolks  
4 tablespoons sugar  
3 tablespoons flour  
1 pinch salt  
1 cup scalded milk  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
2 teaspoons grated lemon peel

(Continued on page 223)



# CEILINGS

BY ANNE FREMANTLE

Nothing, thought Roger—looking disgustedly down at the pink porridge made of flaked plaster, broken glass, and blood from the men lying around on the staircase—and up delightedly, at the incredible Tiepolo ceiling, undamaged by bombs or machine-gun fire, nothing in a hitherto satisfactory life had quite prepared him for this. It was April, and hot; the collar on his uniform chafed his neck; through the eyeless sockets, where the windows on the staircase had been, the sky was the palest, blackbird-eggshell blue, with high, fat rococo clouds, that sailed into sight and, instantly, out of sight again.

Such perfect lighting for the great paintings on the ceiling. And all the huge, symbolic figures preserved intact. Every pane of glass gone, and the superb double staircase pretty shot, but above it this splendour, this utterly unexpected, unspoiled perfection. Swallows? Or were they swifts? Anyway, cloven-tailed birds, kept dashing in and out of the windows, flying up to the ceiling and down the staircase.

Roger and his battalion had been moving up towards Würzburg for several days, and it had been rough going. Now, after the town had been pretty thoroughly bombed, they were occupying it, or rather its ruins. Holy Week of 1945, but not a bell was left to toll anywhere, and, as they crossed the blitzed square, Roger wished he could have seen the perfect, the once exquisite little town, late Gothic, with some wonderful baroque bits, before it had been blown to smithereens.

It was when they had been put into this palace, on one side of the demolished square, that Roger had first seen, and been overcome with, the glory of those dusky pinks and rose madders, those stately blues and burnt umbers, those viridians and ochres, the supreme freedom of the bold drawing.

The doors were gone, and

the staircase went straight up from the street to the ceiling, and on the steps of the staircase, slopped in the pink goo, were these still men. Or boys? The faces were white against the red mess, but Roger kept his revolver at the ready, just in case any of them tried any monkey tricks. Roger was not alone, but the only man with him wasn't likely to shoot unless he absolutely had to. For on his collar, discreet, but visible, was a chaplain's insigne.

"What an absolutely perfect ceiling," said Roger. "Do look." But his companion was looking down, not up.

"What kind of a get-up are these guys wearing?" he asked, pointing to the huddled figures sprawled on the steps.

Roger looked down.

"These were men," his voice was scornful, "of the 77th *Waffen SS*."

"SS men—these boys?" said the chaplain. "I never thought of the SS—the butchers of Auschwitz—as teen-age kids: this boy can't have been a day over sixteen."

Roger looked back to the ceiling. "Do look at that," he said.

This time his companion did look up, but perfunctorily.

"Ever think of people having ceilings?" the chaplain asked. "Those SS kids for example—wonder what their ceiling was?"

"You mean their limit of brutality?" asked Roger.

"Or the limit to which their obedience led," said the chaplain.

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard," quoted Roger softly.

But the chaplain wasn't listening. He had stooped, to catch a faint murmur from one of the bodies at his feet. A low moan. As he straightened himself he said to Roger, "You know their lingo. What does this guy want?"

Roger stooped. "He says he's a Catholic, and wants to make his confession. They've all been excommunicated for joining the

SS," he added, severely. The boy only moaned, "A priest. A priest."

"At the point of death," Roger went on, "any priest can give conditional absolution. A sincere desire to make one's confession... an act of perfect contrition. Is Father Brendan anywhere around?" he asked.

The chaplain fingered his collar nervously. "No, he's still in hospital from that shrapnel that got him in the face," he replied.

"I'll run across the square to the Cathedral and see if I can rustle up a local padre," said Roger.

"This kid'll croak before you can get there, let alone back," said the chaplain. "Are you a Catholic?"

"Mmm," said Roger. "I was raised one. Haven't worked at it for years."

"I thought you must be, knowing that much theology," replied the chaplain. Roger interrupted him.

"You can make the right noises," he said. "You can hear that boy's confession. Dying, he'll never know the difference. You wear the right clothes, and you can talk to him about God's everlasting mercy..."

"To a member of the *Waffen SS*? Perhaps I can at that," said the chaplain.

Stooping down he said, "Begin, my son. I am a priest."

Roger took a slithering step sideways, and covered his ears with his hands.

When he looked down the chaplain was making the sign of the Cross over the boy, whose head fell back. His tally of sins unfinished, he was dead.

It was very quiet. Only the cloven-tail birds twittered as they soared upwards towards the perfect ceiling, then out of the windows to the blue sky again. Roger took his hands from his ears. "You were right about ceilings," he said, "to each man his own. And, considering your lack of practice, you made quite a competent sign of the Cross, Rabbi Cohen."

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## Its Chromiumhenge

BY NOEL PERRIN

Old Mrs. Halks, who lives about half a mile from me in central New Hampshire, has a saying about the fatal attraction of the soil hereabouts. "The land kind o' reaches up and grabs ye," she says, "and 'twon't let go."

When I look around the township two of whose twelve hundred residents we are, I am forced to agree. Since the Halkses and the Spencers arrived in 1729, the land doesn't seem to have let go of anything. The two-room clapboard house erected by Henry Spencer in 1734, for example, still stands by the Center Brook; these days it's the village library. An old barn they say Henry and his sons put up around 1740 is both standing and still in service. It's part of a three-barn complex used by my neighbour Alf Martineau to house his cows, his hay, and his dried citrus pulp. (He imports about forty tons a year from Florida for the cows.)

I have a feeling that if you looked in the long grass by the entrance, you could still find one of Henry Spencer's old hand-forged scythes, a bit rusty, perhaps, but protected and preserved and firmly held in its place by a chunk of our local granite. I know you'll find Henry Spencer himself, kept down by a larger piece of that same granite, over in the Center graveyard.

What really strikes me as remarkable, though, is the way the land can take a moving object and bring it to a halt. I'm not talking about the row of old Plymouths gradually growing into the soil behind Martineau's barn. I'm talking about the bright new trailers that swing carelessly down Route 8, reach our neighbourhood, and suddenly get trapped onto cement-block foundations. The township is full of these marooned wanderers. I would guess we have at least thirty-five, beached like whales along the township roads. A tenth of our

population lives in them. Another tenth has plans.

It is said that other parts of the country are rich in trailers, too. Mr. Martineau, who not only imports feed from Florida, but who has been down there himself, reports that the whole state is dotted with trailer parks and that every day you can see great pink-and-chromium houses roll in behind cars with Ohio license plates and hook up for the winter. But these are mere fleeting visitors. Come April they are due back in Ohio again, and they trundle northward with mobility unimpaired, the modern gypsies of the Middle West. I think it is mainly here in New England that young trailers which have scarcely travelled fifty miles from the factory pluck off their wheels and settle down to become permanent parts of the landscape. It is an odd experience to watch them do it.

Still, I have to wonder whether I like it or not. Between here and the Halks place, which I pass every day on my way to work, there are three of these monstrous settlers, in varying states of permanence. One, which arrived only last fall, is right across the road from the old farmhouse. It belongs to young Stephen Halks, who came home from a Long Island airplane factory last year with his new wife. The young couple haven't even had time to strip the tires off their house, but they have got the weight of it resting on concrete blocks, and they've built a picket fence all the way around, either to keep the baby in or (more likely) to make sure the whole caboodle doesn't run away with some passing Buick from Massachusetts. Next year, Mrs. Halks says, they're going to get a proper granite base under her for sure.

The second trailer, a bright orange one with streamlined fittings, is only just around the corner from where I live. It be-

longs to a bachelor farmer named Roy Chipman. His previous dwelling, a quite beautiful Dutch colonial house built by a Spencer in the 1820's, burned down three years ago, and Roy bought the trailer as a substitute. For a full year no one was sure whether he meant to stay here in New Hampshire or move south, because all he did was roll his new house in about twenty feet from the town road and hook up a makeshift pump to the well.

That fall, when it got cold, he stuck a rusty kerosene barrel on the back. (Roy doesn't hold with bottled gas.) But in the spring of 1958 he apparently came to some sort of decision. He laid a field-stone foundation that ought to last two hundred years, and got his brother to help him mount the trailer on it. In odd moments during the summer he stretched a green-and-white canvas awning all along the front, and he built a surprisingly trim toolshed onto the end that was designed to be hitched to cars. Just beyond that he's got his vegetable patch. What future improvements he intends, I don't know. Roy confides neither in Mrs. Halks nor in me.

I come now to the show-piece of our road, the real proof of what a New Englander can do with a trailer when he puts his mind to it. I'm speaking of the mobile home in which live the Tracy Boals, father, mother, and two children. The Boal mobile house is a securer part of our landscape than Mount Monadnock. Mr. Boal brought her in nearly ten years ago, and he's been anchoring her down and tying her closer to the soil ever since. Where Roy has that little toolshed, Boal's got a two-car garage attached, complete with a poured-concrete floor. Its four doors are painted a glinty cobalt-blue, to match the exterior of the trailer. Running clear over the entire structure and extending a foot out on each side,



## AH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

(Continued from page 222)

he has a second roof of asphalt shingles, built to last. She'll never weather out.

He has a granite walk going up to her from the road, and an extra outer wall at the end opposite the garage, and a cobalt-blue trellis all along the back. He's even added a copper gutter with a downspout.

All you can see of the actual trailer any more is the shimmering cobalt-blue and chromium front, which I am sure Mrs. Boal Simonizes spring and fall. Anything securer from the ravages of time I have never met, except once in a cemetery in Scotland. There, about every third tomb had in front of it a bowl of flowers, placed there during the nineteenth century. All the flowers were identical, and all were made out of painted porcelain and wire, since flowers made of leaves and petals are known to fade. Over each porcelain bouquet was a large

glass bell jar to keep the rain off. Over each bell jar was a wire cage, like a canary's, to keep it from getting broken. You could just dimly make out the flowers far inside.

I, alas, won't be here to see it, because I am made of frail flesh and blood, and I am beginning to weather already. But I know what New Hampshire is going to look like next century. Mount Monadnock will be an inch or so down. If we have war or really determined quarrying, it may be many feet lower. Most of the remaining clapboard houses will be gone, since what the termites miss, fire will get. But chromium is incorruptible. Scattered over our valleys, winking in the sunlight, will be ten thousand bright-hued lumps, each an immortal trailer, each looking as aboriginal and as immovable as the dolmens at Stonehenge. Ah, progress! Ah, New Hampshire!

## THE INDISPENSABLE LEMON

(Continued from page 220)

### Cake:

2 cups sifted flour  
Pinch of salt  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup butter, at room temperature  
3 egg yolks  
1 whole egg  
2 teaspoons grated lemon peel

### Filling:

Prepare the filling first, because it must be quite cold before the cake is baked. To make the filling, work together the egg yolks and sugar in a saucepan, until very light. Add the flour and salt, and blend well. Add the scalded milk little by little until the mixture is smooth. Cook on a low flame until it thickens, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. (The mixture will not curdle.) Cool a little before adding the lemon juice and lemon peel; then cool completely before using.

### Cake:

Preheat oven to 375°. Butter and flour a 9" spring pan. Measure all

the cake ingredients, and resift the flour with the salt. Place the flour in a large bowl, and make a well. In the well, place the sugar, the butter, 2 of the egg yolks, and the whole egg, all to be mixed with either a whisk or an electric hand beater at "stir" speed. Then, slowly, incorporate the flour with the sugar-butter-egg mixture. When the mixture is light, fluffy, and stiff, stir in the lemon peel.

Place a little less than half the batter in the pan. Make a slight well in the batter, and pour in the strained filling. Add the remaining cake batter, spreading it with a spatula, taking care not to let the filling through.

With a fork, make decorative marks on the cake's surface. Mix 2 teaspoons of water with the 1 remaining egg yolk, and glaze the cake. Bake 35-40 minutes, or until golden. (This cake is heavy-textured. For a lighter cake, use self-rising flour.) Rum might be added to the cake as flavouring, and cherry jam to the filling.

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Pine Bluff, Ark.....Cohen's Fashion Shop  
Pontiac, Mich.....Waite's  
Poplar Bluff, Mo.....Chas. Miller  
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Lipman Wolfe  
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## Paris—"more articals"

The brief fiction below was written last spring—and impromptu—by eleven-year-old Lesley Russell at the New Canaan Country Day School in Connecticut. Her father, Mr. Edward Russell, describes Lesley as "a long blond job," reporting that, when her mother suggested a few copy changes, Lesley waited tactfully until she'd left the room, then said, "Ha! I've already turned it in and I got an A."

### Writing on Paris Fashions

by Lesley Russell

I was all alone in my apartment in New York when I heard a knock on the door. I opened the door. It was Mrs. Carpenter from Vogue. I let her in quickly, then I offered her a seat. She said she wanted to ask me something important. I knew at once she was very serious. She was very calm, so it couldn't be something bad.

I sat down beside her. She began very calmly. She said, "Lesley, you have been chosen for a writer on fashions in foreign countries. Of course you do not have to take the job, but we have offered it to you if you like." For a moment I was faint with joy. It had been what I had always wanted. Then she said, "Lesley, Lesley, don't you want the job?" Then I quickly came back to my senses and said, "Of course of course I want the job!"

She said "Lesley, the reason I asked you was that we need more articals. Our best writer on foreign countries quit a week ago. We need you badly. Will you except?"

The next week I started. I was to fly to Paris. There I was to write an interesting article on

French Designers. I met many important designers such as Monsieur Vaselle, who was a very very high class dress designer. He told me that the last dress he designed costed \$1,000. My comment to that was quite a bit. I also met Madame Ouir, a famous hat designer. I talked with her and got some good facts about chic hats. I then went to a famous shoe designer named Monsieur Perusju, an old friend of my father's. He told me alot. All this took 3 days.

Tuesday evening at the Ritz I had a telegram waiting for me. It read, "Lesley, have to have script by Sunday night. Being Tuesday today I didn't have too long a time. Only three days to write a whole 5-page article. At once I ran up stairs and started on my typewriter. Again and again I pressed on those keys. Finally it was Friday morning and I had finished. I sent it at 7 o'clock so it could be looked over before it was put in. All week-end I worried about it. Finally Monday night I got a telegram, it read, "Good Work. We sold 180,000 copies today."

I felt so good. I felt like yelling, but of course couldn't in the hotel. I found out that I would get \$10,000 for just that article.

Note: The editors of Vogue would particularly love to know who paid Lesley the \$10,000.



## LOOKS BETTER THAN BEAUTY

(Continued from page 181)



### DIETING?

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medicine and the hotheads of the beauty business have spelled out possibilities almost as heartening as "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus." And to anyone who clings relentlessly to the Puritan whimsy that looks don't matter, we wish to say, "Face facts; they do. If you haven't got quite all you need, go out and buy them."

The quickest major beauty lift is, has been, and always will be a good coiffure. Presumably only if you are a beauty moron will you need everything from cut to colour to revamped shape, but there's no reason to hesitate if you do. Just remember, if your situation is even more deplorable, that a sound permanent should precede colour by five to seven days. Coiffing seems to us to make the most sense as a starting point, because it brings with increased attractiveness a measure of confidence.

Enough confidence so that the next subject to consider seriously is all-over fat and lean. (How serious is the alteration bill at the dressmaker's or the little tailor's?) Sensibly the first move here is a medical check-up; if diet is the answer, your doctor can help, and you may find it worth the extra fees to make a series of appointments so that he can check up on you, reproach you for diet-chiselling, and if necessary nag you. This last comes under the heading of constructive insults, and few women can stand the pressure; they starve first.

Exercise, although it remains eternally unattractive to thousands of otherwise reasonable women, will turn a figure that's gone soft into an asset and a clothes economy. This can be had free for the effort at home, but any woman with a will more gold than iron can speed and simplify things by putting herself in the hands of a good salon. Again the price is paid not only for first-class instruction but for the incentive added by the presence of a relentless tape-measure checker who deals out praise and criticism with a cool hand.

Extravagant? No. We are not suggesting that the children give up movies and ice cream for the next six months to finance your beauty life, but we will suggest that they'll enjoy seeing you sharpen up, and that improved looks are second only to love as good-disposition makers.

In the face of that maxim,

we will assume that a few other expenditures seem thoroughly logical—and if you've already qualified on hair and figure, you can take it from here.

Any American female of the age of fourteen can be expected to know something about make-up, and by twenty she should—unless she's clearly psychotic—be able to paint on a presentable face. However, there isn't a single beauty or fashion editor we know who won't admit to learning one new technique (treatment or special effects) almost every time she's had a facial or a professional makeup.

On the subject of special effects this point is paramount with looks that are better than beauty: Bland correctness is nothing short of "square"; it has no message, no power, no projection. What you need—according to one bright young thing—is "a gimmick," a surprise switch that gives you the look of being one-of-a-kind, no-more-at-home-like-me. It may take time to find the right scheme—could be remade eyebrows; could be curly hair when the fashion is, as it is right now, for straight; a new way of painting your mouth; making capital of curvy hips instead of wallowing in humiliating despair; giving up rouge; taking up false eyelashes. Or, if your looks happen to be more angel-child than dashing, you may well find your personal gimmick in fashion; it could be simply a matter of systematically trying on all the clothes you normally reject at first glance—if you hit one thing that's unexpectedly terrific, you may have made the beauty discovery of a lifetime. On the other hand, if you tend to shop at high speed, order clothes over the phone, and resent even that amount of time, our word is STOP. Make a two-year plan and weed out of your wardrobe everything that's not right for you. (Note that we didn't say "wrong," we said "not-right.")

Finally we would like to repeat the rule that absolutely nothing can do more for your looks than the nurtured habit of "behaving like a beauty, a point Vogue has made before." Forget your looks, and simply decide you want to live like the grandest lady-tiger in all the jungle, adored and charming. Think dazzling. A few sparks are bound to come through.

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SHANNON

## Suit-weather: first signs of jersey

Suit to pencil close to the top of an autumn shopping list—because it's jersey; because it's bright red; because under the bloused jacket is a dress that's as simple as child's play, with small sleeves, a scoop neck, and a whole other life cut out for it when suit-weather changes to undercoat-weather. By Charles Dickey, of Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey: about \$65. Miss Dior hat. Both: Altman's. Suit: Julius Garfinckel; Woolf Brothers. Palizzio opera pumps.



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## HYPNOSIS

(Continued from page 189)

the better part of an hour. Dr. Pattie told me to imagine that I was lying in a boat floating down a gentle river lined with graceful willows, peaceful meadows, and flowery banks. Without any effort at all I was soon floating—a delightful trip. Next, at his suggestion, I was lying on a hillside looking over a broad, green, quiet valley through which a little country road meandered along past white farmhouses and red barns—and over there, on a slight rise, a blue car. I saw it all quite vividly. I supposed that now I was in hypnosis, more or less, and yet I felt that I was fully conscious and still fully capable of doing whatever I chose. I heard Dr. Pattie's voice clearly, understood everything he said, and responded to his questions through the code he had given to me: by lifting the index finger of my right hand if the answer was yes, immobility if the answer was no. Finally, when my responses showed him that I was in an advanced state of hypnosis—and consequently in a highly suggestible condition—he began to talk to me about contact lenses.

For certain parts of what he said I have no direct memory, because apparently I was "deep" enough in hypnosis so that post-hypnotic amnesia blocked out a good deal. Reconstructing it with him later, however, this in general was the message: I would have no more fear of contact lenses and would go through the examination and fitting without difficulty—there would be some sensitivity and discomfort, but I would manage. As soon as I got the lenses I would wear them regularly and

for longer periods each day until I built up the amount of tolerance I wanted. I would begin acting on these suggestions when I returned to New York by going to an ophthalmologist for a thorough eye exam—only then, with this expert approval and guidance, would I have a fitting and get my lens prescription. I would remember consciously only what I wanted to remember from our session, but I would want very much to follow through on these instructions and definitely I would do so.

Oddly enough, the order that I should hie myself at once to an ophthalmologist was one of the things that got blanked out by post-hypnotic amnesia, although I did remember the business about being able to tolerate a lens fitting. I've since understood that there are spontaneous changes in the depth of the trance and that it often happens that when an especially tender subject is approached, trance depth—and consequently the probability of amnesia—increases. I suppose that in my case the idea of going to an ophthalmologist, especially for this intensely yearned-for purpose, stirred up terrifically strong emotions and sent me briefly into profound hypnosis.

Be that as it may, one of the very first things I did on returning to New York a few days later was to find an ophthalmologist who was also adept at fitting contact lenses. My husband and a friend, both of whom were aware of my hypnotic encounter, went along for extra moral support.

There was a mighty expectancy among the three of us as the

doctor, having finished his examination and pronounced that I was physically able to wear contacts and benefit from them, selected a pair of test lenses and delicately and swiftly placed them in my eyes.

Were they comfortable? You can bet your sweet life they weren't. But . . . they weren't *too* bad. My eyes teared some, the lids felt as if they were sliding over molehills, and my eyeballs smarted; yet, in a few minutes *I knew that I could do it.*

The rest was not simple. Dr. Pattie had fixed my attitude, but necessarily it was the New York doctor who had to teach me how to use the lenses. Unfortunately, although a splendid scientist, he was entirely incapable of communicating the "mechanics" of wearing the lenses. He would tell me how to put the lenses in, how to take them out, making it sound childishly easy. But I couldn't do it.

Eventually, from friends who wore contact lenses, I learned that there are several techniques for insertion and removal and that everyone develops his or her own special little tricks for coping with the situation. I found that I did best on the insertion part by putting a mirror face-up on my dressing table, balancing a lens on the tip of my index finger, bending my head straight down so that the correct eye was staring directly at the lens and the mirror just beyond it, and then slowly bringing the lens up to touch the eye—meanwhile using the middle and index fingers of the other hand to pull the lids apart and prevent the reflex urge to blink at the wrong moment. As for getting a lens out, I found that the easy way is to place a finger tip in the outside corner of the eye, right

on the white, and at the same moment blink.

I know a teen-ager who can pop her lenses out, polish them and poke them back in place on her way from her beau's car to the front door. However, I still say none of it is easy to learn, and I urge you to go to a nice, sympathetic, patient doctor who will give you all the time and encouragement you may happen to need.

I look back on those first months now with amazement. I suppose that all contact lens wearers have had strange experiences (the whole idea, let's face it, is pretty strange) but some of mine still astonish me. I was at a very large, very formal testimonial dinner at the Waldorf and the man at my left, on hearing that I was wearing contact lenses, said he couldn't see anything in my eyes and couldn't believe it. Could he touch one? Pleased by the success of the deception and not realizing that he had had more than his share of Martinis, I said, "Why, of course"—whereupon the fool stuck a finger into my left eye (the good one, at that). He smudged the lens, and since this was before I had become adept at insertion and removal I was afraid to take it out and clean it. Furthermore, my reflexes had made me blink so violently that the lens in my right eye popped out and disappeared. Had it fallen down my décolletage? Was it in my soup, in my napkin, in somebody's water glass, or was it on the carpet? The earlier possibilities having produced nothing, several of us soon were crawling around on our knees—while, quite naturally, necks craned at us from all directions and murmurs of surprise and probably of indignation swept the room.

(Continued on page 229)

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**AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY**

## HYPNOSIS

(Continued from page 228)

The oaf who had caused all this finally made small amends by finding the lens under his chair. I was far too unstrung to try to get it back in, so I sat through the rest of the dinner not only one-eyed but with my remaining view of the world filtered through an enormous human fingerprint.

The truth is, though, that the lens that popped hadn't really been a good fit. That's something else one has to be prepared to face, this thing of the not-quite-perfect fit, requiring that one go through perhaps two or three trial and error lenses before getting the right one. Too tight a fit and there is discomfort; too loose, and there's slipping and popping, both of which have a way of happening at strange moments. Before I got the third and finally perfect fit on the right eye, that lens had taken off in such inopportune places as the front row of a Broadway theater, the open-air seat of an antique Rolls-Royce limousine, and on the grand staircase of the Metropolitan Opera House. This last episode was, I think, in some ways the most.

It was a black-tie benefit (Moscow Ballet) and I had on a Dior dress made for sweeping up

grand staircases. As my husband and I were half-way up to the Sherry bar at intermission, the lens flipped. "Oh!" I said and raised a hand to my right eye. "—It did it again!" My husband, understanding soul, needed no further explanation and marched me up the rest of the way and put me at a table. There was nothing much else to do, so I proceeded to order champagne and survey the others in the room with my other eye. My husband went back to the grand staircase, descended to the level that he had previously calculated, and dropped to his knees. Feeling his way and peering closely, he explored several steps. A sizeable crowd gathered, he told me later; and when, in response to the inevitable questions as to whether he had lost something, he replied, "My wife's contact lens." there were exclamations of wonder and sympathy, and finally several other gentlemen and one lady were crouched in friendly association in the search. My husband found the lens, was roundly congratulated, came back to join me, and sat sipping champagne while I, using my compact mirror, leaned over and firmly pressed

(Continued on page 230)

## VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on page 200)



**Above left:** Tunic dress and reversible coat. Vogue Pattern 4150, sizes 10 to 18. Dress yardage, size 14: 2 $\frac{3}{8}$  yds. of 60" fabric (sash  $\frac{1}{8}$  more). Coat yardages, size 14: plaid side, 2 $\frac{3}{8}$  yds. of 60" fabric; solid side, 2 $\frac{5}{8}$  yds. of 60" fabric. \$2.00.

**Above right:** Great flared reversible coat. Vogue Pattern 4137, sizes 10 to 18. Yardages, size 14: plaid side, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  yds. of 56" fabric; solid side, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  yds. of 56" fabric. Price, \$1.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.



be very, very

**BIEN JOLIE**

(very beautiful)

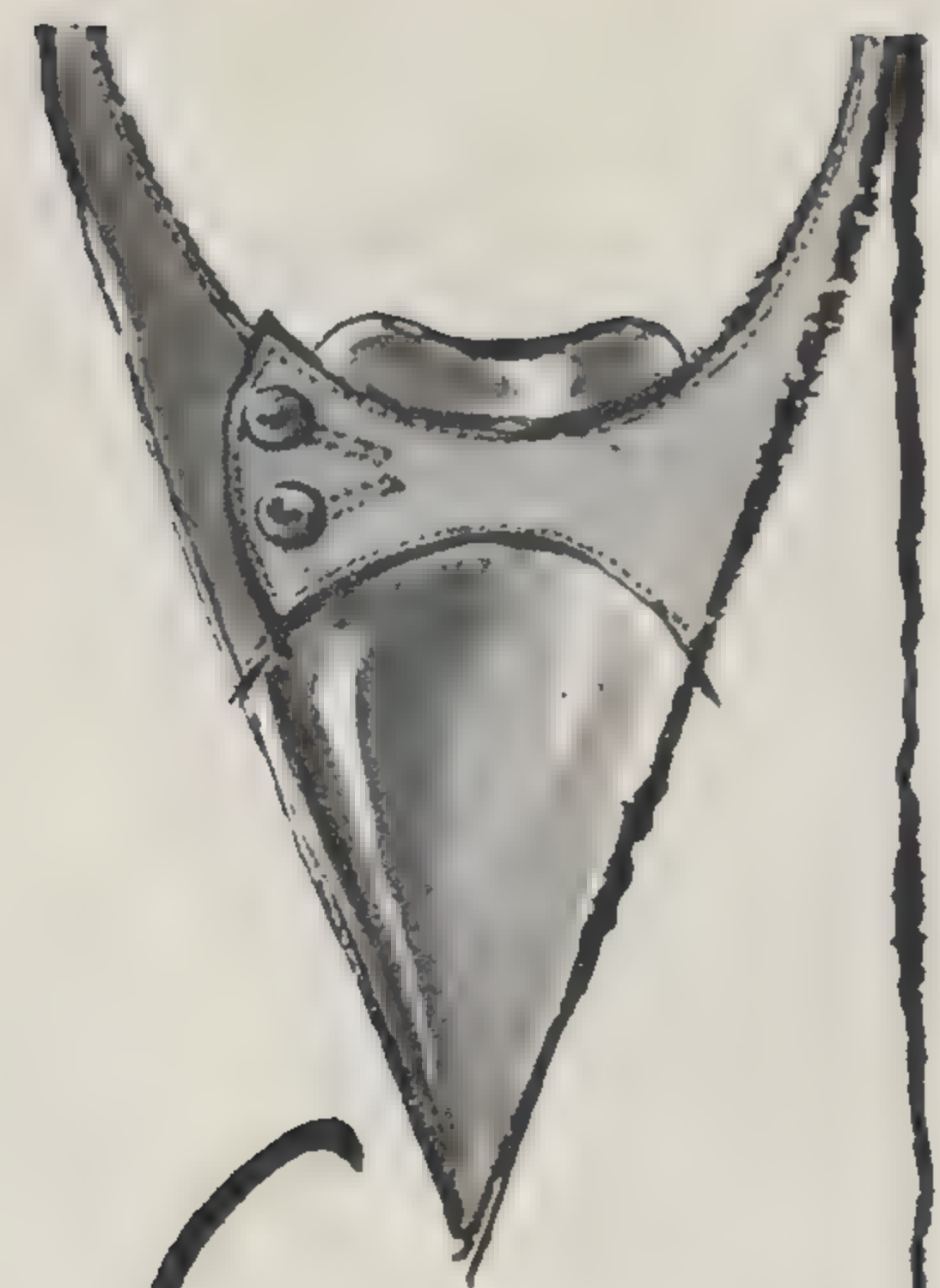
Beauty to behold, be held! — in Sheer Joy. High Top girdle. White. 25 to 34, \$16.50. Matching High top panty girdle, white. 25 to 34, \$18.50. Bra, A and B cups. \$3.95

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OF GLOW  
ON SUEDE

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## HYPNOSIS

(Continued from page 229)

the slippery item back into place.

Did my session with Dr. Pattie help me through these mishaps? I don't know—but probably it did, for it gave me such an impetus in the right direction that to some extent I could coast through difficulties that otherwise would have stopped me. I had no further sessions with him or with any other hypnotist because I felt no real need of them. However, this doesn't mean that other people wouldn't—in fact, post-hypnotic suggestions very frequently start to weaken and need reinforcement by repetition in later trances. How soon? For how long? It all depends on the person, the hypnotist, the suggestion, and the circumstances. There aren't any categorical and universal answers about hypnosis because there are too many variables, and moreover the basic psychological mechanisms involved are themselves still unclear.

However, not to leave matters quite so up in the air, and to insure that droves of people do not unthinkingly swarm to the nearest hypnotist, the following points should be made.

- Hypnosis can be dangerous if used for the wrong purposes or by unscrupulous or inadequately equipped people. The mind of a person in deep hypnosis can be manipulated in truly impressive ways—given illusions and hallucinations involving all the physical senses, regressed in age to any level and made to recall or re-enact the actual events of that time, be implanted with desires and dislikes, enthusiasms and hatreds. Put a neurotic in the hands of an irresponsible or ignorant hypnotist, and the result may be profound psychic damage. Whether a person in hypnosis can be made to do things that violate his or her own conscience is debatable, but the argument finally boils down to semantics and the safe rule is: never undergo hypnosis without assurance of the good character and professional competence of the hypnotist.

What professional competence means, according to the American Medical Association, which approves of the use of hypnosis within its limits, is that hypnosis should be applied only within the area of the hypnotist's certified professional knowledge:

i.e., a dentist can use it to calm refractory patients and ease or eliminate the pain of dental work. But it should never be used to ease the pain, let's say, of stomach ulcers, and obviously not for fooling around with somebody's psyche.

Directly to the point on contact lenses: For about one person in ten who wears glasses, contact lenses are dangerous because of medical conditions that can be diagnosed properly only by an ophthalmologist. Such a person, acting on a hypnotic command and landing in the hands of the wrong technician without an M.D., could suffer grave damage. Even for the other nine people too much hypnotic comforting can mean trouble. For instance, almost any degree of desensitization of the eyes is possible; yet, without a certain reasonable amount of sensitivity the patient can not feel a misfitted or misplaced lens—let alone the potentially more dangerous cinders or other foreign bodies that might accidentally land in an eye. Moreover, he would be tempted to skip the essential break-in time and start wearing his lenses too long, too soon, with consequent irritation and inflammation of the eye. Dr. Pattie, be it noted, was careful to tell me that I would retain some sensitivity but not too much, and that I would gradually, under expert technical supervision, build up the amount of tolerance I wanted.

Now, having learned that you qualify medically as a contact lens candidate, remembering the foregoing cautions, and realizing that people are not all equally hypnotizable and you may turn out to be a poor subject, if you still want to try hypnosis as an aid to wearing the lenses, what do you do?

The first thing to do is to find someone in your area who combines skill in hypnosis with a working knowledge of psychodynamics. This won't be as hard as it may sound. The techniques of the hypnotist are actually quite simple and easily learned, and the people who have acquired them are increasingly numerous. The individual should be a qualified psychologist, psychiatrist, or (as the term goes) a "psychodynamically oriented" M.D.—that is, one who has a special interest in, and

preferably some special training in, the inter-reactions of mind and body and the patterns in which the mind works. If you have trouble finding such a person, write to your local, county, or state medical society.

How much should it cost? That again depends on a number of variables: how good a subject you are and accordingly how many sessions you may need, the scale of fees that your doctor or psychologist is accustomed to charge, and possibly also your ability to pay. Normally, let's say, if you go to a psychiatrist, you might expect to spend around \$25 a session (more if he's a psychoanalyst). If you're reasonably good as a hypnotic subject perhaps you will not need more than maybe four sessions. So, very roughly, figure on adding \$100 to your other costs if you decide to try hypnosis—with luck, of course, correspondingly less.

Since the other costs are moderately high, the total can be quite an investment. However, there are dividends—extra ones now that lenses are tinted in various colours and you can choose (within limits, obviously) your eyes to go with your mood. My eyes are hazel. I have always had a secret longing, known to my husband, for green eyes. A year ago, when our wedding anniversary rolled around, this dear man surprised me with a pair of green corneal contact lenses ground to my prescription.

I put them on at once, naturally, and wore them through our lunch at a favourite sentimental place. Driving out of Central Park later we ran into one of those never-ending, traffic-clogging, patriotic parades up Fifth Avenue. I got out of the car to ask a policeman how soon a break would be called so that cross-town traffic could get through. When he wheeled around to answer me, he just happened to be the most handsome, stalwart, and altogether glorious young Irish cop in the Five Boroughs.

"A couple minutes," he said.

"Thank you," I said, slightly dazzled, and turned back.

There was a moment. Then he called after me:

"Hey, lady! You've got beautiful green eyes!"



## THE AVERY BRUNDAGE COLLECTION

(Continued from page 160)

the South Pacific, lies between eighteen and twenty million dollars. The Oriental section, comprising about eighty-five per cent, is valued at about fifteen to seventeen millions, of which the archaic Chinese bronzes account for about four or five million dollars. (The million dollar difference is arrived at quite simply: no one can put a price on a magnificent number of rarities, on such unique pieces as his Shang Dynasty bronze rhinoceros.)

Because he was cross at Chicago, which might well have had the Oriental pieces for its Art Institute, of which Brundage is still a trustee as well as chairman of its Oriental Department, he decided to give San Francisco a whack at his Collection for the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum. He only required that the citizens vote a bond issue of \$2,750,000 for a new wing to house the Collection.

Eagerly, the citizens voted yes, last June 7. In several years the building, adjoining the beautiful Japanese gardens in Golden Gate Park, will be up, and the entire Brundage Collection, now in his storerooms, his office, his lake-front apartment, and on loan to the Art Institute, will go to California.

Joining the exodus will be many pieces from his rather Spanish house in Santa Barbara. From New York, and especially from the storerooms of his friend, Frank Caro, the small, brilliant, scholarly head of C.T. Loo, he will remove the objects he has kept there, waiting for a place to put them. On almost every visit to New York, he drops in on Caro, sees, even if he does not buy. (It was on such a visit that the photograph on page 160 was taken.) In any of the back rooms of the dealers he sees on his Olympic visits all over the world, only the finest is offered to him.

He began those visits in 1912, as a member of the United States team at the Games of the Fifth Olympiad at Stockholm. Although he did not win his event, and although he lacked money, he started buying minor and inexpensive pieces. Now a man properly pleased with his life, with

enough medals, foreign decorations, honours, and plaques of esteem to bow the shoulders of a weaker man (or of one who did not have storerooms), Brundage was born on September 28, 1887, in Detroit. His father disappeared along about then, and the young Brundage was brought up by his mother in Chicago in a group operation of loving uncles and aunts.

Happiest when he has too much to do, he filled his life at the University of Illinois with this pentathlon of activities: editor of the University magazine, intercollegiate discus champion, basketball player, manager of the track team, and honour student. In 1909, after receiving his degree as a civil engineer, he went to work for one of the most important firms of architects in Chicago. Six years later, he opened his own office, the Avery Brundage Company, General Contractor.

But he was famous even before that came about. For he won, as a member of the Chicago Athletic Association, an extraordinary event of which he was national champion until he retired, undefeated, in 1918. This event, the "all-around," is so difficult that it has been abandoned as a single day trial and so painful that Brundage once explained it to a woman as "the pain nearest childbirth that a man can imagine."

This is what he did to be the All-Around Amateur Champion of America. With only five minutes rest between these ten events:

1. He ran 100 yards.
2. He did the high jump.
3. He put the shot.
4. He walked a half-a-mile, heel and toe. (That was almost the climax of pain.)
5. He threw the sixteen-pound hammer.
6. He did the pole vault.
7. He ran the hurdles.
8. He did the broad jump.
9. He threw the fifty-six pound weight.
10. He ran a nice, crisp, fast mile.

Some forty years later, he still feels that if he had not had to interrupt his physical training

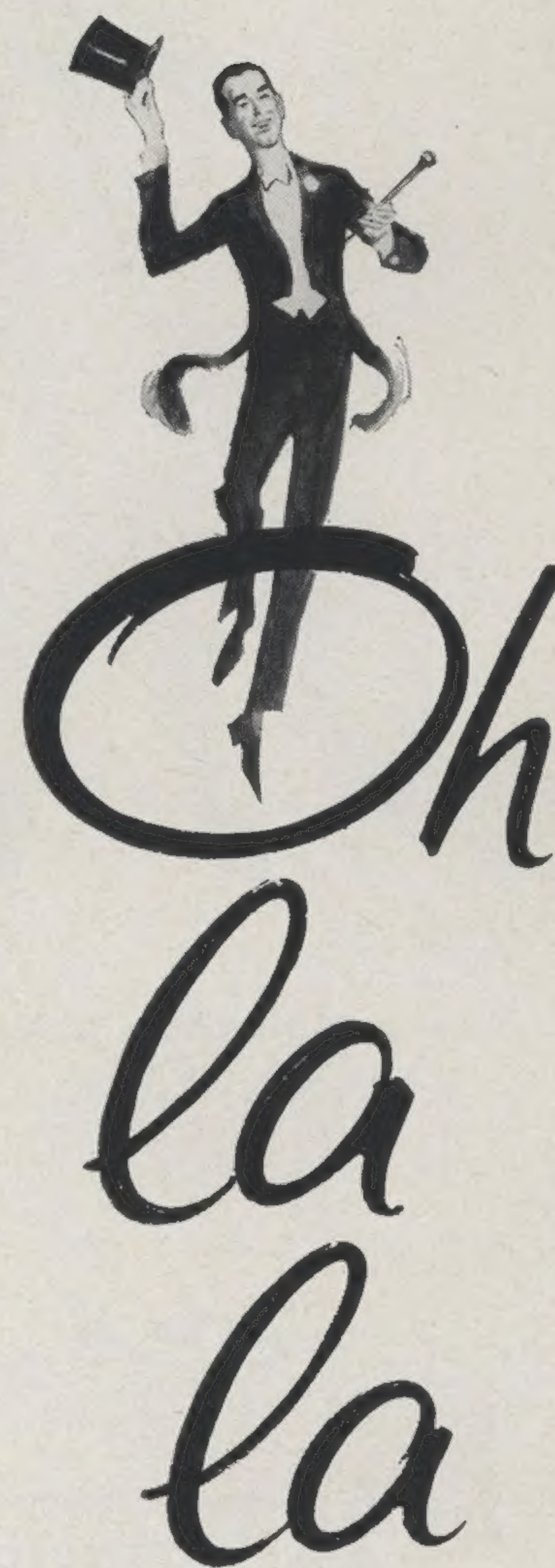
to construct millions of dollars worth of buildings for such companies as Ford Motors, Canada Dry, Economy Fuse, such hotels as the Shoreland, and a wide group of skyscraper apartments, he might have done much better. Making some twenty-five millions or so, he has said, "divided my energies."

Some of that wealth he made during the depression, but most of it later. He quickly put a lump of it into his advancing collection of art. At first he bought minor pieces until he knew enough on his own to trust his eye, to feel that he had the experience to pay from \$10,000 to \$50,000 for archaic Chinese ritual bronzes, dug up in the thirties by railroad workers in the interior of China. These days there are not twenty-five such great bronzes to be bought—and Brundage knows where each one is. In Japan several years ago, he saw one for which the dealer asked \$100,000.

Each bronze he owns gives Brundage a deep aesthetic pleasure. He knows them well. In his storeroom, as he removes a beauty from its box, perhaps of dark blue brocade with a lining of mandarin yellow silk, he watches it with love, later puts it back with care. One day recently he spent three hours in the storeroom lifting and replacing his treasures, lunched meagrely talking more treasures, and then drove out to his lake-front apartment where he keeps some of his masterly jades in lighted cabinets. From one, he took out an unadorned white jade Imperial bowl, held it to the light, and sighed. It was a ravishment.

Brundage knows his Oriental pieces—which are the better, which the best—their dates, their value, and, even in the confusion of their present placement, he usually knows in which museum a certain piece is on loan. In addition, he knows exactly where all the important pieces are in his houses or storerooms. (He keeps about three thousand Japanese netsukes, those small carved objects, in his Chicago apartment, his famous Japanese screens at the Santa Barbara house.) Quickly he can find what he wants. He knows the shelf, too.

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## THE BEAUTY SHAKE-UP

(Continued from page 194)

brown that holds out all the right promises to a brown- or hazel-eyed woman.)

Two lipsticks look terrific in the light of owl-eyes (or modified owl-eyes, if you want to play it that way). There's the deep, glowing crimson that the Norell models wore, and, at the opposite pole, the Paris interest in lips that looked blushingly pastel—a ravishingly pretty pinkness that some children seem to come by naturally. Both, as we say, look right, and the rightest way to wear them now is pointedly on the upper lip, rather pouting on the lower, with a look of rounded corners. (This last is made easy by the presence of high-gloss lipsticks in the shops now, or by the simple expedient of highlighting with lip gloss—also findable at cosmetic counters.)

Highlighting, as a matter of fact, is the underlying principle of a whole new genre of tinted liquid make-up foundations. The claim for these—and we've seen it borne out in the flesh, so to speak—is that they possess marvellous light-refracting qualities: hollows seem to fill out, and the planes of the face shine through with crystal-clear authority. They are, apart from beautifying, a distinct pleasure to use—as one devotee put it, "light as cucumber juice." To know before buying: these foundations come in non-homogenized form—a suspension of delicate oils and fine colour pigment—appear therefore rather darker in the bottle than on the skin, and must be shaken before being applied. One of the first on the block with this make-up news is Germaine Monteil, who has thoughtfully imbued it with her Bio-Miracle serum, and named it after this excellent skin-nourish-

ment. Bio-Miracle Make-up is at Saks Fifth Avenue, in six different colours, over any of which a no-colour powder looks especially sensational. Should you find yourself carried away by the idea of highlighting, you might slip a bit of Jacquet No. 7 into really irksome hollows and crevices. This cryptically labelled liquid works on the same shake-up theory as the one outlined above. Except: it's white, and its particular mission in life is to eliminate shadows. Although, as it happens, it makes a rather enticing make-up foundation itself—evenings, say, with owl-eyes and crimson lipstick. In any case, you'll find the complete Jacquet numerical system at Best & Co.

From Alexandra de Markoff comes word of still another beauty revolution, this one based on the fact that as the skin's natural oils wane, what's wanted is a steady replacement of same. To this end, they've devised a three-oil beauty routine to be used right around the clock. The one you slip on first thing is called Alexana, and is the lightest of the three. Its purpose: to hold onto natural oils and moisture, and this it does efficiently—and tidily—under make-up. The richer, more emollient overnight oil is Nylressi Plus, which claims multiple ingredients, all of which work slavishly toward benefiting a dry and sensitive skin, and do it with great delicacy. The third member of the trio is called simply Eye Oil and is—for all its richness—light enough to be worn under make-up as well as overnight. Lightness, in fact, is one of the charms of the De Markoff routine—all of the oils slip on easily, sink into the skin, and even droplets go a long, long way. Saks Fifth Avenue has them all.

### PARIS-MADE BOUTIQUE CLOTHES

The following is a list of Galerie shops throughout the country where the fashions shown on pages 178 and 183 may be found.

Albuquerque, N. Mex.....	Hubbard's	Minneapolis, Minn.....	Harold's
Asheville, N. C.....	Bon Marché	New Bedford, Mass.....	Cherry & Webb
Corpus Christi, Tex.....	Lichtenstein's	Newport, R. I.....	Cherry & Webb
Detroit, Mich.....	Milgrim's	Providence, R. I.....	Cherry & Webb
Fall River, Mass.....	Cherry & Webb	St. Louis, Mo.....	Vandervoort's
Fort Worth, Tex.....	Stripling's	San Francisco, Calif.....	City of Paris
Grand Rapids, Mich.....	Joseph P. Doody	Scranton, Pa.....	The Globe Store
Lawrence, Mass.....	Cherry & Webb	Tulsa, Okla.....	Vandevors
Lowell, Mass.....	Cherry & Webb	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....	Isaac Long



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